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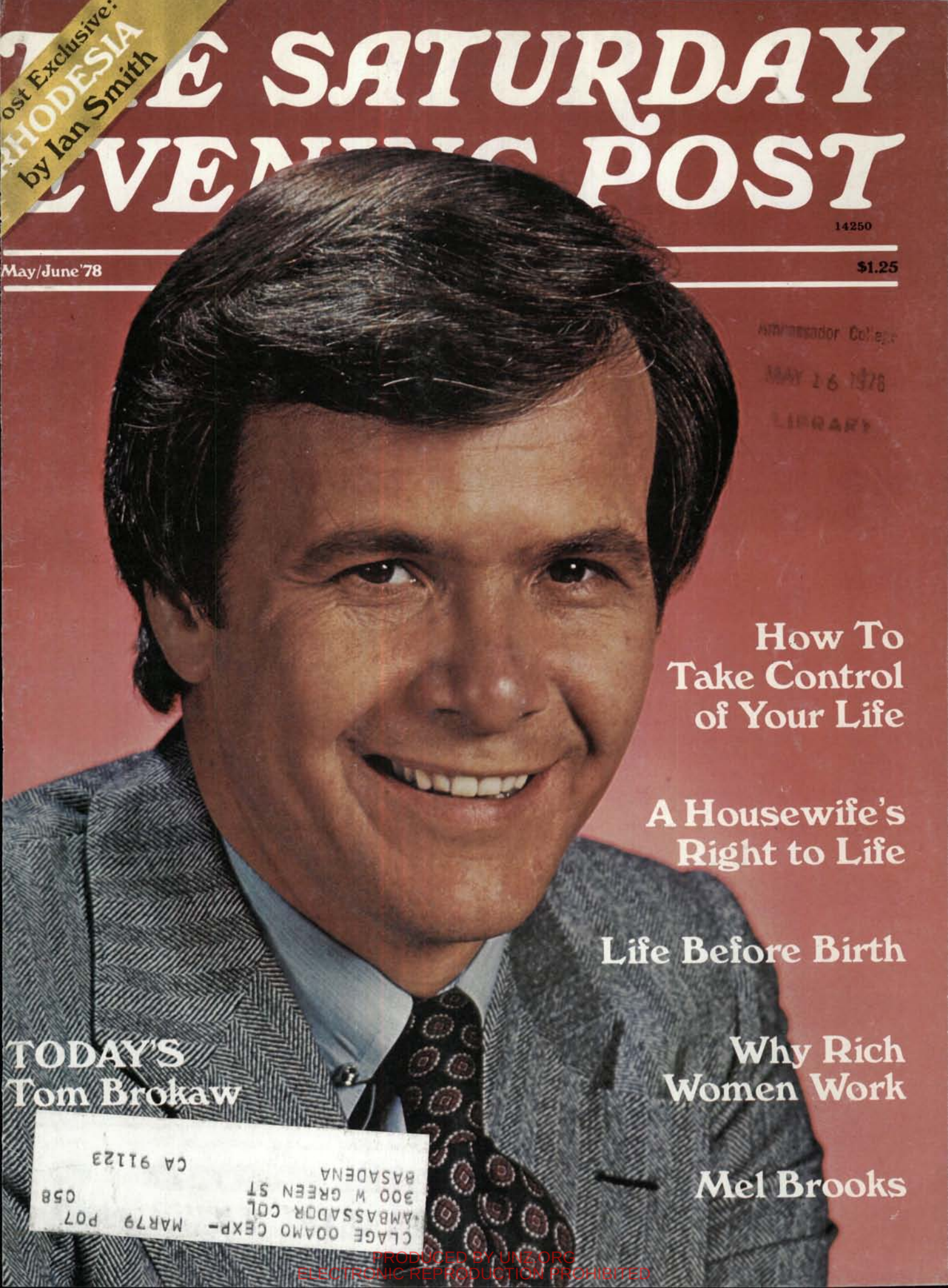

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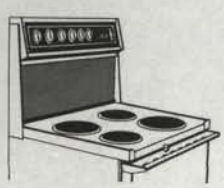

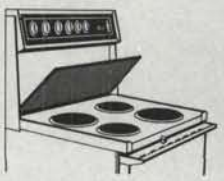

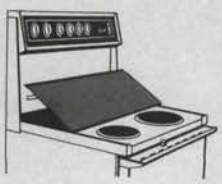

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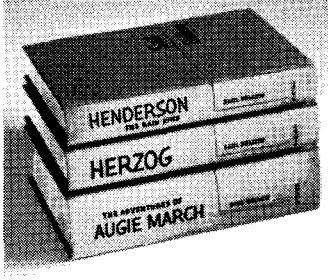

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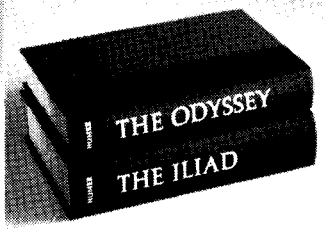

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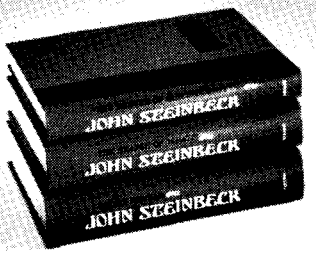

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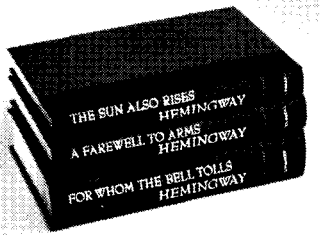

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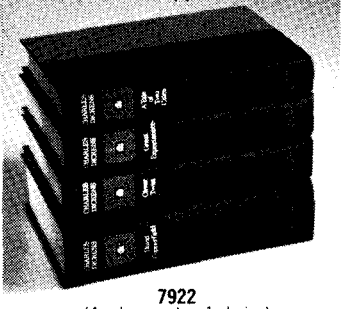

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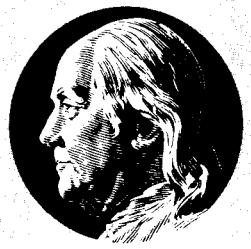

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Tom Brokaw Cover Photograph by Al Levine

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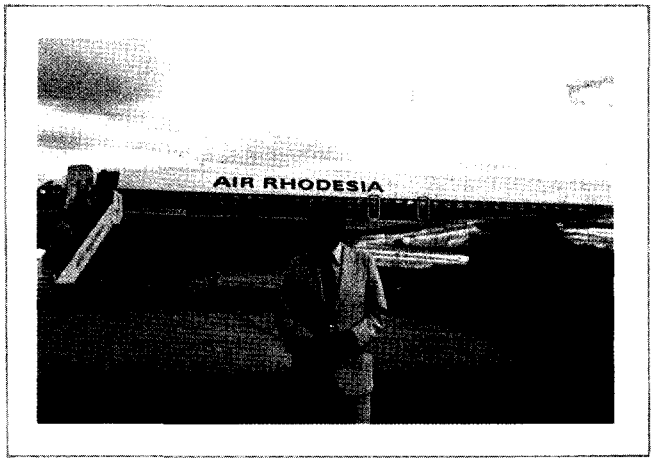

Foreign affairs editor Beurt SerVaas conferred recently with popular Rhodesian black leader Senator Chief Jeremiah Chirau (below) and Prime Minister Ian Smith (page 58). At the Salisbury airport our editor was puzzled by the many large, unmarked transport planes flying in and out. Upon inquiry he discovered that in spite of restrictive sanctions against Rhodesia by its Marxist-dominated neighbors, commercial flights carrying black miners regularly fly to and from hostile African states. Money speaks louder than politics and the Marxist governments of these neighboring countries exact huge tax payments in gold from the miners who work under contract in Rhodesia and South Africa.

Chirau does not favor socialism coming to Rhodesia.

"My people have their own land to plow and their own capital," said Chirau. "Socialism or communism would not be popular with Shona tribesmen.

"I judge Ian Smith as an honest man and a true leader. From my experience, I have never seen another leader in such difficult times. The black African people themselves were not together, but Mr. Smith has helped pull these Africans together," Chirau declared.

Terrorist leaders say that the white tribe must leave Rhodesia, but Chirau replies, "The blacks need the whites and the whites need the blacks."

Chirau, the elected leader of 254 tribal chiefs, expressed dismay that our government is still pushing socialism for Rhodesia, where capitalism and free enterprise have been so successful.

Senator Chief Jeremiah Chirau

—Letters to the Editor—

Anglicans Were First

I thoroughly enjoyed reading the well-written article, "A Call to Live Joyously" by Jan Roorda, but one important event mentioned in the article is incorrect.

Near the beginning of the article Roorda writes: "Did you know that the Reformed Church of America is the oldest Protestant denomination with an unbroken ministry on the North American continent?" This statement is in error. The Protestant Episcopal Church, daughter of the Church of England, was established at Jamestown, Virginia, in May, 1607. From Jamestown the Anglican Church spread throughout Tidewater Virginia, and one parish (Elizabeth City Parish, present-day Hampton) is the oldest Anglican parish in continuous existence outside the British Isles—established in 1610. The Dutch Reformed Church was not founded in New York until 18 years later! At least four Anglican (Episcopal) parishes had been established in Virginia (all Protestant) prior to 1628—James City Parish in 1607, Elizabeth City Parish in 1610, Henrico Parish in 1611, and Westover Parish in 1612.

So the Episcopalians from Jamestown have joined the Huguenots of Charleston, the Roman Catholics of Maryland, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, the Dutch Reformed settlers of the Hudson River Valley, and the Pilgrims of Massachusetts, to forge the Christian Life of America today.

J. Paul Hudson,
Member, Jamestown Committee, APVA;
Member of Vestry (historian), Bruton Parish Episcopal Church,
Williamsburg, Virginia

Correction Noted

In the interests of accuracy, may I call attention to the errors in your April issue, and the article "A Call To Live Joyously"?

It is the account of the funeral service held for the late Senator Hubert Humphrey. A CBS television reporter repeatedly stated, and the author of the article made the same mistake, that the event was held in "Hope Presbyterian Church" in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Is it too much to ask that news items of this magnitude be accurately located? The church in question was "House of Hope" Presbyterian, and the place was "St. Paul," Minnesota.

This may not be of earthshaking importance to the general public, but to those of us who live in the St. Paul area it does make a difference, especially when the story was on national television.

Percy L. Smith
Hastings, Minnesota

Missing Pages

I really enjoy the *Post*, but the March issue leaves a bit to be desired—20 pages to be exact. Please see if you can't send me a complete issue. As I said, I enjoy the *Post* and—to paraphrase that horrid television commercial—I read the whole thing. I would appreciate being able to do so without such unwelcome deletions.

Leveda Smith
Monticello, Indiana

Due to an error at the printer's, subscribers in certain zip code areas received incomplete copies of our March issue. If you too received one of these defective copies, please let us know so that we may send you a complete copy at no charge. We apologize for the inconvenience.

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A WORTHWHILE CAUSE

"The Rhodesian people, black and white, are of a quality we so often miss in our old and sophisticated world."

by Otto von Habsburg

We were sitting in the nondescript lobby of a Johannesburg hotel. The weather was hot—it was summer down there—and the sky threatening. My companion, Post *editor Beurt SerVaas, had come straight from Salisbury. He was enthusiastic. His sense of honest journalism had given him a worthy subject, even though it may well raise howls of anguish in the quarters of our U.N. ideologues. I was on my way to Rhodesia; God knows, it was not my first trip. I had been to the country eight to ten times since the Unilateral Declaration of Independence. And I had written on the subject, because there is a story to tell.*

The Editor invited me to write once more. This seemed by no means easy. I have the feeling that in these days of growing anxiety I have already told everything—strategy, politics, economics, moral issues, the blacks, the whites. Then, almost by accident, came the question: How in the world did you, a European with so many interests in your own continent, ever get involved in Rhodesia, so far away from your normal moorings? This, I admit, had not occurred to me. So here goes.

It all began with my sister. She was a fine girl, had top ratings at the university and a doctorate in social sciences. There seemed to be everything in store for her. Then came the war, a dramatic escape from Vienna as a refugee from Hitler; then the United States. She started teaching at a university, but was not truly happy. At the end of the war, she worked for the Germans expelled from the eastern countries, living miserably by the millions amid the ruins of what had been Germany. She later started writing. She was sent by a paper on a reporting trip to Africa. It was love at first sight. From then on she used to travel from one end of the continent to the other. She had a knack of discovering people long before they came into the news. She was a friend of Moise Tshombé, Houphouet Boigny and Sédar Senghor; she knew Sékou Touré and Lumumba; she stayed at the house of Mobutu and the late Léon Mba. And she went down south too, to study affairs in what was then the Federation of North and South Rhodesia. There, too, she made friends with black and white alike. By that time, she was considered a top expert in her field and could journalistically write her own ticket. She became also a consultant, but never spent the money she earned on herself. It was only after she had died that I discovered where her funds had gone. I received letters from black priests whose churches she had helped build and from black dispensaries where she had provided the equipment and helped educate native nurses. And it was all done so discreetly that I, with whom she lived when in Europe and in whose house she died, had never had even a remote idea. There is still today a lost place in Cameroon where each year on the anniversary of her death, October 2nd, they say a solemn mass for her.

My sister's African activity lasted close to a decade. She had never been very strong. Then came tropical diseases and finally multiple sclerosis. There were years of agony. As long as she was able, she still worked for me, and as long as she could move even one hand, she acted as my secretary. I have here before me her last paper, which broke off in the middle of the word "Africa," in which she reached only the letter "i," ending in a line downward, where the pen fell from her hands.

While she was struggling against her deadly illness, there came Rhodesia's declaration of independence. A little country gallantly defending itself

Continued on page 97

(Right) In spite of foreign sanctions against trade with Rhodesia, Salisbury is a thriving city. (Below) Villagers suffer the brunt of terrorist intimidation. Two men were butchered in this hut by communist-armed marauders.

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A MUTUAL CONCERN. We've never met and probably never will, but I think we share a common interest. That interest is in achieving complete and total financial freedom.

Recently my net worth reached the *magic million dollar mark*, and it only took me 48 months to achieve that.

That might not impress you, but if you had seen me just a few years ago, you might wonder how I did it. I lived in Denver then, in a cramped, tumbled down house at 2545 South High Street. My wife was expecting our second child and we were so broke we had to borrow $150.00 from a relative just to buy food and pay the rent.

By the way, I know I didn't make a million dollars because of my superior intellect — I barely got through Ames High School (Ames, Iowa) with a C average. I did a little better later on but I soon realized that a salaried job was not the way to become financially free. If you'll stop and think, you'll realize that millionaires do not work 10, 20, or 50 times harder or longer than you.

Mark O. Haroldsen became a millionaire in four years because he found a way to harness inflation to his benefit. Now it's your turn! ***"I've found"*** says Haroldsen, ***"that most people just need a specific road map to follow... they can do what I've done."***

FINANCIAL FREEDOM. It seems that most people who are charging for financial advice have studied how to "do it" but have never actually "done it" themselves. You will find as you read my formulas, that since I have actually achieved total financial freedom myself, that you will receive from me more than just the motivation to achieve your own financial independence, but a workable step-by-step plan to actually do it.

STEP-BY-STEP. Contained in the work entitled ***How To Wake Up The Financial Genius Inside You*** are the various formulas which will show you exactly how you can do each of the following:

- buy income properties for as little as $100 down.
- begin without any cash.
- put $10,000 cash and more in your pocket each time you buy (without selling property.)
- compounds your assets at 100% yearly.
- legally avoid paying federal or state income taxes.
- buy bargains at one-half the market value.

MORE LEISURE. If you apply these formulas and methods you will find in a very short time, you will be able to do almost anything you care to do, and I think, at that time, you will find as I have, that spending several weeks on the beaches of Hawaii, or on the ski slopes of Colorado, or just sightseeing in Europe, or any other place in the world, you begin to understand what **real freedom** is all about.

Most people think that it would be impossible to do some of the things listed above. For example, to buy a property, and at the same time put $10,000 (or more) cash in your pocket without selling the property, or to buy a property with little or no cash down.

Believe me, it is possible and fairly simple. This is exactly how most wealthy people actually do make 10, 20, or 50 times more money than you do.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. While I was struggling on making my first million, I often thought how nice it would be to have the personal advice and counsel from someone like Howard Hughes or J. Paul Getty.

What would I have been willing to pay for this service? I can tell you one more thing for sure, it would have been a lot more than the $10.00 that I'm going to ask you to invest in your financial future.

country lose, not because they lack intelligence, or even willpower, but because of procrastination, or lack of action — please don't be like the masses. Make a decision while you have this paper in your hands. Make a decision now to either act now and send for my material or immediately round file this paper. If your decision is to order, do it now, not later. Otherwise you may lose, just by default.

"**FINANCIAL FREEDOM.**" To order, simply take any size paper, write the words "Financial Freedom," your name and address, and send it along with a check for $10.00 to Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc., Dept. G-260, Tudor Mansion Bldg., 4751 Holladay Blvd., Salt Lake City, Utah 84117.

". . . more than 250,000 people have discovered that my formulas will provide the road map that can lead to total financial freedom . . ."

FOR YOUR FUTURE. What will this $10.00 actually do for you? It will give you a complete step-by-step plan that you can follow to become totally and completely financially independent.

Please try to understand my dilemma. I'm not a New York advertising agency with all their professional skill and manpower to write a powerful and persuasive ad to convince you that I can make you financially independent. I am just somebody who has actually 'done it', and can really show you how to 'do it'.

TEST IT YOURSELF. It's really quite frustrating to have something so valuable as I know I have, but lack the skill to convince people to try it for themselves. I hope by my simple direct approach I can convince you to try my formulas.

INDECISION — THE COSTLY DECISION. It seems the majority of the people in our rich

If you send for my materials now, I will also send you documents that will show you precisely how you can borrow from $20,000 to $200,000 at 2% above the prime rate using just your signature as collateral.

IT'S GUARANTEED. If you are still somewhat skeptical, and believe me, when I started out I certainly was, because of the many people in the world trying to deceive others, I would encourage you to postdate your check by 30 days, and I promise and guarantee that it will not be deposited for at least those 30 days, and if for any reason you do not think that what I have sent you lives up, in every aspect to what I told you in this letter, send the material back, and I will quickly, without question, refund your money and send back your own uncashed check or money order.

Inquire at your local bookstore for Mark Haroldsen's "How to Wake Up the Financial Genius Inside You." *M2 © Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc. 1978

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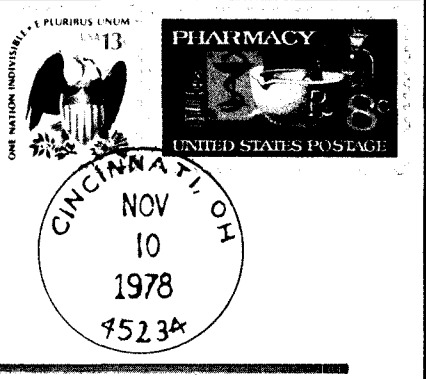
Now . . . the cover collection for every American who loves Norman Rockwell and treasures historic stamps!

Norman Rockwell Classics *combined with* Historic American Stamps

In each case the stamp so perfectly complements the Rockwell painting that the result is a cover collection of unsurpassed beauty, meaning, and importance.

"The Prescription"



Pharmacy Stamp First Issued Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 10, 1972

"Busybody"

Mail Delivery Stamp First Issued Washington D.C., Oct. 26, 1963

© Saturday Evening Post 1978

Covers shown smaller than actual 7½" x 4" size.

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Imagine owning many of the century's most colorful, fascinating, and significant official U.S. postage stamps.

•

Imagine, too, owning a collection of 100 classic Norman Rockwell paintings.

•

Now imagine the two combined in a cover collection of unsurpassed beauty, meaning, and importance.

For more than half a century, Norman Rockwell has captured the spirit of America – especially in his paintings for *The Saturday Evening Post*. Who can forget those sensitive portraits of our great national leaders, like Presidents Kennedy and

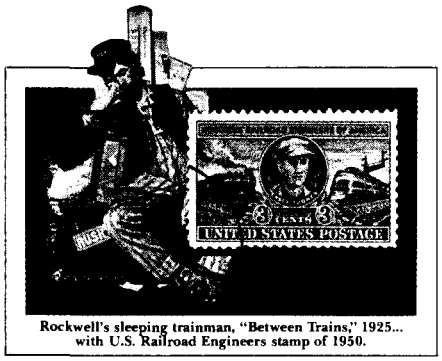
Rockwell's John F. Kennedy, "The World Remembers," 1960... with 1964 U.S. John F. Kennedy Memorial stamp.

Eisenhower? Or those lovingly detailed portraits of everyday Americans enjoying and sharing in the blessings of American life?

Not surprisingly, official U.S. postage stamps have commemorated many of the same subjects and themes as these classic Rockwell paintings. For postage stamps, like Rockwell's art, celebrate all that we most admire about America.

Rockwell's World War I sailors, "Memories," 1919... with U.S. Navy stamp of 1945.

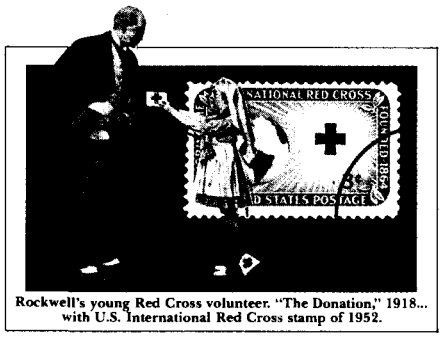
Now, at last, these great Rockwell paintings and related historic stamps are brought together! The result is a cover collection that honors America as it pays tribute to our nation's best-loved artist.



Rockwell's sleeping trainman, "Between Trains," 1925... with U.S. Railroad Engineers stamp of 1950.

Just look how the paintings and stamps combine in perfect harmony!

For instance, Norman Rockwell's cherished portrait of President Kennedy with the 1964 stamp issued in Kennedy's honor . . . "Memories," a World War I Rockwell classic, with the 1945 stamp honoring the U.S. Navy . . . "Between Trains," with the 1950 stamp honoring the Railroad Engineers of America. Notice how "The Donation" enhances the meaning of the 1952 stamp honoring the International Red Cross. "Signs of



Rockwell's young Red Cross volunteer, "The Donation," 1918... with U.S. International Red Cross stamp of 1952.

Spring" is the ideal match for the 1953 stamp honoring the Future Farmers of America . . . and "Saturday's Heroes" for the 1969 stamp commemorating the 100th anniversary of football.

As you've noticed, many of the stamps are quite old; they are rarely seen today outside private collections. It took the vast acquisition resources of the Postal Commemorative Society to bring all of these historic stamps together and make this collection possible.

Each classic Rockwell painting will be beautifully engraved and lithographed.

The same care that Norman Rockwell originally lavished on these paintings will be taken to render them with perfect fidelity on these 100 fine philatelic covers. Each cover will be richly engraved and lithographed in full color on specially crafted paper.

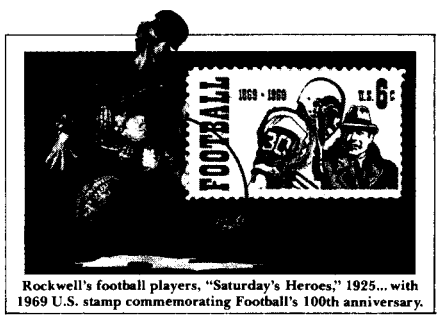
Rockwell's farmer, "Sings of Spring," 1923... with U.S. Future Farmers stamp, 1953.

Important Anniversary Postmarks.

Each cover in the collection will be officially postmarked on the precise anniversary date of the stamp's First Day of Issue, at the original Post Office of First Issue. These important postmarks will certify that this limited-edition collection can never be duplicated.

Luxurious Collector's Album.

To protect and display the complete collection, each subscriber will receive a custom-designed, hard cover Collector's Album, at no extra cost. Thus, you may store your covers



Rockwell's football players, "Saturday's Heroes," 1925... with 1969 U.S. stamp commemorating Football's 100th anniversary.

safely and display them conveniently for the pleasure of friends and family – while protecting them for future generations. The album also includes fascinating background on each of the historic stamps and great Rockwell classics.

Guaranteed Price.
Convenient Acquisition Plan.

The covers will be issued at the convenient rate of three per month.

(Continued on next page)

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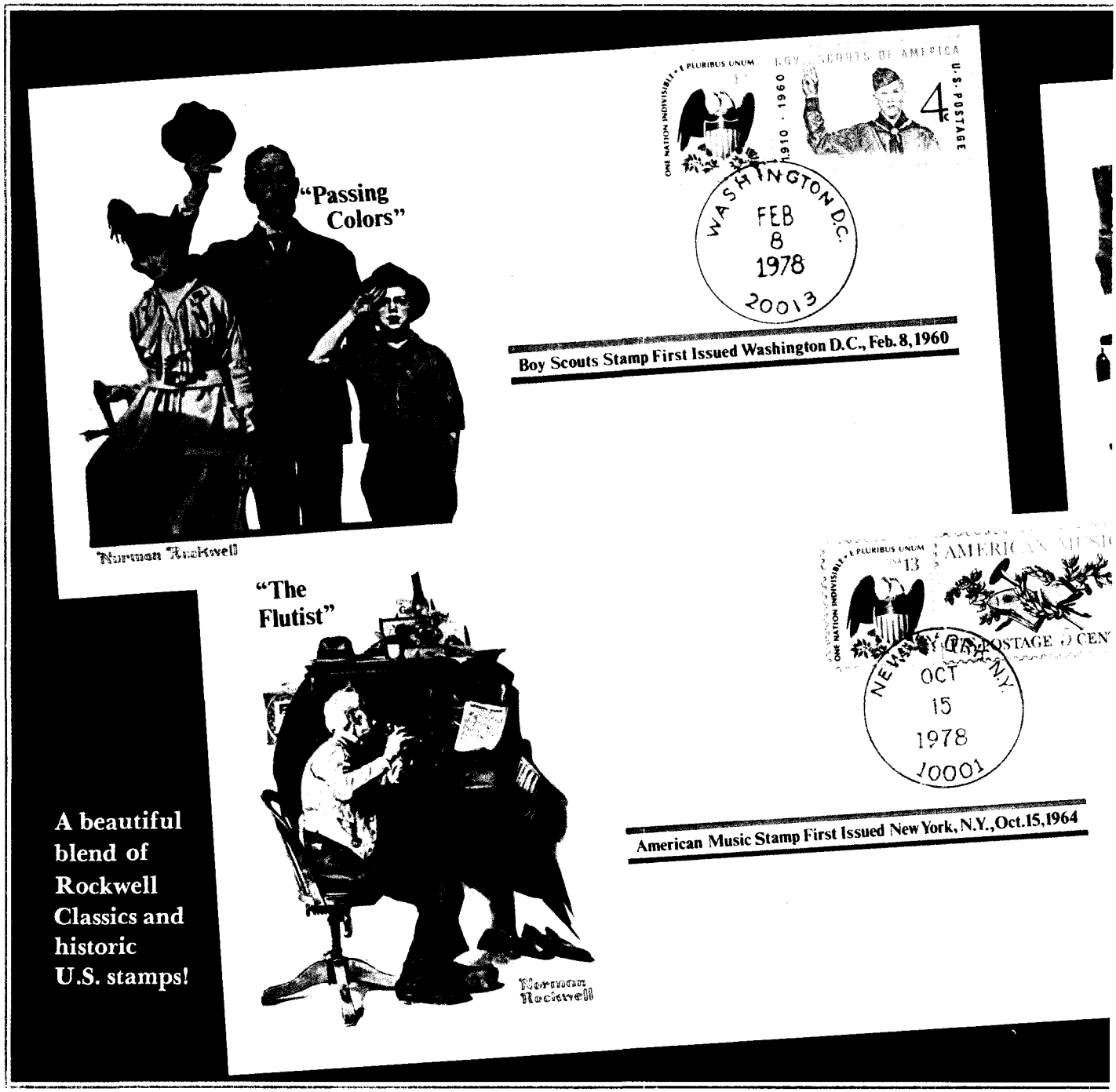


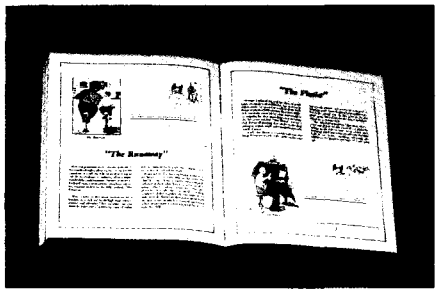
(Continued from previous page)

Norman Rockwell Classics
combined with
Historic American Stamps

The favorable original issue price of just $3.50 per cover is guaranteed for the entire collection – and it includes the engraved and lithographed paintings, the historic stamps, the anniversary of First Day of Issue postmarks, and the luxurious Collector's Album. There is no need to send any payment now; you will be billed with each month's shipment.

Reservation Deadline:
June 30, 1978

Because of the scarcity of many of the historic stamps, this collection must be limited exclusively for those who reserve their subscriptions for the complete collection. Reservations can be guaranteed only until June 30, 1978. The total number of collections to be issued will be strictly limited to the exact number of reservations received by that date.



This Collector's Album will be given to each subscriber, at no extra cost.

For everyone whose heart holds a special affection for Norman Rockwell . . . and for everyone who takes pride and pleasure in collecting historic U.S. stamps, this is an opportunity not to be missed. So do return your Reservation Form as promptly as possible.

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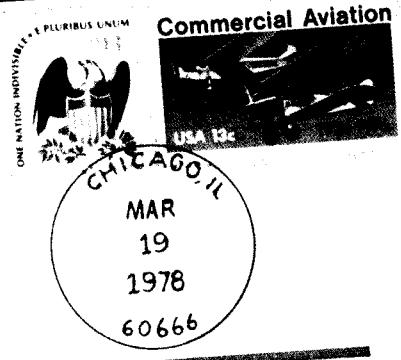
"The Wonders of Flight"

Norman Rockwell

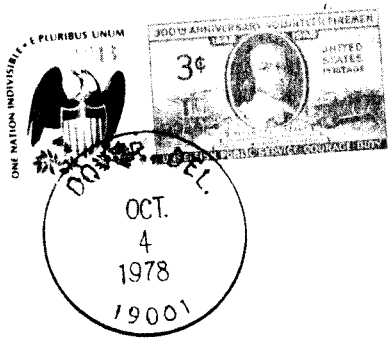


Commercial Aviation Stamp First Issued Chicago, Ill., March 19, 1976

Every month you receive covers like "The Flutist" bearing the 1964 "American Music" stamp . . . "Passing Colors" with the 1960 Boy Scouts stamp . . . "The Wonders of Flight" with the 1976 commercial aviation stamp . . . "The Alarm" with the 1948 Volunteer Firemen stamp.

"The Alarm"

Norman Rockwell



Volunteer Firemen Stamp First Issued Dover Del., Oct. 4, 1948

Covers shown smaller than actual 7½" x 4" size.

Reservation Application

Postal Commemorative Society
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Reservations must be postmarked by June 30, 1978

Yes, I want to acquire these beautiful Norman Rockwell paintings and historic American stamps. Please enter my subscription for the complete collection of 100 philatelic covers. Three covers will be shipped to me each month beginning in July, 1978. I need send no money now. I will be billed with each shipment at the rate of $3.50 per cover. A custom-designed hard cover Collector's Album will be sent to me at no additional cost. I may cancel this subscription at any time.

I would like my covers: ☐ Unaddressed ☐ Personalized exactly as below

Mr./Mrs./Miss _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if you prefer to pay in advance for the first month's shipment — $10.50*. Make checks payable to Postal Commemorative Society (or simply PCS) and mail to address above.

*Connecticut residents pay $11.24 to include sales tax.

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TRAVEL: U.S.A.

HOORAY FOR SUMMER!

It's vacation time and the Post has toured the 50 states for you. Here are our picks for the most beautiful, unusual, offbeat, or awe-inspiring places to visit in the USA.

by Robyn Kimble

A United States Travel Service Poll voted these the Top Ten Tourist Attractions:

Grand Canyon, Arizona

If you want to do anything besides look, plan ahead. You can arrange a 1- or 2-day mule ride down into the canyon ($25 and $90 respectively), or get a close-up view from the air in a helicopter ($30 and up, depending on the length of the trip).

Yellowstone, Wyoming

Only 1% of this great national park has roads. After you've set your watch by Old Faithful, ask one of the park officials to help you arrange a hike or overnight trip into the wilderness beyond.

Niagara Falls, New York

You don't have to observe from afar. For $2.50 ($1.60 for children) you can put on a yellow slicker and take the walkway to the Cave of the Winds. For night-time viewers the Falls are illuminated with 4.2 billion candlepower.

Redwood Empire, California

The National Park headquarters is in Crescent City. There you can gaze at these living giants and also take a sawmill tour at the Miller Redwood Company (June-September, except July 2 to 17, Monday-Friday at 10 a.m., noon, 1:15, and 2:30 p.m.).

Visitors to the Grand Canyon may take the pack train to the bottom or ride the Colorado white water.

Mount McKinley, Alaska

Take a train from Anchorage to the highest mountain in North America, but don't be in a hurry. This train stops along the way to pick up fur-trapping natives wherever they happen to be.

Golden Gate Bridge, California

Setting and design make this 4,200-foot suspension bridge one of the world's most beautiful. It's still only 75¢ (southbound only) to go across. For a view of something a little different, try a boat trip out to Alcatraz ($2.00 for adults, $1.00 for children 5 to 11), the legendary prison you can see from the Golden Gate.

Mount Rushmore, South Dakota

If you wait until 9:00 p.m. you can catch the Evening Lighting Ceremony and a program about the history of this great monument to the presidents.

Astrodome, Houston, Texas

It's more than a sports arena. "Astrodomaine" also encompasses the Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo in late March; the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus; and an amusement park called Astroworld.

Statue of Liberty, New York

Ferry rides out to Liberty Island leave Battery Park in Lower Manhattan every hour from 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. The Statue houses the American Museum of Immigration. It stood for a new beginning in a new land to the immigrants at newly spruced-up Ellis Island.

Hoover Dam, Nevada

Guided tours of the dam and power plant and a free movie on the history of the project are available 7:30 a.m. to 7:15 p.m. Memorial Day through Labor Day, and 8:30 a.m. to 4:15 p.m. the rest of the year. Lake Mead, created by the dam, offers recreation.

*The oldest living things (*semper virens Sequoia*) are now battled over by foresters and conservationists.*

Here are six more not in the Top Ten but *definitely* worth seeing:

Devil's Tower, Wyoming

If you saw *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* you've already seen it on the screen. Rising 1,280 feet above the valley, 28 miles northwest of Sundance, this volcanic core was the nation's first national monument.

Mammoth Cave, Kentucky

With the September 9, 1972, discovery of a passageway connecting Mammoth Cave and Flint Ridge Cave, the combined system is estimated to be 144 miles long and the largest cave system known to man. Tours of varying lengths are available for $1.50 to $2.50 for adults, less for children under 16.

Crater of Diamonds State Park Murfreesboro, Arkansas

This is the only known occurrence of diamonds in their natural matrix in North America, and prospectors can pay $2.00 ($1.00 for children 6 to 15) for a whole day of searching for the precious gems.

Walt Disney World, Lake Buena Vista, Florida

The "Guided Tour" is highly recommended for a first visit. It includes 5 attractions with a guide, plus 2 of your own choice and a 3-hour tour of the park. As an added treat, this year you can help Mickey Mouse celebrate his 50th birthday. There will be a parade in his honor every day until November 18, the day Mickey made his debut in *Steamboat Willy*. And don't miss the nightly extravaganza of the Main Street Electrical Parade.

Space & Rocket Center, Huntsville, Alabama

"Star Trek" fans can see NASA's version of the Enterprise, and the Center's new Star Ship will permit 20 passengers at a time to take a simulat-

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ed flight through space in a Space Shuttle-type vehicle.

Brandelier National Park, New Mexico

The Park is located 46 miles west of Santa Fe in the Frijoles Canyon. There are about 2 miles of cave dwellings gouged out of the solid cliff—the Pueblo Indians' version of high-rise apartments. Guided walking tours, slide programs, and nightly talks in a campfire circle help the visitor to appreciate these ruins even more.

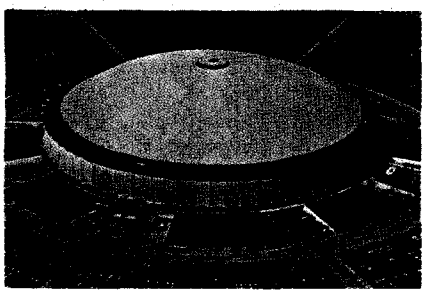
And now here are 102 more attractions, 2 from each state and the District of Columbia.

NEW ENGLAND

MAINE. Washington "Sunrise" County: This is the easternmost point of the U.S. and you can enjoy its quaint lighthouses and unparalleled scenery from a rented windjammer. The Chamber of Commerce has details about rates and sailing times.

Rockland: Maine's biggest summer Seafood Festival is held here, a 4-day gala affair in early August.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. Mount Washington: Climb the highest mountain in the Appalachians; you can see 5 states and Canada. Reach the summit by hiking or by a 3½-mile cog railway which leaves every hour on the hour from Twin Mountain, New Hampshire.



The Astrodome was dubbed "The 8th Wonder of the World" and reigns today as the superstadium prototype.

Heritage: A new concept in living history. Travel on foot through 300 years, brought to life by talking mannequins and costumed staff members. Located on Rt. 16 in Glen, New Hampshire. 9:00 to 6:00, Memorial Day to Labor Day, 10:00 to 5:00 till mid-October.

VERMONT. Green Mountains: Return to nature and enjoy the year-round beauty of Vermont. The hardy can follow the 235-mile Long Trail along the crest of the mountains. There are overnight shelters about every 5 miles. If you wait until autumn you can catch some of the Fall Foliage Festivals and Craft Shows. (Try the Plainfield-Logan area or Montpelier in early October.)

Shelburne Museum: A "must see," it consists of 35 historic buildings of Americana. Its General Store is said to be one of the most authentic in the world. Open daily May 15 to October 15; 7 miles south of Burlington.

MASSACHUSETTS. Boston: Take a 1½-mile walk along the "Freedom Trail" and see the 35-minute film *In Search of a Revolution* playing continuously till 9:00 p.m. at the Heritage Theater at City Hall Plaza. Also, check out the "Maparium" in the Christian Science Library of the city.

The lunchroom at the Mammoth Cave complex is the gypsum-covered Snowball Room, 267 feet underground.

Cape Cod: Jet-set nightlife, summer theater at its best, beachcombing and antique-poking in little shingled villages pressed into quiet coves. There's also a ferry out to Martha's Vineyard or the whaling community of Nantucket.

RHODE ISLAND. Newport: The Vanderbilts spent vacations here in their magnificent "Breakers" mansion now open to the public. The 3-mile-long Cliff Walk is a trip into the elegance of another era. Of historic interest is Touro Synagogue, America's oldest house of Jewish worship.

Slater Mill, Pawtucket: Built in 1793 for the production of machine-spun cotton, the site now houses exhibits that explore the history of the textile industry and the changing role of handcrafts. Open 10:00 to 5:00, Tuesday through Saturday and 1:00 to 5:00, Sunday during the summer, 1:00 to 5:00 in the winter (except for January).

Disney World shops, in the Magic Kingdom and Village, proffer unusual antiques, curios, imports, and crystal.

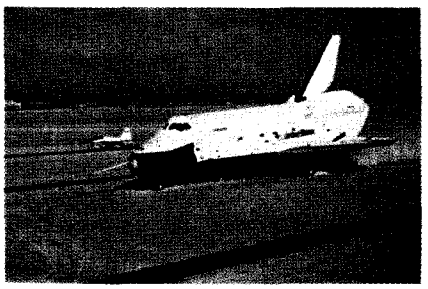
CONNECTICUT. Mystic: Explore this "working" 19th-century maritime village of quaint buildings and the last of the mighty wooden whaling ships, the *Charles W. Morgan.* You can also take a dive into the underworld of the sea at the Mystic Marinelife Aquarium.

Gillette Castle State Park: One of the great figures of the American stage, William Gillette, of Sherlock Holmes fame, designed and built his dream house in the picturesque hills along the Connecticut River. This granite castle is open daily 11:00 to 5:00 from Memorial Day to Columbus Day.

MID-ATLANTIC

NEW YORK. New York City: Try contacting the New York Chamber of Commerce, 230 Park Avenue, about their Broadway Weekend Theater Tours. And don't forget, there's something for everyone in this metropolis.

Saratoga Springs: Famous for its naturally carbonated mineral waters, the health spas will relax and soothe you. Also enjoy the horse racing, Newport Jazz Festival (August 3-6), or Saratoga Festival (July 5-August 25), featuring the New York City Ballet, Philadelphia Orchestra, and Acting Company.



The Enterprise, world's first reusable spacecraft, will be displayed in Huntsville until its 1979 flight.

NEW JERSEY. Atlantic City: Just one stop along 125 miles of beaches, boardwalks, and fun-filled spots. For day-time fun, there are party deep-sea fishing boats, starting at $15 to $20 a day. At night, try your luck at one of the new casinos.

Great Adventure Amusement Park & Safari: Take a 6-mile drive through a fascinating kingdom of wild animals in a natural setting. Then enjoy the thrilling rides and breath-taking live performances by the Royal Lipizzan Stallions or McMillan's 20 Flying Tigers.

DELAWARE. Winterthur: In H. F. du Pont's mansion over 100 period rooms cover the American domestic scene from 1640 to 1840.

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The South Wing is open without appointment, but call ahead to see the Main Museum.

New Castle: It's not a village or a small town. It's an 18th-century *city*, one that never grew and never had to be "reconstructed." A special tour takes place the third Saturday in May. The $5.00 tickets ($2.50 for children) include a special luncheon prepared by the women of Immanuel Church.

PENNSYLVANIA. Philadelphia: Enjoy a taste of history at Independence Square; then choose your own

Maine is America's summer cooler. Rent a boat. You've never tasted lobster or fresh air until. . . .

lobster for a taste of goodness at Bookbinder's. For something different, write ahead for tickets to "The Mike Douglas Show."

Gettysburg: It's best to start out with the movie and diorama *America at Gettysburg* at the Gettysburg Battle Theatre. Then take a bus tour, complete with special sounds and music, or explore on your own. Scrambling down Little Round Top to Devil's Den will bring the turning point of the Civil War to life.

SOUTHEAST

MARYLAND. Baltimore: Visit Fort McHenry, where Francis Scott Key wrote our national anthem, and climb aboard the oldest American warship still afloat, the U.S.S. *Constellation.*

Annapolis: The state capital and the U.S. capital in 1784, when the Revolutionary War was officially ended there. If you're in town in August, visit the Clam Festival, or in late October cheer on the Slapjack Races. Competing is the only working sailboat fleet in America.

WASHINGTON, D.C. Government buildings and monuments: You can obtain passes from any Congressman to sit in on a session of the legislature, or discover how money and stamps are made at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing (open Monday-Friday, 8:00 to 2:30).

Smithsonian Institution: An endless, fascinating collection of Americana. There's a special treat for the children at the Puppet Theater on the 4th floor of the History and Technology Building. Shows at 11:00, 1:00, and 3:00, Wednesday through Sunday, June 15 through Labor Day; 10:30 and 12:30 the rest of the year.

Live it, feel it, joy in it. A three-day "Wagons Ho" trip with Indian raids and camping. Quinter, Kansas.

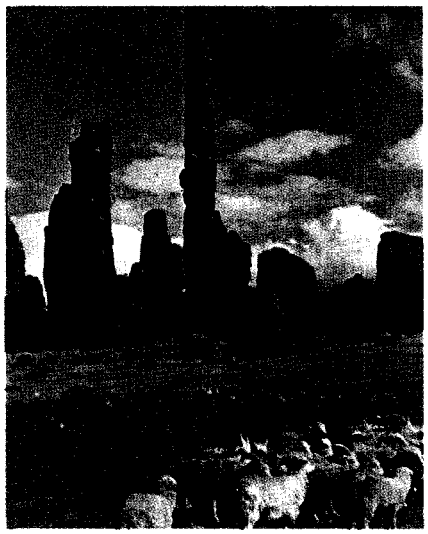
VIRGINIA. Williamsburg: Still America's number one restoration in action. Over 500 restored buildings. Fife and drum military drills, candlelight concerts on Thursday evenings at the Governor's Palace (April, May, September, and October), and madrigal singers every Sunday night at the Capitol, April-October.

Monticello: The writer of the Declaration of Independence comes alive in the home he designed and the gadgets he invented. And see the University of Virginia, which he also designed.

WEST VIRGINIA. White Sulphur Springs, The Greenbrier: Mineral-water baths have soothed and healed here since pre-colonial days. It's a first-class resort geared to families: a Sports School program for children 6 through 12; less structured activities for the younger ones; all kinds of outdoor sports. Reservations are advisable.

Beckley: The Exhibition Coal Mine is a chance to investigate this state's major industry. Open May-September, 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. daily.

NORTH CAROLINA. Biltmore House and Gardens, Asheville: Enjoy



Monument Valley, Arizona, paints the mind with a better movie than those that've used this famous backdrop.

the splendor of the Vanderbilt estate, nestled in the beautiful Smoky Mountains region. This 250-room chateau is open daily 9:00 to 5:30, February 1 to December 15.

Lost Colony, Roanoke Island: Sir Walter Raleigh again walks our land in the outdoor drama featured here.

SOUTH CAROLINA. Charleston: One of America's prettiest cities and home of the renowned Spoleto Festival (May 25 to June 11). You can also visit nearby Fort Sumter, or Middleton Place Gardens, where there's a June 24

New York City eats, sleeps, dreams excitement. A nonpareil of plays, museums, and shops.

birthday party for this signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Hilton Head: Be a spectator at tennis or golf tournaments on the pro tour (Women's International Golf Classic, May 4-7; World Invitational Tennis Classic in October).

KENTUCKY. Louisville: Churchill Downs comes alive with the Derby on May 6 this year. Also nearby are Lincoln's boyhood home, Fort Knox, and Shakertown (there's a festival July 13-22). As a special treat climb aboard the *Belle* for a cruise down the Ohio on one of the last of the old paddlewheelers ($3.00 for adults, $1.00 for children). She sails Memorial Day to Labor Day at 2:00 p.m. every day but Monday.

Lexington: Guided tours of the horse farms in bluegrass country leave from Lexington every day. In September the Kentucky Race Park is scheduled to open and host the 1978 World Championships.

TENNESSEE. Great Smoky Mountains: Camping, fishing, hiking, and outdoor recreation in a land rich in crafts and mountain heritage. Follow the Appalachian Trail (trailside shelters and campsites are spaced all along the 71 miles) or explore one of the many visitor centers. One of the main ones, Sugarlands near Gatlinburg, hosts a special folk festival in late May.

Nashville: This city's sounds and sights include a replica of the Greek Parthenon, the home of Andrew Jackson, Opryland, and the Country Music Hall of Fame. Check with the Chamber of Commerce about visiting a

Continued on following page

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It didn't start with Watergate

At the height of the Watergate hysteria, Alexander Solzhenitsyn spoke from the Soviet Union of the "dense hypocrisy characteristic of today's American political life," most notably "of the Senate leaders with their distorted view of the discordant Watergate affair. Without in any way defending Nixon or the Republican party, how can one not be amazed at the hypocritical, clamorous rage displayed by the Democrats?"

Victor Lasky asked himself the same question. A newsman of forty years' experience, he knew perfectly well that the Democrat closet was crammed with skeletons. So he opened the door.

What he found shocked even that old pro. All the dirt from four dirty Democrat regimes . . . from FDR and Truman through JFK and Lyndon. Scandals half forgotten (and carefully *not* recalled during Watergate); *and other scandals suppressed until* now.

Lasky never loses sight of the two overriding truths:

- These Democrat scandals would never have been ignored or suppressed, but for the buddy-buddy relationship of the Dems and their cronies in the media.
- Watergate would never have occasioned two years of media-fueled hysteria if the media had put Watergate in the context of 30 years of Democrat scandals (many of them far more serious).

No, it didn't start with Watergate. And now we finally have an honest book on the subject. Now the accusers stand accused.

A HYMN TO DEMOCRAT AND MEDIA HYPOCRISY (in America today, the two are synonymous)

- Democrat legacy we never hear about: the anti-Semitic and racial slurs of FDR, Truman, JFK, LBJ and RFK.
- Marilyn Monroe, Jack and Bobby: a revealing glimpse into her diary. Missing police records of her death.
- Five liberals admit leftwing bias in the media.
- Did leading Democrats and some newsmen know in advance that Watergate would happen?
- Secret Service agents worry: will the Russians try to "plant a broad" in JFK's bedroom?
- New York newspaper prints the stolen medical records of a DA up for reelection—and righteously condemns the Ellsberg break-in.
- Dirty tricks for McGovern.
- FDR's son John on his father's bugging habits.
- Forgotten: the circumstances surrounding Teddy Kennedy's plane crash.
- The hypocrisy of Senator Weicker: it shocks even hardened colleagues.
- "The worst violation of civil liberties in American history"—dreamed up by two eminent liberals.
- High Kennedy official speculates: was JFK's murder "some kind of terrible retribution?"
- Democrat operator boasts of his dirty tricks—and gets hired by big-name Democrats.
- Harry Truman gets his start—courtesy of fake ballots.
- Former *Newsweek* editor candidly admits why we never heard about JFK's foul language.
- What LBJ did to Goldwater in '64—behind his back.
- Ervin declines to check his own staff for leaks.
- Radical backgrounds of key Ervin Committee aides.
- How a correspondent knew marijuana was introduced to JFK in the White House by one of his girl friends.
- What Hubert Humphrey knew, but didn't tell, about LBJ's eavesdropping.
- One newsman sneaks help to JFK in the Nixon debates.
- The biggest political crime of the century. Why the *New York Herald-Tribune* quashed the story.
- Righteous John Doar devises a domestic spying program for that other monument to civic virtue, Ramsey Clark.
- The link between New York paving contractors and John Lindsay.
- What J. Edgar Hoover said privately about the 1960 Presidential election.
- The shocking abuse of Otto Otepka's civil rights that went unpunished—and unreported.
- Humphrey demurs when investigators finally decide to question him about irregular campaign finances. The astounding reaction of Sam Ervin.
- Archibald Cox tips his hand: of ten top aides, nine are super-Democrats.
- The liberal who witnessed JFK compound a felony, and laughed.
- Wiretapping under Honest Harry Truman.
- Covering up for Lyndon: the Jenkins affair.
- FDR checks up on Eleanor.
- Martin Luther King Jr.'s scandalous private life.
- 10 rules of investigative procedure ignored or broken by the Ervin Committee.
- JFK's impeachable offense.
- The bond between Chairman Rodino and the AFL-CIO.
- Hamilton Fish Sr. tells what it was like to be an anti-New Deal Congressman under FDR.
- Why the Ervin Committee refused to investigate pre-1972 scandals (except those allegedly involving Nixon).
- JFK confidant admits Kennedy wiretapping to Lasky.
- Spy squads at the Democrat conventions—directed by LBJ.
- The Senators on the Ervin Committee: where were they during the Bobby Baker investigation?
- The day Jack Anderson got caught—redhanded.
- J. Edgar Hoover on wiretapping in Bobby Kennedy's Justice Department.
- Devastating Republican counsel report from the Ervin Committee: suppressed.
- Victor Reuther's chilling memo to RFK on how to crush conservative leaders and groups—ignored by the media.
- Leading liberals hatch a wiretap scheme: the whole story.
- How FDR used the Presidency to enrich his sons.
- How Senator Sam saved the day when a Gulf Oil employee claimed questionable connections with all but one member of the Ervin Committee.
- Media bugging: how common?
- When Presidents lie—on matters far more serious than Watergate.
- Were the major impeachment charges trumped-up?

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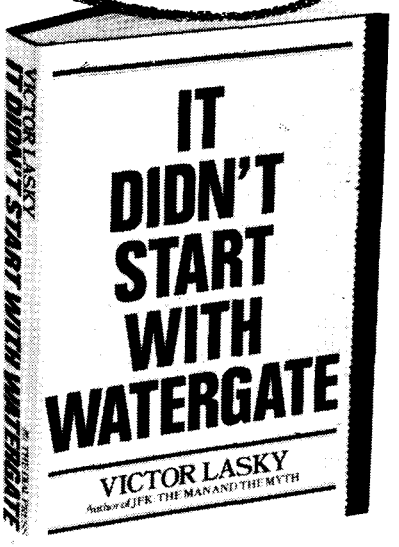

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recording session.

GEORGIA. Atlanta: "Six Flags Over Georgia" is one of the best amusement parks around and Stone Mountain boasts relief carvings of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Jefferson Davis.

Okefenokee Swamp Park: The $4.00 admission fee ($2.50 for children 6-12) entitles you to a boat excursion, a visit to the Interpretive Center, a program at the ecology center, and a chance to observe snake, bear, otter, and alligator in their natural habitat.

FLORIDA. Key West: Besides the beaches and scuba diving, a trip to the southernmost key might include visits to Audubon's and Hemingway's homes or a view of a living coral reef in a glass-bottom boat. Also sample the conch stew and Key Lime pie.

Daytona Beach: With 23 miles of beach, auto and motorcycle racing at the International Speedway, dog racing, jai alai, golf, and fishing. Cheaper than going to a resort farther down the coast.

MIDWEST

OHIO. Cincinnati: See the home of William Howard Taft, Kings Island, or thoroughbred racing at River Downs. For a Mark Twain-era cruise, book passage on the *Delta Queen*, one of the two overnight passenger steamboats still navigating the Ohio-Mississippi.

Akron: Tour the Goodyear World of Rubber, cheer for your favorite in the All-American Soap Box Derby or the World Series of Golf, then enjoy the splendor of the Stan Hywet Hall's Tudor Revival architecture.

MICHIGAN. Mackinac Island: To get there, take a boat from St. Ignace or Mackinaw City ($2.50 round trip). All travel is by foot, horseback, or bicycle.

Frankenmuth: It's Christmas 365 days a year in this delightful "Bit of Bavaria."

INDIANA. Indianapolis: You can ride around the 500 Race Track in the Racing Capital of the World.

Madison: Federalist and Georgian mansions perched on the cliffs overhanging the Ohio. A special speedboat regatta on the 4th of July.

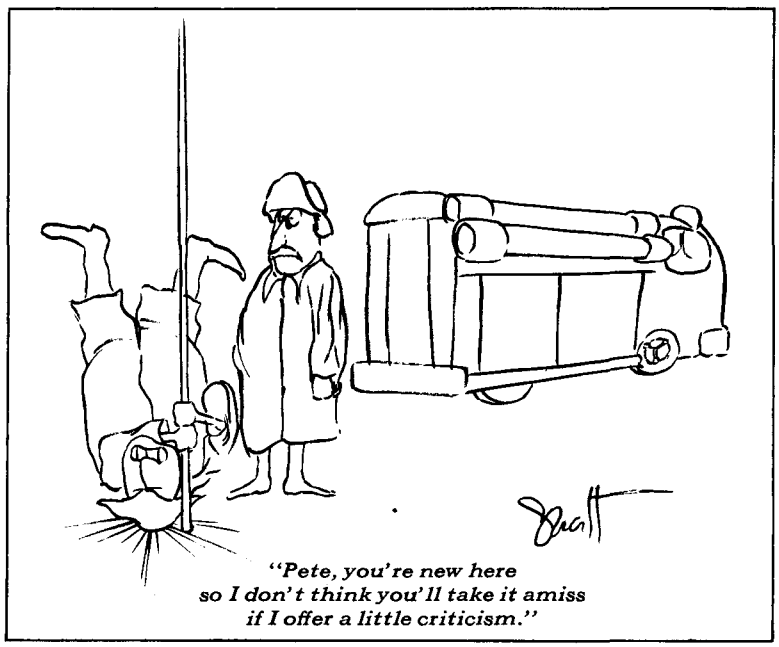
ILLINOIS. Chicago: For an overview try a bus tour—tickets available from 40 different offices. This city's a living portfolio of American architecture, including the Sears Tower which replaced the Empire State Building as the world's tallest.

Springfield: The heart of Abraham Lincoln country. Mementos include a "Sound and Light Show" at the Old Capitol, restored houses, a paddle wheeler, and the tomb of this great President. In nearby New Salem this saga is revived each summer on stage at the Kelso Hollow Outdoor Theater.

WISCONSIN. The Dells: Indian lore, recreational sports, and frontier life set in unique sandstone formations.

The House on the Rock: Built on the summit of Deershelter Rock, this citadel of stone is the architect's dream come true. Alex Jordan created a unique combination of the supermodern and a touch of yesteryear.

MINNESOTA. Boundary Water Canoe Area: Rent a canoe and explore the virgin forests. The water's so pure you can drink it. Ideal for fishing too.



"Pete, you're new here so I don't think you'll take it amiss if I offer a little criticism."

Minneapolis-St. Paul: Close to nature but with all the culture and glamour of the "Twin Cities." There's good eating at Charlie's Cafe Exceptionale. There's plenty of fun at MacDonaldland.

GREAT PLAINS

NORTH DAKOTA. Bismarck: Features a strikingly different capitol, a collection of Indian lore in the State Historical Society Museum, and restored Fort Lincoln.

Medora: A reconstructed cowtown with an outdoor musical nightly during the summer. Nearby, Teddy Roosevelt is remembered in a National Memorial Park where he once rode through open range cattle ranches.

SOUTH DAKOTA. Crazy Horse Monument, Custer: A single man's dream to rival the mountain sculpture of Mount Rushmore and honor the Sioux Indians. Korczak Ziolokowski has been working on this equestrian statue since 1947.

Black Hills: You can tour a modern gold mine at the Homestead in Lead or pan at Bobtail Placer Mine. Spelunkers can also explore the numerous caves in the region.

IOWA. Amana Colonies: These villages 20 miles northwest of Iowa City boast a century-old tradition of fine craftsmanship and old-world charm. Amish restaurants offer German food and shops contain the colonies' own meats and wines.

Iowa Great Lakes: In the northwest corner of the state are year-round recreation and numerous celebrations of Iowa's pioneer heritage. Orange City's Tulip Festival is in May, LeMars hosts this year's Pioneer Machinery Show, and Frontier Days is at Fort Dodge. A different kind of heritage is celebrated on August 5, the Annual Hobo Convention in Britt.

NEBRASKA. Boys Town: Father Flanagan's "He ain't heavy, he's my brother" is still an inspiration to thousands of visitors every year. The 500-acre ranch facilities, including a farm, dairy, and trade schools, are operated by the 1,000 boys who live in and govern the town. Admission free. Open daily.

Ogallala: Set in Buffalo Bill Cody country and along the Oregon Trail, it's the Wild West come alive. Dance-hall girls still kick up their heels twice nightly at the Crystal Palace revue family show during the summer season.

KANSAS. Quinter: Plan ahead for a covered wagon trip into history with "Wagons Ho." This 20-mile journey lasts 3 days and comes complete with Indian raids, fording rivers, campfire cooking, and sleeping under the stars.

Dodge City: Wyatt Earp, "Doc" Holliday, and Bat Masterson live on at the foot of Boot Hill along Old Front Street. Buy a treat at the old-fashioned ice cream parlor and try your luck at the gambling machines.

MISSOURI. St. Louis: Be sure to take the 4-minute train ride to the top of the Arch. You can also visit Daniel Boone's home, the house of Eugene Fields, and the Melody Museum of Organs. The Anheiser-Busch brewery of-

Continued on page 96

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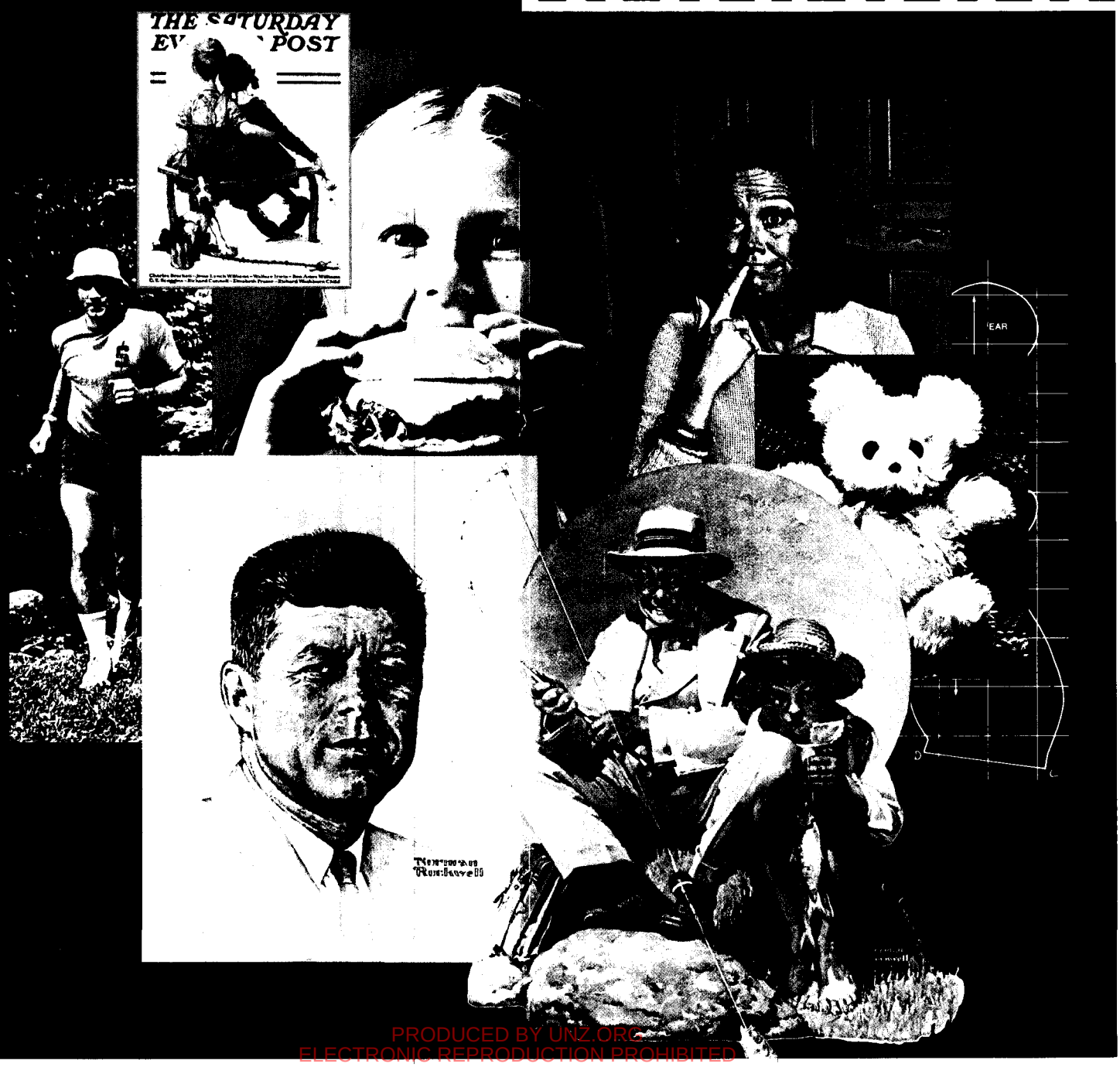

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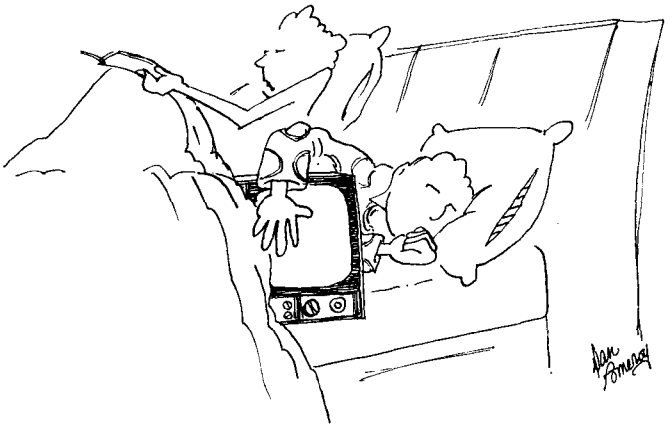
WOMEN'S RIBS

In the war between the sexes, peace begins with a good joke.

"I am sorry, Miss Taggert, but the only executive opening we have right now is for a whipping boy!"

"Alfred, I'm leaving you."

"You've just come crawling back from a trial separation begging for forgiveness."



"Fred, I think that there's something we have to talk about."

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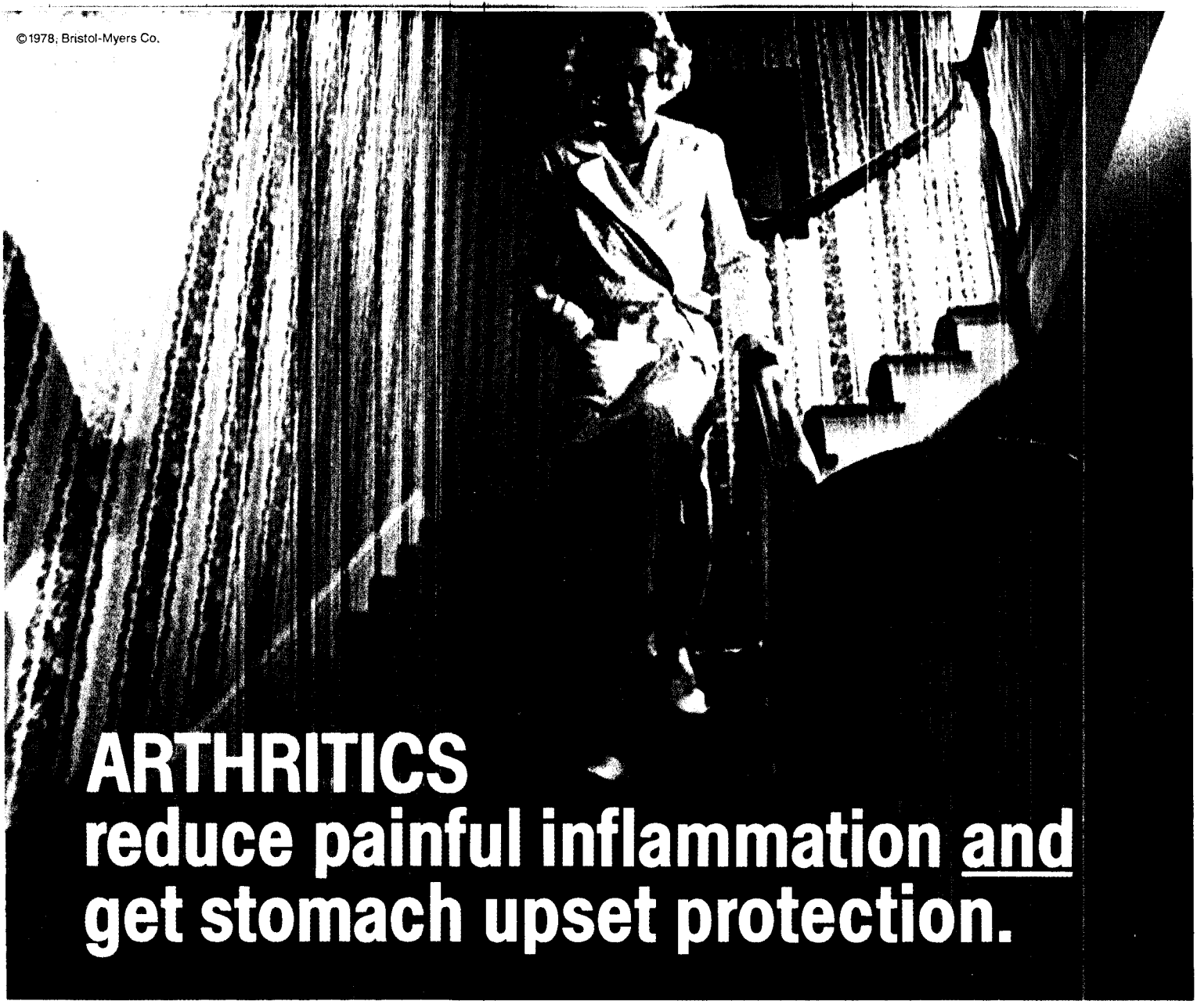

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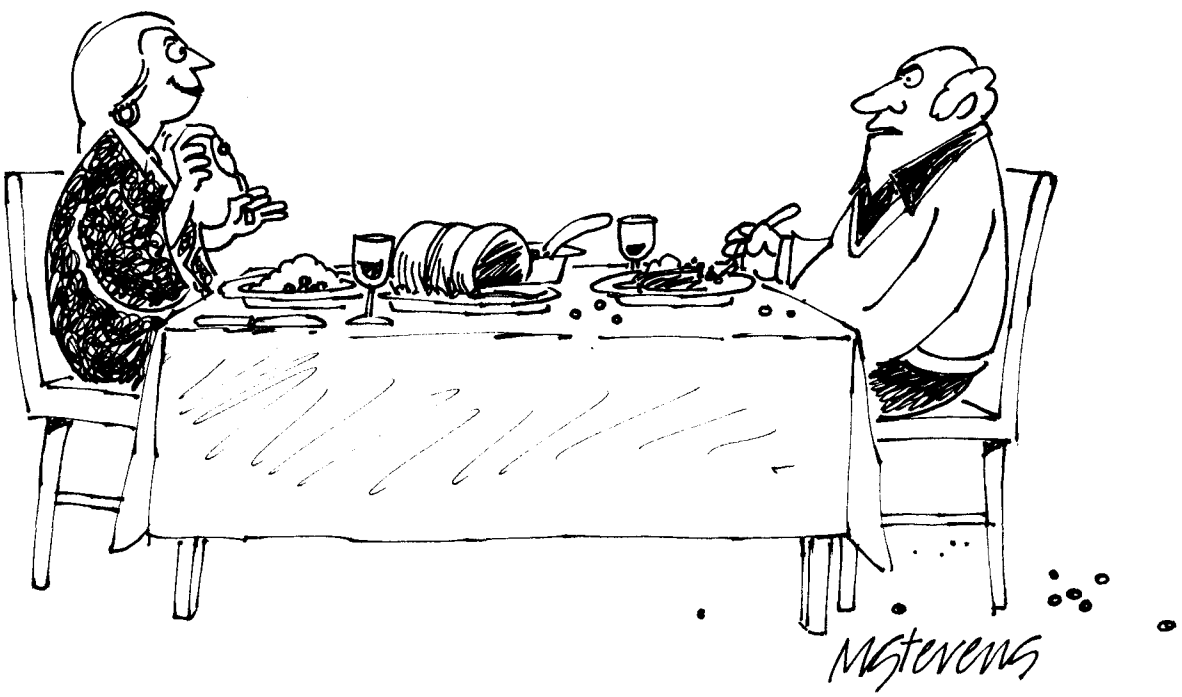
WOMEN'S RIBS

"Well, then, will you marry me next after Herb?"

"I just discovered something. I'm an impulse shopper."



"You have very few irritating habits, Margaret, but that *is one of them."*

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DARE TO BE YOU

Evangelist, mother, wife—will the real Ruth Carter Stapleton please stand up?

by Ruth Carter Stapleton

A friend who was pastor of a local church said to me, "Tell me all about yourself." I proceeded to tell him about my Christian service, my experience as a wife and mother. I delighted in doing so for an entire hour. When I concluded, he responded by saying, "Now tell me about you."

"I just did."

"No," he insisted, "you haven't told me about you. You described three roles you play as a Christian, as a wife, and as a mother; I want to know about you!"

I didn't understand what he was saying; my confused reply was, "But that *is* me."

To clarify his point he told me a story. It was about another minister who had lost touch with himself and had taken a six-month leave of absence from his congregational duties. He had decided he must "put God on the shelf"—God was no longer real to him. The Bible had become a bore. But beyond that he did not know who he was. And he knew he must find himself.

He decided that the only place to begin this quest was to start doing the things he wanted to do, not the whole world of things he had been required to do to fulfill his role of minister. But when he tried to think of what his real desires were, he could think of nothing. In his slavery to a role, he had lost the ability to savor life.

The minister without an identity drifted to men he had known only as "their minister." He went to the coffee shop where some congregated each morning before going to work. He listened to how they really thought, free of the pieties they assumed for his sake when he was a "professional preacher." He was invited to go fishing, and to try his hand at pool. None of these things told him who he was, but they did let him mingle with warm, unpretentious men. He wanted that—no sham. And that is where his self-discovery began. He determined to be real, human, vulnerable, without sham, and to accept wherever that brought him. Into that new emotional climate came a fresh, deep experience of God—but not of a demanding deity he once thought God to be. He found

Ruth Carter Stapleton is best known for having brought inner healing to the man who would become our President—her brother Jimmy Carter.

God to be the uncoercive Spirit who lets a man just be—and in that being lies the heart of self-discovery.

I left the pastor's study still unsettled, unsure of what he was trying to tell me. But I did have the feeling that whatever it was, it had the ring of truth about it. In other words, I knew something; my heart was sure of something my mind could not yet embrace. I would just have to let whatever was trying to surface keep pecking at the shell of my old mind-set until it could hatch. That hatching process took a brief but painfully long seven months.

Stop Trying

One Sunday I was with my family at our little cabin on a lake. I decided to take a walk alone out into the woods. As the natural beauty of this southern pine forest caressed my mind, I began to reexamine my life. What I saw was discouraging. My schedule was drudgery, my duties as a mother were confusing and dissatisfying, and worst of all, I was exhausted from the constant tyranny of being a "submissive wife." I knew the New Testament command to do just that: "Wives, submit yourselves to your own husbands." But I did not feel submissive, I felt coerced and taken for granted. The holy bond of matrimony felt like the bondage of servitude. I felt such a failure, so guilty and unfit to be a Christian. I wanted to scream, "Please, I can't stand being so good anymore. I don't want to be religious, or a good wife, or a mother another day!"

I knelt down on the pine needles and said, "Dear heavenly Father, hear this desire of my heart. Stop this world and let me off!"

Then it was as if he asked me, "Ruth, what is your problem?"

"Lord, I am so sick and tired of trying to be a good wife—submitting and trying; I feel so trapped. I just can't go on."

"Ruth," he seemed to say, "you don't ever have to try to be a good wife again."

I didn't know what God was doing telling me a thing like that. But I felt a tremendous burden being lifted from me.

But my lament was not over. "Lord," I continued, "I am just as sick and tired of trying to be a good mother. I try so hard to serve you and then I have to try so hard to make up to my family for the days I have been away speaking about you. Then I try to overcompensate when I'm home with my children. I've got to make up for all the days it rained and I wasn't at school to pick them up."

Again, through my mind I heard him say, "Ruth, you don't ever have to try to be a good mother again."

It sounded so much as though God was indulging in heresy, but I knew it was he speaking. I felt a hundred pounds lift off my chest.

Did I dare to go on? The deep frustration I felt urged me on. "God, I'm really going to upset you this time. I'm even sicker of being a so-called 'spiritual leader' than both of those other roles put together. I have to go to meetings where everyone expects me to be 'spiritual,' to have answers, to talk right, to dress right, and to make everyone happy. I can't handle it anymore!"

I heard the same gentle answer, "Ruth, you never have to try to be spiritual again." It was a strange sounding revelation. But I believed it. I rose from my knees and walked out of the woods a free woman. For the first time I knew why Jesus said, "If the Son makes you free you will be free indeed."

Reflecting on the experience, I am convinced God answered my first

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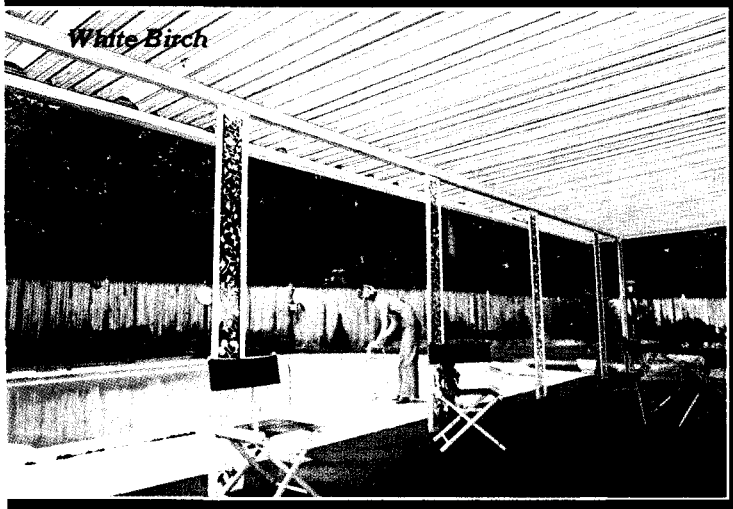

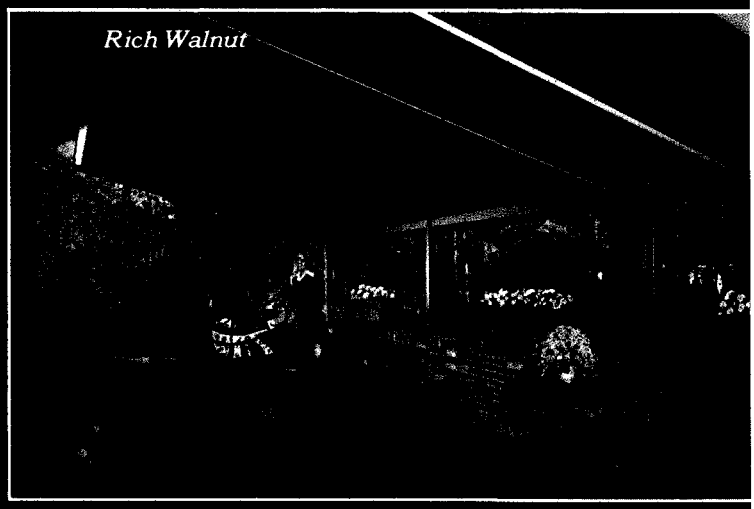

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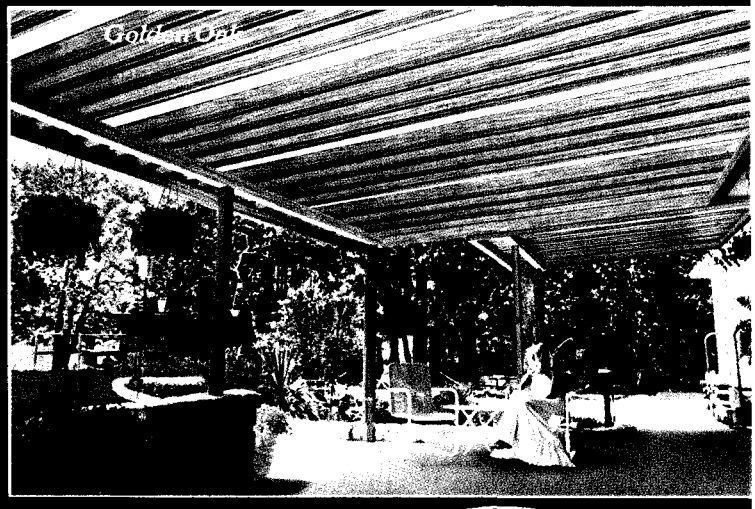

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prayer. He let me die. I died to an old mentality which could not give expression to the real Ruth. St. Paul said what I was feeling when he wrote, "Do not be conformed to this world [with its conformist mentality] but be transformed by the renewal of your mind." My mind was being renewed and I was starting to be transformed.

A "Liberated" Wife

As I walked out of the woods into a new life, I knew that the unbearable pressure of trying to live up to what others wanted me to be, or I felt I ought to be, was taken from me.

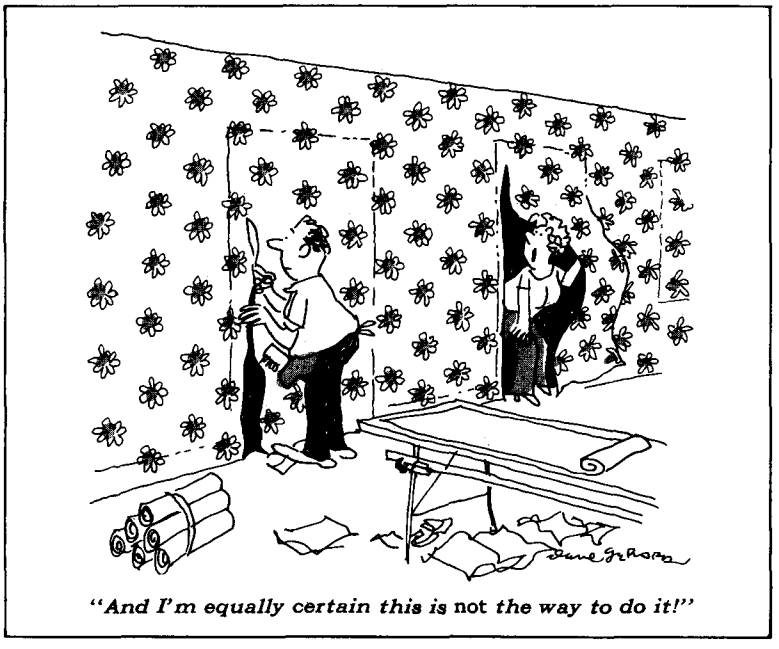
It was like trying to walk for the first time—liberating but strange. I was out of the playpen confinement. But I was awkward and clumsy in my new walk.

As I walked back to the cabin, I heard my husband call me from the edge of the pond: "Ruth, come on down. I've caught my third fish." The family tradition was to wait until he caught three fish—which meant they were biting well—and then for him to call me to join him and "enjoy myself." Calmly, resolutely, I walked to the pier. He had always thought I liked fishing and I had been the submissive wife and had never complained. Now I heard myself saying, "I don't want to go fishing. I don't like to fish! And while I'm at it, I want you to know I can't stand playing 18 holes of golf with you every Wednesday of my life—just because it's your day off."

He seemed a bit stunned for a moment. Then it was my turn to be surprised. He said, "This is the happiest day of my life. I thank God for this day!" Then he explained that while driving home from work at night he would think of me being home alone all day—not seeing anyone, having nothing to do. His conclusion was: women like to go to the shopping centers! "Worse than that," he went on, "has it ever dawned on you that when you're in town, for two years I haven't been able to play with my regular golf foursome on Wednesdays?"

"If the Son makes you free, you will be free indeed." As I had made this first step toward my identity, Christ had prepared the path by moving my husband toward his true self. Now we agreed that when there were things he wanted to do and I did not, if after we had discussed them he still wanted to do them, I could yield to his request, but out of love rather than unwilling, but determined, duty.

When the Spirit said to me in my experience in the woods, "You don't have to be a good wife," I didn't understand. It seemed so libertine, so devoid of Christian character. But what I grew to understand is that there is a diminishing return to trying to be a good wife because "I ought to." Subtle and not-so-subtle resentments begin to form. I begin to be taken for granted because I don't really bring much to a fishing trip or a round of golf if I am going out of duty. It is not the husband's fault if he is not very excited about having his wife tag along with all the enthusiasm she would feel about scrubbing woodwork. I realized that the husband is as liberated as the wife when she feels free to say no to him. If there is any communication at all, it makes her yeses much more satisfying to both parties; and the nos can allow her to be herself and allow him to relate to a wife rather than an echo.



"And I'm equally certain this is not the way to do it!"

Free To Be Happy

Some might think if we break out of the mold and are released from pressures that we will become terribly self-indulgent. This will not happen if our primary desire is to do the will of God, because the Spirit will not let us enjoy the selfish. Even though we have the freedom to do something selfish, Jesus keeps us in touch with our true self and reveals an area of weakness that we can release to him for healing. "Whoever has the will to do the will of God shall know." A self-indulgent person, by definition, does not seek the will of God.

Our puritanical roots make it difficult for us to believe that God is a God of fun. So, we have to trust the Spirit to teach us how to have fun, how to take relaxed, nonbusiness time for ourselves. As we keep open, the inner guidance will tell us the things which we should, or should not, be doing. We are physically and emotionally constructed to enjoy the spiritually creative. Dr. E. Stanley Jones observed that everyone has a Christian body: by this he meant that all bodies thrive on the emotions which emerge from the loving heart of God, such as love and joy. Stomach ulcers are the product of too much pressure, usually caused by the demand to achieve more than we feel capable of achieving. The body is saying that it needs the peace and unconditional approval of God; it needs more relaxation.

If we would listen to what our bodies are saying with the inner hearing made sensitive by the Spirit we would be shown the kind of correction and changes of pace we need. And all of life would become so much more fun. Some people do need to have their self-indulgence curbed. But at this point in my experience, I needed to be set free to enjoy neglected needs and desires of my heart. There are many Christians who are in this same condition: they need to be unshackled.

I remember sitting on a plane, returning home from one more series of meetings and people, people, people. I put my tired head back and thought about how much I would enjoy the total indulgence of doing nothing. I had the overwhelming desire to collapse into a tub of warm water and then slip into my worn-out, comfortable robe. Then in this fantasy induced by fatigue, I saw my feet propped up, while I dozed off intermittently in front of the TV.

As I walked into the house, the phone was ringing. It was a friend of mine, the pastor of a local church. He had arranged a convocation of four churches for that evening and had been anxiously awaiting my arrival home to inform me that at last I would be able to meet with these leaders and give instruction as to how small groups could be formed. This was for him a dream of 10 years come true.

But I had a conflicting dream. I felt the God who made my body wanted me to be done with ministering for a short while. So I said firmly, "It's impossible for me tonight. I've already

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made plans. I will do it any other night. I wish you had let me know . . ."

"But, there's no way we can change to another night. It's all planned. We postponed it once awaiting your return."

I told him I would see what I could do.

As I hung up the phone, 20 years of conditioning—always serve others first, be self-sacrificing, be unselfish, recognize that church work must come before pleasure always, others' needs are always more important than mine—almost demoralized me.

As I reached for the phone again to accept the pastor's invitation, I was arrested by the question, "Am I being true to the freedom Christ has just given me?" I knew I had to pray. With all my heart I prayed, "God, if I am to go, give me at least some little desire to minister tonight." Then I sat back, quietly monitoring my feelings. The desire for that warm bath and that pleasurable but seemingly useless night of TV intensified. I waited. I really had expected God to give me the grace to go. Eventually, I realized that I was not to go. God wanted the temple of his Spirit, my body, to be prepared for future service. And that required complete rest that night!

When I called the pastor to inform him that it was impossible to change my plans, he asked me if I could suggest a stand-in. Immediately, four ladies from my Bible class came to mind, and I gave their names and phone numbers to him.

Within an hour each of the four called to tell me, nervously, what time they would pick me up. Their disappointment and disapproval exceeded the pastor's when I told them I could not and would not be going.

"But, Ruth, we can't do this without you," said one, expressing the fear of all.

I was feeling as much a traitor to them as they were feeling abandoned. But in my heart I knew, somehow, I was being obedient to the Spirit.

My night of relaxation was only interrupted once. The doorbell rang just before midnight. I roused myself from bed and found my four "stand-ins" at the door, their faces all aglow.

"He did it, Ruth—Christ did it!" one of them exclaimed.

They shared with me the joy and exhilaration of seeing how God could use even them. They had prayed for the sick. Others had committed their lives to the service of Christ. One old man had tearfully, joyously accepted Christ into his heart for the first time.

Each woman had spoken publicly for the first time. Each had supported the other when one was leading. When the convocation had split into four groups, each had been appointed as leader of a group. Alone they experienced the same sense of divine support and guidance. This was the beginning of a new productive ministry for each one.

Now wasn't that amazing! I wanted to rest, God wanted me to rest, and he took care of everything. It was as if God had said to me, "Ruth, trust me. When you do, your fun and relaxation are as important to me as your more serious service."

As long as we seek first God's kingdom and act within his love, he will provide the necessary balance between easy living and hard labor.

As no two flowers or snowflakes are the same, so no two people have been created alike. Therefore we should not expect others to express themselves in the same way. God has so many beautiful things to say that it requires the existence of every person in the world to begin to express the infinite variety of his nature. To imitate another or to slavishly obey another's direction can distort our basic nature. And that really distorts the image of God. The truest expression of ourself is not governed by morality. It is realized by allowing a truer revelation of God in us. ✠

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THE WORK QUIRK STRIKES THE RICH

Today's wealthy working woman—she has money, she has position, she has access to all the glamorous people and places others only dream about. Why would she *want to work?*

by Janet Kioski

Diane von Furstenberg's casual blue jeans and pullover contrast sharply with the feminine silk jersey dresses she designs. The $100-or-less price tags on her creations also contrast with the usual cost of designer fashions.

Anthropologists should consider re-examining the female Homo sapiens. Evolution is showing its fickle head, or at least peeking one eye out of the ooze. The old line doesn't pass easily—women still exist who find spending money a noble and absorbing vocation, who desire nothing beyond being the decorative bit of fluff in the family parlor. Consumerism is both their profession and the shrine at which they worship. They smile across their Carte Blanche and slant one finely-arched eyebrow at the crowds of poorer cousins mobbing the ready-to-wear rack and the discount department store. This endangered species occupies one branch of the family tree, and a crack has appeared at its axil.

Near the fault, a new strain of rich woman has branched off. Like her kinswoman, the original species, she is wealthy because she married money or inherited it. This mutation chooses to work, not out of financial necessity, but for reasons as varied as her interests. Call it that already hackneyed word *liberation*, or chalk it up to a desire to create, a need for a sense of purpose, a hope of setting an example or finding a better way, or maybe just an inability to locate a more qualified person to fill a position—evolution has wrought changes for lesser reasons.

Katharine Graham

Nicknamed "Krusty Kay" by *Women's Wear Daily*, Katharine Graham was not always the powerhouse behind the Washington *Post* and *Newsweek* magazine that she is today. "I didn't even know how to give directions to a secretary," she says of her managerial debut. Her father, investment banker Eugene Meyer, left her controlling interest in the company when he died. Katharine's husband Philip stepped in to run the organization until his death in 1963. It was then that Katharine assumed the number-one spot which she has held ever since.

Kay Graham attacks each day as if it were her first and she had something to prove to an unknown "they." Many nights she has awakened to "redo my mistakes, play them over, let what I've done wrong gnaw at me. A lot of erosion takes place; I die a thousand deaths, especially after a public appearance.

"If one is rich and one's a woman, one can be quite misunderstood. I'm afraid that on Wall Street they think all I'm after is prizes and ego trips; that how the stock does doesn't matter to me. Half of them think I don't work at all and just go to parties; the other half think I'm obsessed with Watergate. I get a lot of flak at the paper, too, when I talk about profitability. They get pretty uptight at the mention of M-O-N-E-Y—they think I'm some heartless witch.

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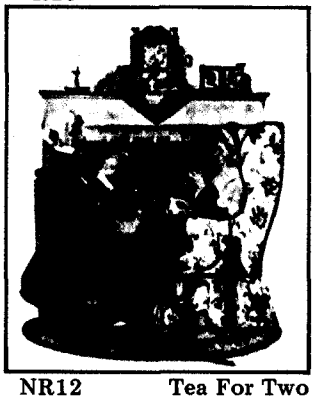

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"Common humor is very basic, isn't it?" Mrs. Graham asks. "At both the Washington *Post* and *Newsweek* there's a rather great irreverence that makes working a lot of fun."

As for being called the most powerful woman in publishing, it annoys her. "That's a sexist term, and I really dislike it," she says. Whether she likes it or not, it appears the tag is going to be with her as long as she stays in the business.

As Howard Simons put it, "If you have to have a publisher, it might as well be Kay Graham."

Diane von Furstenberg

"I have respect for creation, not just money and volume," Diane von Furstenberg answers her critics. "I never pretended I was a fabulous designer. I am a woman who makes clothes."

Diane's thriving dress, cosmetic, and perfume business started because, as she put it, "Everything was fur and leather and uneven hemlines. No one was making a little bourgeois dress. So I did." That was years ago, and business has been good. Some have suggested that the market will become saturated (hasn't happened yet) with her simple silk jersey shirtwaist or wrap-style dresses. Dubbed "the designer who put dresses back on women" by couturier Bill Blass, she continues to stick with the one or two basic designs that made her famous.

"Sometimes I think, 'My God, I'm so exhausted. Why do I keep on doing this?' But it's very exciting and I am in control of my life. I envy no one. Sometimes I wake up in the night in terror of all I carry on my shoulders. But it is helpful being a woman. If a man fails, then his whole life is a disaster. For a woman, a career is still an accessory." It appears that work is really more than "an accessory" to Diane, however. As she says, "Work gave me my identity. Now I know who I am. I'm independent and I'm a woman. And that's wonderful, because I have the best of both worlds."

Instead of working, Christina Onassis (left) might have chosen to enjoy the annual $250,000 lifetime annuity, 325-foot yacht, and Skorpios Island retreat her father willed her. (Right) Jackie Onassis left Viking over a novel uncomplimentary to members of the Kennedy family and is now working at Doubleday.

Practicing what she preaches, Abby Rockefeller (left) putters in a greenhouse, adding enriched soil to young plants. (Right) Ask Gloria Vanderbilt Cooper what line of work she's in and she will reply, "I am an artist."

Abby Rockefeller

Abby Rockefeller, daughter of Chase Manhattan Bank's chairman of the board, David Rockefeller, is actively involved in two careers, not just one. She has returned to her alma mater, the New England Conservatory of Music, to view the educational system from the other side of the desk as a humanities instructor. This might be considered a "proper" profession for one "to the manor born," but Abby didn't stop there. She also entered the world of business and is president of Clivus Multrum USA, which markets the environmentally-safe composting toilet system of the same name. In 1971 she read about the product in a gardening magazine and was attracted by its advantages; so she flew to Sweden to investigate, returning with two for herself. In 1973 she got the American license to sell the Clivus Multrum in this country.

"I'm a gardener and believe in keeping the soil in good condition," Abby told the *Post*. "Human waste should be included in a soil improvement program because it is available and so often overlooked. With the right system, human waste can be handled in an efficient and sanitary manner." Used in a greenhouse, the liquid waste product interacts with the soil to result in a symbiotic medium for growing vegetables and flowers.

"I suppose there are types of work I wouldn't enjoy doing," she says, "but right now I really enjoy the work I'm involved in." In a paper on the Clivus Multrum's use in organic gardening, Abby called the system "profoundly satisfying in all important respects: aesthetic, environmental, psychological, social, political."

Charlotte Ford Forstman

An interviewer once hinted that Charlotte Ford might be just "dabbling" after she and her husband, Tony Forstman, bought $400,000

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worth of Don Sophisticates stock and Charlotte became involved in the business at her husband's suggestion. "I invested half the money in this company. Why would I do a half-hearted job? That would be like throwing money down the drain, and no one in America has that privilege," was her retort.

Charlotte doesn't do the actual designing for the company, preferring to depend on experienced designers for that. She does "make suggestions as to fabric and color and how many of what kind of item should be in the line." The concept she backs is simple. "I hate to shop, and the line is aimed at working women who don't have the time to run around." Being a woman, she feels she knows what women want, and even though a man will be creating the designs, "I'll tell him what to do," Charlotte says.

Mary Louise Reid

Mary Louise, as she prefers to be called, is married to Ogden Reid of the New York *Herald-Tribune* family, former ambassador to Israel, congressman from New York. A summa cum laude graduate of Barnard, with an M.A. from Columbia, she became the youngest trustee in the history of Barnard. Once, shortly after she joined the board, she entered the trustees' dining room where she was admonished, "Young woman, you do not belong here." That mistake in identity was not to be repeated.

She is now a partner in Update, Incorporated, a firm she and a friend started in White Plains, New York, and enjoys the challenge of helping medium-sized companies with their development and marketing problems. "Each client brings a different problem which must be solved and which brings a different dimension to the breadth of the business," she told the *Post*.

The mother of six children, Mary Louise has managed to combine family and career, saying, "You have to have energy and good help to work full time. The children like my working. They don't want me to sit around waiting to quiz them on their day."

Gloria Vanderbilt Cooper

"Work is all joy to me, it really is—every moment of it. I like earning money, I like it when companies seek me out and sign me up to design no matter what—sheets, yard goods, glassware, scarves, wallpaper, table linen, valentines. I like being every year in greater demand. I like having to face every week my all-but-impossible deadlines. The fame you earn has a different taste from the fame that is forced upon you."

Gloria acquired a certain fame at an early age when a custody suit splashed her picture across the nation's newspapers. Her mother, Mrs. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, and her Aunt Gertrude, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, both wanted custody of the child. Gloria chose to live with the aunt.

Now married to Wyatt Cooper, she finds herself entertaining much less than formerly. Her husband understands that "Even my work is a form of party-going. We fly all over the country peddling our wares. I love meeting strangers in towns where I've never been and hearing that they feel happy surrounded by things I've designed."

Will Gloria continue to work the rest of her life, or will she gradually settle for a quieter existence? She says, "Work means independence. Work gives me an identity. I can't not work, and there is so little time. I just hope I can get it all out." That says it all.

Jacqueline Bouvier Onassis

In 1954 Jackie Bouvier left her $42-a-week job as inquiring photographer for the Washington *Times-Herald*. Twice widowed since then, she has begun a new career as an editor, first with Viking Press and now with Doubleday and Company. Maybe the number "two" is a charm for her.

When Letitia Baldrige, once Jackie's social secretary and now head of a New York public relations firm, suggested she return to work after Onassis' death, Jackie's response was, "Who, me—work?"

"I really felt she needed something to get out in the world and meet people who are doing interesting things, to

Read this and cry.

Froilan lives in Central America in a one-room hut with dirt floors and no sanitary facilities. Labor there is so cheap that, for men like Froilan's father, hard work and long hours still mean a life of poverty. But now life is changing for Froilan.

Her name? We don't know. We found her wandering the streets of a large South American city. Her mother is a beggar. What will become of this little girl? No one knows. In her country, she's just one of thousands doomed to poverty.

The world is full of children like these who desperately need someone to care, like the family who sponsors Froilan.

It costs them $15 a month, and it helps give Froilan so very much. Now he eats regularly. He gets medical care. He goes to school. Froilan writes to his sponsors and they write to him. They share something very special.

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use that energy and that good brain of hers. I suggested Viking, my publisher," Miss Baldrige remarked.

Earlier, Jackie had been offered the opportunity to do a project with Lucy Jarvis, a television and movie producer, on preserving the world's great treasures; but Onassis put the kibosh to it shortly before his death. He told Lucy, "Grace Kelly was a working girl when she married a prince and became a princess. You want to take my wife, whom I consider a princess, and turn her into a working girl?" Always subject to her husbands' wishes, Jackie abandoned the project before it was really started. Now, with two teenaged children needing an example set for them, Jackie is growing gracefully into the role of career woman. "I have always lived my life through men," she once remarked. "Now I realize I can't do that anymore."

Countess Guy de Brantes

Marina de Brantes, sister-in-law of Madame Giscard d'Estaing, uses her inventive energy to run three businesses in New York: *Le Coup de Fusil*, a French restaurant, small, cosy, decorated with antiques, and featuring *la nouvelle cuisine française*, the new look in French food; a catering service above the restaurant for 12 to 1,000 people; and a cooking school on the premises where she teaches.

She told the *Post* she started the business because of her love of food and her background in this field. In France, she worked with chefs and has had experience organizing food for large benefits as a volunteer.

"I love this business, even though it is one of the toughest to handle," she says. "I love to work. In France my social group would frown upon my choice of career. Catering simply would not be accepted. But in New York, all my friends are working. They think my restaurant, catering service, and cooking school are sensational!"

Marina's clients include her French relatives, and such VIPs as Paley, Rockefeller, Kissinger, Vance, Schiff, Hemingway, Regine, and Andrew Young. In spite of all the energy needed to make a go of these businesses, she still finds time to be a mother to her three children—Pia, Francois, and Emmanuel—and to be chairman of the New York City Ballet Guild.

Christina Onassis

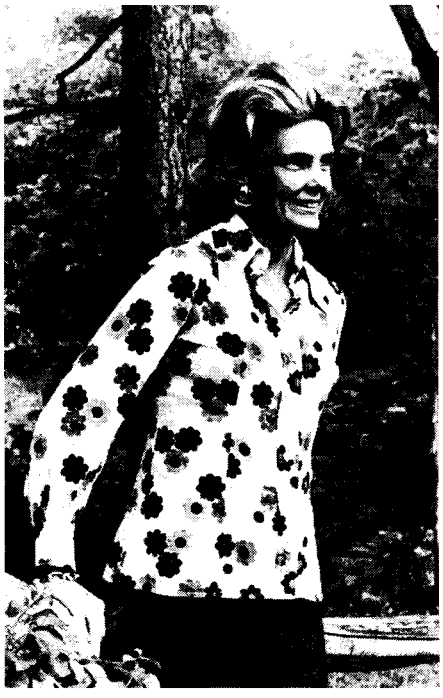
When she was only 24 years old, her father's death gave Christina controlling interest in a multinational, multimillion-dollar business empire. Even with the disadvantage of being a Greek woman in a Greek-run business where women traditionally have no influence, Christina felt her place was at the helm of this shipping empire.

With her brother Alexander's death in January 1973, Onassis had no alternative but to groom his only surviving child for management. "She would come in at 9 a.m. in her chauffeur-driven car, and she wouldn't leave until 5 p.m.," said one European executive who believed she was just playing a little rich girl's game. "She worked all day, and didn't even stop for lunch. I was very impressed with her professionalism. I was surprised that someone so young could grasp so much." When this same executive asked her why she had to know it all when she could afford to hire specialists and experts, she simply said, "No, I have to know it myself."

This huge empire has been in her hands since her father's death, and Christina's business acumen is passing the time test. No dilettante, "Not a single decision of substance gets by without Christina's approval," says one elder of the Onassis enterprises.

More and more women are finding that wealth is not enough, not an end in itself. The new wealthy woman took one giant evolutionary step forward when she learned that mankind—and womankind—thrive on their own accomplishments. ☒

*Mary Louise Reid (left) doesn't describe herself as a feminist, but her company often helps women on a minimal or no-fee basis as "our contribution to the women's movement." (Right) Katharine Graham, here looking stern and businesslike, "can be—*likes *to be—hilarious," a senator's wife says.*



Charlotte Ford Forstman (left) contends "women are very active and want clothes that can work for them." (Right) Countess Marina de Brantes is married to Guy de Brantes, Diane von Furstenberg's financial director.

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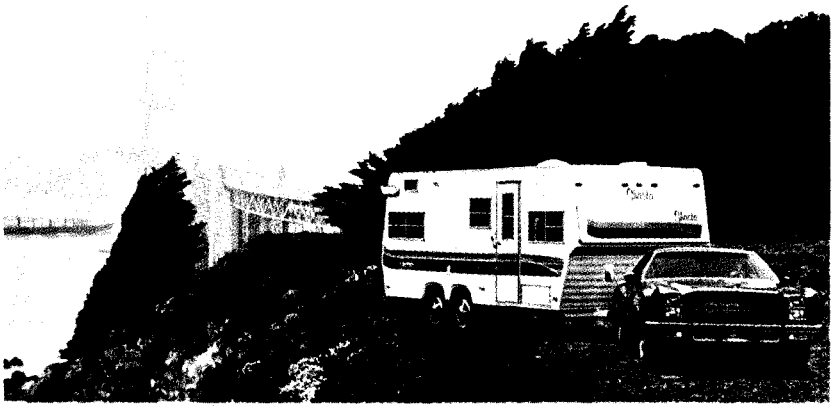

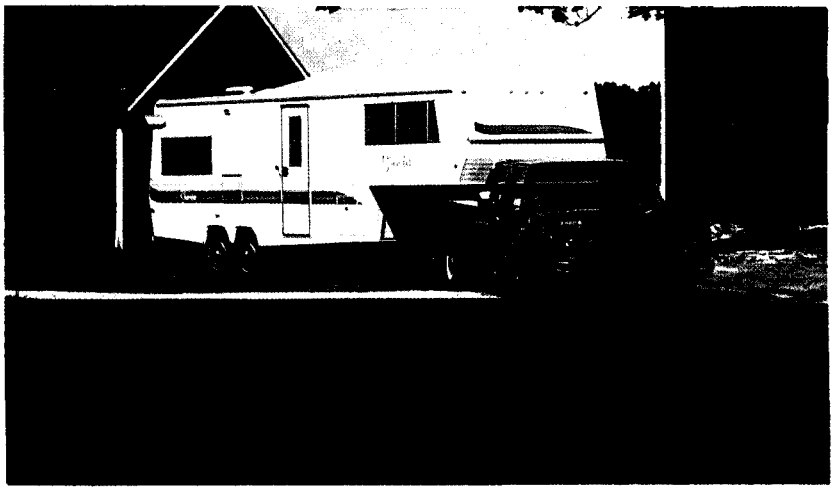

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IT'S TIME TO TURN TO SHASTA

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PRESENTING TONY RANDALL

Television's funniest judge sentences the reader to five minutes of random Randallisms. We find him guilty of wit and ham-slaughter in the first degree.

by Pete Martin

Not glib, not talkative, capable of saying things thought.

He stood balanced easily before the fireplace in his apartment on New York's Central Park South. From his easy-fitting penny loafers to his tieless shirt he was casual on the outside.

There was nothing casual about his mind. Words came from him crisply, without hesitation, no pauses.

I had spent days preparing lists of subjects Tony and I could talk about. It was time wasted. I could have left my list at home. I had a plan. Let him do the talking. I'd make myself comfortable and listen to him pour forth a mixed cocktail of opinion, conclusions, thoughts collected during his wealth of experience as an actor, strolling player on all the show platforms known to performers. Currently he was enacting the role of a Philadelphia judge on television after five seasons as Jack Klugman's partner in "The Odd Couple."

I'd had a clue. I'd let him interview himself. The only flaw with my plan was that Tony wasn't about to cooperate.

"What's your first question?" he shot at me and waited for an answer.

"At the top of my notes is one I like," I said. "It reads, 'The Emmy went to Tony Randall for his comedy lead in "The Odd Couple." Randall accepted with the cryptic remark, "I'm mighty glad. Now if I only had a job when the show of the same name was cancelled." ' "

"I was proud of that speech," he said. "It was the shortest speech ever made accepting an Emmy Award, only they've got it a little wordy there. Short ones are the only good ones. All speeches are too long. I remember it exactly. What I said was, 'I'm sure glad I won. Now if I only had a job.' It brought down the house.

"If I had my way there would be no awards. They are merely harmless self-indulgences. They do no good, they do no evil either. They mustn't be taken too seriously. They are only a publicity gimmick. They are promotional devices organized by the highly professional, well-paid promotional craftsmen. They are well paid for exactly what they are paid to do. Which is to get as much publicity for their clients as possible. I suppose a lot of people think Cary Grant or John Barrymore or Charlie Chaplin can't have been much good because he never won one."

I said, "There are some who are paid to stiff-arm publicity. I had quite a time getting through to you."

"Then my man isn't doing what he's supposed to do," he told me flatly. "But there are people who pay *not* to get publicity because their clients are doing things they're not supposed to be doing. I have never believed in personal publicity. I don't like it. I don't like to read about 'So and so was seen popping out of Chasen's Restaurant the other night sloshed to the gills.' "

I said, "*The Saturday Evening Post* and I picked you because you make more sense and are more intelligent than most actors."

"That's nice," Tony told me sincerely. "It's not true of course, but it's nice to hear. After all, I do have a show on the air, 'The Tony Randall Show,' so it's to everybody's best interest that more people know about it."

"I saw it last week," I said. "It was one of the best."

"I was at the opera that night so I didn't see it. My wife liked it."

"Is she one of your trusted critics?"

"The toughest. Hard to please. She makes it her business to watch whatever's on the air. Last night I watched 'Happy Days' and 'Laverne and Shirley.' It was the first time I'd watched them both through. They were both done by one of my best friends in this business. Gary Marshall is very close to

An eyeful of Tony Randall. No hair, a mustache, and apparent eye transplants fail to disguise Randall's larger-than-life comedic talent.

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being a comic genius. He was the daddy of 'The Odd Couple.' He wrote and directed our shows. The word *wrote* is the key word there. The writer of a TV show is its real star no matter who's in it."

He stopped and pointed a sharp finger at me. "You have my glasses on. I'm going to put this in my next script. I'm going to give it to my writers this afternoon. Guy came to my house, put on my glasses and tried to leave with them. Very important comedic theme."

I found my own glasses and returned his.

Tony took off on a tangent. "Comedy has nothing to do with making funny faces. I've never done a double take in my life."

"What's your definition of a double take?"

"It's a comedy cliché comic actors who have learned all the tricks but have no particular sense of humor have learned to do. They look at something, look away, then look back quickly. I've never learned how to do it. I always thought it beneath me. It's not human. It's a piece of comedy business that is as old as comedy. People who can't do any better make a living at these clichés. I don't think any first-rate actor should clutter himself with these tricks. Just the opposite. He tries to behave like a human being, not a comedian. However, it's only fair to say audiences *do* laugh at them.

"Take a one-line joke. 'I met my girl in a revolving door and we've been going around together ever since.' That's a one liner for you. It has no humor in it whatsoever, but it has a little comedy. It's dumb. But it fits the definition of comedy. It has surprise and it may delight you. But it has no humor in it. Humor has to do with pain. Humor has to do with people's suffering. Perhaps you don't know this but we laugh at other people suffering. It is cruel. It's hostile, but," he sighed slightly, "that's the way it is."

We were getting deep now. I said, "I've watched you on 'Hollywood Squares' two or three times. The rest of that panel horse around and make jokes but you come right out with your answer."

"On that show they have writers who give you jokes to use before you answer," he explained. "They've tried it for me. But I don't want jokes. My joke is saying 'Yes' or 'No' fast. It intimidates the contestants. They think I *must* know. They always go along with me even when I'm wrong.

"The thing is," he said, "I am a character actor. Not a comedian. I play a variety of parts but I play them all with the same seriousness. If they're funny it's because the writer wrote comedy into them or gave them a comic attitude. To me there is no difference between playing a serious part and a comedy part. On the other hand, a comedian is a guy who gets up on a night-club floor and tells jokes. I've never done that in my life. I play a part as it's written.

"If a writer wrote that a man is in desperate circumstances because his wife is leaving him, that might be funny. Then again it might be tragic. It's real to that man. Or a man has tried to commit suicide. Is that funny? Not to me. But in the first act of that marvelous play by Neil Simon called *The Odd Couple*, Felix has just attempted suicide. I didn't think it was funny when I played it. But the audience screamed their laughter. It was funny because Neil Simon made it funny. But if you ever had a suicide in your family, as I have, you don't think it's very funny. I was playing *The Odd Couple* in Chicago when I got a call that a member of my family had died. I had to go on that afternoon and play it. I had to play it twice that day and the way I played it people guffawed."

"You did such a good job with Felix, the apostle of neatness," I said, "I was almost afraid to walk in here. Afraid I would track something on your rug."

"If you tracked something on the rug there'd be hell to pay, but not from me," Tony said. "From my wife. She'd tell you firmly, 'It's a rainy day. You should have worn your rubbers. Then you could have left them outside.' The point I was making is that it's up to the writer and the audience whether Felix's condition is serious or funny, but the actor has to treat it as neither serious nor funny, but real. That's an actor's job. On the other hand a comedian treats everything as funny. That's the difference. To the actor it is *all* real."

"Now how about a personal question?" I asked.

"I don't like them," he said, "but let's see what you have in mind."

"I haven't the slightest idea how old you are."

"Fifty-seven."

"You seem forty-seven. How do you do it?"

"Not smoking is one reason. Smoking ages you. Drinking ages you too. I'm not a health nut but some people think I am."

"Do you do any regular exercise?"

"Right now I don't exercise at all, and I don't watch my diet. I am lucky in that I don't gain weight. I used to exercise. I used to lift weights and I enjoyed it. I loved going to the gym. Then somehow I got out of the habit. It takes a lot of time. You have to go religiously at least three times a week. A lot of guys I know go after work. I

Continued on following page

A rare public appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Randall, who seldom frequent celebrity watering spots.

Hans Conreid is perfect craggy foil to Randall's uptight, self-deluding judge on "The Tony Randall Show."

With "Odd Couple" co-star Jack Klugman. "I've been lucky to work opposite tremendously strong actors."

Peter Borsari

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can't do that. I'm too tired. Ever since we started 'The Odd Couple' I have been too busy. Shooting a TV series is slavery. You are working in a sausage factory. Doing 'The Odd Couple,' Jack Klugman and I used to work 12 hours every day. Every day. I don't think we were ever there on the set less than 12 hours."

"How about Saturdays?" I asked. "Don't you ever get a free day?"

"On Saturdays I collapse. I'm not capable of doing anything. I don't even get out of bed. I'm like a football player after a big game. You raise yourself up slowly from the gridiron and figure where you hurt least. That got me out of the habit of going to the gym and working out. And I didn't feel different. I didn't lose weight or gain weight.

"An actor is a fool if he doesn't take good care of himself," he went on. "His appearance is at least 40% of his total assets. I'm getting a little gray, but I don't show it. I don't gain weight. I don't drink. Actors are fools to drink because that puts weight on you. Smoking is even worse than drinking. Your skin doesn't look good when you smoke. Your eyes aren't clear. It affects your voice. God gave me a good voice. I take care of it. I take a voice lesson every single day. I've been with the same teacher 30 years."

"What's left to teach after 30 years?" I wanted to know.

"You never get too good at things," Tony said. "The world's most famous opera singers at the peak of their careers still take lessons. Not long ago I ran into Eileen Farrell and Robert Merrill going to a lesson. Actors should do the same thing. Dancers do it. They take lessons. They practice every day of their lives. Other people call it dedication. I call it just plain common sense.

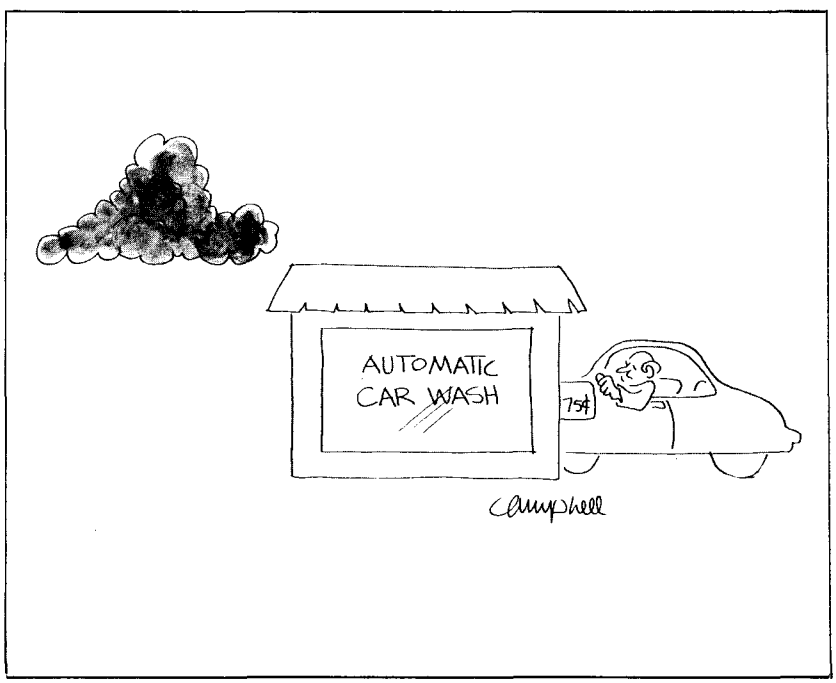
"I'm still trying to grow in my own craft. If you don't grow, you shrink. It's the same with any skill. You've got to keep at it. As you keep at it, your skill changes. Your attitude toward it changes. You don't have the same skill today you had a month ago. You can do things now you couldn't do before. It leads its own life, so to speak, but you must keep feeding it."

"To me you don't change," I said. "You are remarkably consistent."

"I go along with you in one way," Tony agreed. "Not that I haven't changed. I've changed a lot. It's my attitude toward my work that hasn't changed. A lot of people get bored with it. I love my work. The work itself is a silly business really. It's getting down to brass tacks with a script, coming to grips with another actor, working out problems every day with the director. That part of it I love, and every day there are new problems. You never quite solve those. There are actors who get lazy and just walk through their parts. They're too successful or too bored. They think, *Well, I've played this part before. I know how to do it.* I've never felt that way. I've never done it well enough to satisfy myself. The day I do I'll quit."

"How did you get started in the first place?" I asked.

"I was 12 years old," he said. "We lived in Manhasset, Long Island. I saw a school play, *Penrod*. I sat there thinking, *I could do that better than any of them.* The darndest thing is, today I still think the same thing. I go see a play or a movie or sit home watching a television show and half the time something says inside me, *I can do that better than he can.* Of course, every now and then I see a performance like one of George Scott's, and I think, *Oh my Lord . . . I could never do that!* That depresses me for about an hour."



I asked, "Who discovered that you could do better than that boy who played Penrod?"

"I was the only one who discovered it. I was the only one who believed it because when I began as an actor in high school plays and then at Northwestern, I wasn't very good. I really wasn't happy at Northwestern and I left. After a year and a half I went to an acting school in New York. I wasn't good in that school either. I never got good until I was out of acting school. I was too self-conscious and too much under the influence of my idol, John Barrymore.

"That's a terrible thing for an actor to do . . . to imitate another actor, but all young actors do it. John Barrymore had a terrible influence on my generation but not as bad as Marlon Brando has had on the subsequent generation. Barrymore at least spoke well, so we imitators of his age at least were articulate. But Brando, who is as great as Barrymore in my opinion, doesn't speak well. He mumbles, and when you imitate someone, you imitate his faults. You can't imitate what makes a man great. You can only imitate his mannerisms.

"Young people are stupid that way," he went on. "I really didn't become a passable actor until I left drama school and digested all the things that my teacher taught me there. His name is Sanford Meisnar. He's still teaching, and teaching well. He is the one who made me an actor. He was a great actor himself and a great director. But he has given his life to teaching. To this very day, I am still trying to do what he taught me to do."

"Why?" I asked. "You can do comedy, you can do tragedy, you can do anything."

"They are all the same," Tony told me. "If you're playing a man who comes into a room to do something stupid or funny or a man who comes into a room to do something tragic and sad, you still have to find a reason to come into that room.

"That's the first thing you learn your first day in acting school. The teacher says to get up and come back in and come in for a *reason*. So you get up and walk out and come in and he asks, 'What was your reason for coming in?' You say, 'Well, sir, I came in because you told me to come in.'

" 'That's not very good,' he says. 'I want you to have a reason for coming into this room.'

"So you say to yourself, 'Well, it's not a classroom. It's my bedroom at home and I am coming in to go to bed.' So you go out, come in and go to bed. Meisnar watches you and he says, 'That was better. I believed you at least, but I was bored. You seemed too casual. You didn't come in for a strong

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enough reason.' So once more you come in again and go to bed. This time you come in to go to bed because there is a girl in the bed. You'd snuck her into the house when your parents were out. Your parents will be back within a half hour and you've got to finish your business with her in a hurry. Now you have an urgent reason to do it. You don't learn how to do the scene, but you have an urgent reason to build the scene so that you can act it. That's your first lesson."

I begin to see why the word *articulate* was applied to him. Not *verbose*, not *talkative*. His words meant something.

"You must be aiming at something definite," I said. "What is your ultimate goal?"

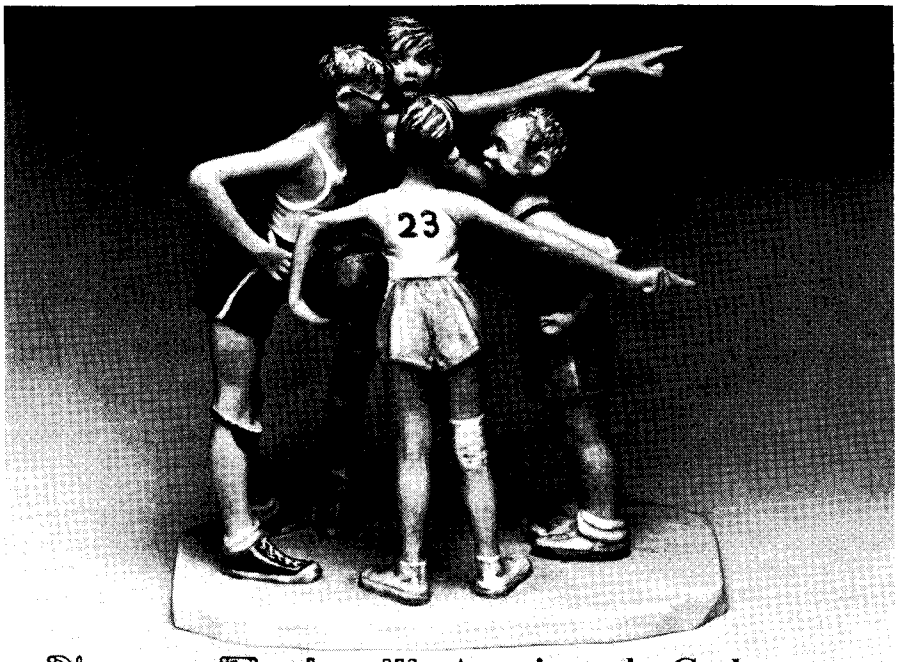
"I've never done what I wanted with my life," he said. "I've always wanted to be in an art theater playing the great parts in great plays. An actor has a double responsibility. It's his job to entertain people and people need entertainment. But it's much more than that. The actor should keep alive the great classics. People should read plays and not be afraid of the classics. They should go to the theater and enjoy them. They think, *Shakespeare is going to bore me to death*, but take it from me—in a good production it's anything but boring. It's wonderful. It's a revelation.

"One reason people are afraid of Shakespeare (and other classics)," he went on, "is that they've been forced to read them in school. Shakespeare was shoved down their throats when they were children. That's criminal. His plays should never be taught to children. They weren't written for children, who can't understand them. They were written for adults. Shakespeare wrote them to be played in front of a rough audience. An audience of groundlings. Men who would cut your throat for a penny. A rough, rowdy bunch with prostitutes wending their way through the crowd.

"But Shakespeare knew how to hold that crowd. He knew how to hold that crowd with comedy, and scenes of action and violence and lust. People should see these things in the theater, but there is no theater for them any more. The actors should be responsible for building that kind of theatrical entertainment." He looked in the fireplace for a moment. "In that sense I have never fulfilled my responsibility or my ambitions."

I kept digging. "What are your goals over the next 10 or 20 years?"

"My real goal is to play in such a theater. To have that kind of actor's life. I don't think we will have it in America until we have what other countries have . . . subsidized theater. I believe in subsidizing the arts. I told



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President Carter when he was running for election that we are the only country in the world that doesn't have a National Theater, a National Opera, and a National Ballet. He seemed surprised. He said, 'No one ever told me that before.' But he absolutely agreed with me.

"The time will come when we'll have it. It won't be long off. We should have 50 state theaters, ballets, and opera companies because we are such a big country. Every city in the United States of over 100,000 should have its city theater. When it comes, it will prove to be such a boon to the city for business and for everything else that the people will say, 'My God, why didn't we have this before?' "

"You're serious about this?" I asked him.

"I'm very serious when I'm acting," Tony said. "And the more the audience laughs, the more serious I am."

"That's the secret then? Believe deeply in what you're doing?"

Tony said, "I think that's what makes people laugh. I never laugh at an actor who lets me know he thinks he's funny. That's amateurish. He's got to be so serious he doesn't even know the audience is there. That's hard to do. To block out everything else. It takes tremendous concentration," he cocked an eye at me, "but the good ones do it."

I tried a new turning. "What do you hope will come along for you in the future? 'The Odd Couple' was so great, what could ever equal it?"

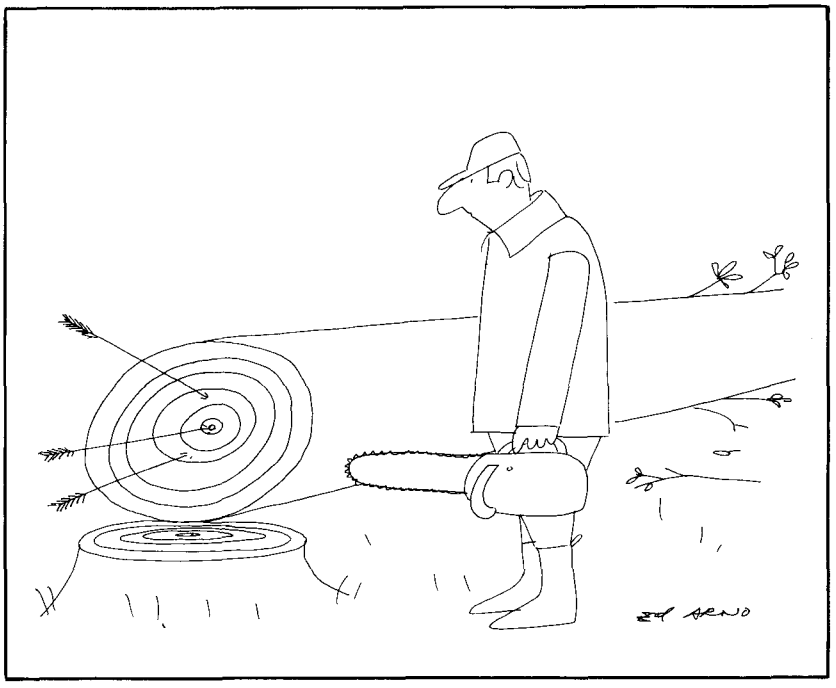
"For the immediate future, I would like 'The Tony Randall Show' I'm in now to go three more years," he said. "We're finishing our second year now. I would like it to go five years. Perhaps that is pure greed talking. When it goes for five years, you have a hundred or more shows in the can and you can sell them in syndication."

"Have you any ideas of what will take the place of television in the future?" I asked. "Will it get better or worse?"

He thought about that too. "Most people are predicting that the next round of overall public entertainment will be the development of cassettes of some form that will play whole shows on your home television sets," he told me. "You will see complete operas, whole ballets, complete musical comedies, complete movies. You will see a show like my show or 'All in the Family.' Only instead of seeing it on the network you will rent a cassette and, if you like it, keep it and play it over and over again. Some people think that this will be so easy and such a selective boon that it will put the network television we know today out of business.

"As a matter of fact they are putting themselves out of business by killing the goose that lays the golden egg. By producing such crap that the public is going to get tired of it very, very fast. It's garbage. But crap is my real word for it. I am supposed to be an intelligent, educated man, but I can't find a better word.

"Television is not being true to itself. What television can do best is what nothing else can do. Television can show you a football game close up—one all the way across the country which you couldn't possibly get to.



Television can take you to the moon. It can take you inside an operating room. It can take you inside the patient's stomach. Television can take you undersea. It can do what no other medium can do. There are hundreds of things—the things it can do are miraculous instead of entertainment."

He warmed to the subject. "But television has run into the problems of success and greed like everybody and everything else. A lot of people don't believe in ratings. Right or wrong, all that counts is that the people who put on the TV shows believe them. That advertisers who pay the bills based on ratings believe them.

"That's all that counts. The guys who are paying the money are willing to pay for the highly rated shows. Until they come up with something better it's the best we've got. They've been accurate within 2 or 3 percent. And that's all they claim. If you could predict the stock market or horse racing that well, you would be a very wealthy man."

"You've something there," I agreed.

"What puzzles everyone is that the total viewing audience is shrinking every year. This year the total viewing audience is 3 or 4 percent less than last year. Three or four percent of all those millions is a lot of people.

"Next year there will be still fewer as more and more people get tired of the drivel that they are getting. The present condition of the networks is that no matter what they do they've got to make a profit. They have all their time sold. So far they've had no problem selling time, and the higher the rating of a show, the higher rate the advertiser pays. No one is going to be concerned about a thing called quality, so quality is certain to end up third.

"You put on Lawrence Olivier in *Long Day's Journey*, which is the finest television play I have ever seen. It was three hours long, and it drew 68 on the rating list that week, which meant that practically nobody looked at it at all.

"For the time being," Tony said, "these men don't understand their own business. Their only concern is to win. If they don't win, they are out. It doesn't occur to them that they are destroying this fabulous business because every year this insane rating struggle goes on and they continue to lower quality to get more and more popular programs. So every year the audience will shrink. That is what happened to the movies, but no one learns through experience."

A very wise man, I thought, *with lots of courage*. He told me things that needed to be said, yet how many in his field would have had the guts to say them?

He smiled at me as we said goodbye. He also stole a quizzical glance down at the glasses in his hand to make sure they were his.

As I looked back at him he was eyeing his wristwatch quizzically to make sure it was his.

A very wise man, I thought, *and deep*. There are not many like him. ☒

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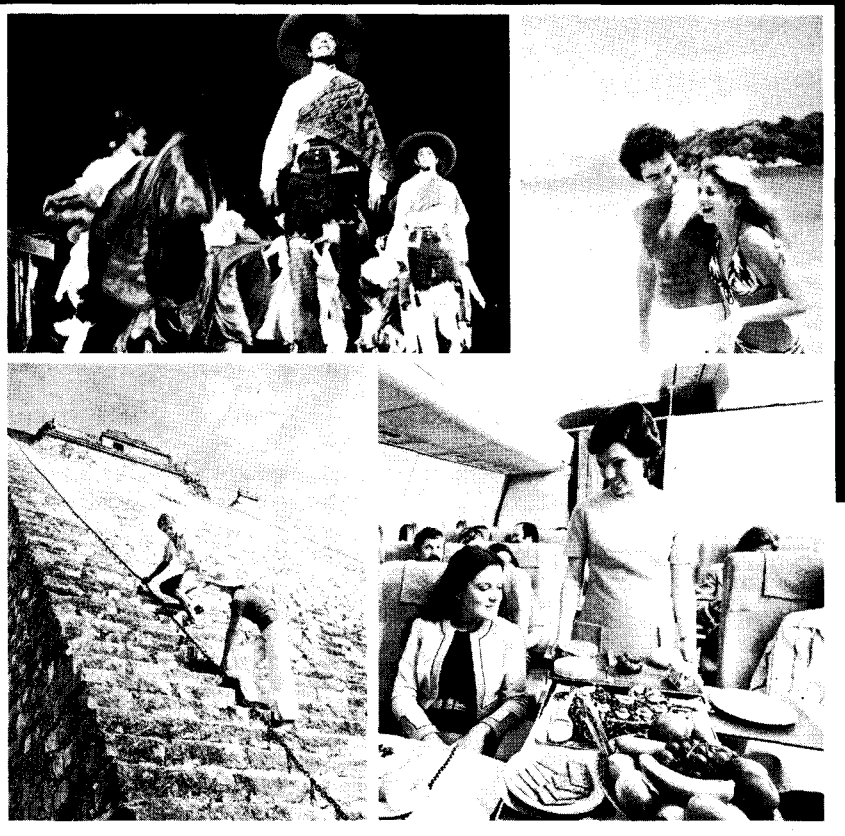

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THE SAD SHAPE OF VICTORIAN WOMANHOOD

Mrs. Foolish, doomed to haste, greasy foods, poor posture, and the slow torture of a whalebone corset, still could aspire to the example of Mrs. Wise, that turn-of-the-century paradigm of health and happiness.

by Daniel Aaron

Between the administrations of Ulysses S. Grant and Theodore Roosevelt, it seems the American woman was falling to pieces in most alarming ways. Handbooks on female health, diet, personal appearance, commonsense hygiene, longevity, and sound digestion presented a gloomy picture of her external and internal condition. And the experts who volunteered their suggestions on how she might salvage or rehabilitate herself did so with a sternness and brusquerie that have no counterpart in the suaver beauty publications of our day. Nothing flattering to milady can be found in their unglamorous pages, nothing remotely similar in spirit to the current television commercials in which narcissistic, pampered-looking ladies loll in bathtubs and ecstatically stroke their arms and legs. The pursuit of health and beauty in those days was a rugged and arduous undertaking. Those who failed to make the grade had only themselves to blame.

Some of the guides and counselors, to be sure, attempted to beguile their anxious readers by telling interesting anecdotes about famous beauties like Cleopatra or Diane de Poitiers; and it was reassuring to know that Edmund Burke strongly admired "the well-moulded neck of a woman" or that Goethe had an excessive fondness for the well-shaped foot. But the authors of such volumes as *Personal Beauty: How to Cultivate It in Accordance with the Laws of Health* (1870) or *How to Live Long: Or Health Maxims, Physical, Mental, and Moral* (1877) were clinching physiological points, not writing social history or seeking to right the wrongs of women.

Judging by the portrait of the dyspeptic, corset-tortured American lady in these earnest volumes, the voyage of life was no picnic. There was something grimly apt in Dr. Brinton's quip: "women are now young longer than they are beautiful." The reader of Mrs. Susan C. Power's *The Ugly-Girl Papers: Or, Hints for the Toilet* (1877) must have winced at her assertion that "American women have the least natural grace of any nation in the world."

The very urgency of the crisis possibly explains the abrupt and even angry tone of the descriptions of female dilapidation. Dr. Murray never minces her words when she analyzes what she calls "the redundant chin" or comments on the way life plays havoc with the female face, leaving it hollowed and wrinkled, "adding unsightly rolls to the chin, filling the eye-sockets and making the eyes smaller." Two male commentators are a little more rhetorical but certainly not chivalrous.

"Look at that siren of 250 pounds," they cry, "some female Falstaff. Her cheeks are red and swollen, her eyes are half hidden in the folds of flesh, her voice is short and husky, her figure is that of a barrel, her walk is a waddle." As for her stringy opposite: "who can admire hollow eyes, prominent cheekbones, sunken cheeks, angular and shrunken shoulders where the low-necked ball dress displays at the most inopportune season the sharp collar bones and edges of shoulder blades, the flat breast and narrow chest, the skinny arms, the shriveled hands and the thick ankles? How many a once plump and blooming girl answers this description after a few years of fashionable life, and the neglect of simple rules of health?"

" 'Look,' " writes Dr. Richard McSherry of Baltimore, quoting Dr. Washington L. Atlee of Philadelphia, " 'at that interesting delicate girl, pallid and wan, struggling wearily under a weight of clothing which the strongest of our sex would not tolerate; all suspended, not upon her shoulders, but upon her necessarily contracted waist.' " Dr. Dio Lewis is equally dramatic as he looks down upon an unsuspecting young woman through his office window:

"There goes one! Now isn't that a pretty looking object? A big hump, three big bumps, a wilderness of crimps and frills, a hauling up of the dress here and there, an enormous hideous mass of false hair or bark piled on the top of her head, and on the very top of that, a little nondescript thing, ornamented with bits of lace, birds' tails, etc.; while the shop windows tell us all day long, of the paddings, whalebones, and springs, which occupy most of the space within that outside rig."

Even more intimate, however, are the glimpses we get of Mrs. Foolish and Mrs. Wise in Mrs. O. V. Sessions' essay "The Home a Gymnasium." Mrs. Foolish's menage is straight out of Tennessee Williams:

"Tuesday morning Mrs. Foolish is awakened from a tiresome dream by an alarm clock. She has slept in a tense position and is not rested, but thinking of all she has to do, hastily arises, twists up her hair, washes her face and is dressed in a few moments. With shoes half-fastened, she drags about preparing a breakfast of fried potatoes and meat, lard biscuit, and coffee." (Mrs. Foolish has heard of health food, Mrs. Sessions acidly remarks, but she regards it as food for invalids.) Now at table, Mrs. F. sits with sagging stomach. She has no appetite and only sips her strong coffee, the effect of which soon wears off. "When washing dishes, she leans against the sink, throwing herself so badly out of poise that every movement she makes adds injury to her vital organs, while the dishwater splashes down the front of her dress, giving her a very untidy appearance."

We must try to imagine now the state of mind of a young girl just blossoming into womanhood, as she reads the naturalistic prose of Mrs. Sessions and ponders the pre-Dreiserian life of Mrs. Foolish. Of course there is Mrs. Wise as a counterbalance. Mrs. Wise sleeps beautifully, lies on her back and breathes deeply before rising, takes a cold plunge before eating her health foods—but to the modern reader even Mrs. Wise acts a bit strangely. In her deep-breathing exercises, Mrs. Sessions notes, Mrs. Wise "does not drop the

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diaphragm and crowd the abdomen down and out, but she stretches the ribs out so widely that air rushes through her dilated nostrils."

And then take the matter of diet. The authors of *What a Young Woman Ought to Know* (1898) report that a college girl who "carried nuts and candy and apples in her pocket," kept "pickles and cakes in her room," and munched these goodies while she studied, developed "the fits." Of course, the corset might have been responsible for that.

Dr. Dio Lewis had a good point about the corset. Didn't Dr. Kellogg of Battle Creek, who examined hundreds of women every year, assert "that it is almost impossible to find a woman whose stomach is where it belongs"? No, the prospects were certainly not good for the corset-dependent woman, even if she weren't a heavy eater. "The stomach sags down into the cavity; the liver sinks, and all the organs pull upon their attachments," writes Dr. Wood-Allen in a sentence almost Yeatsian in its feeling.

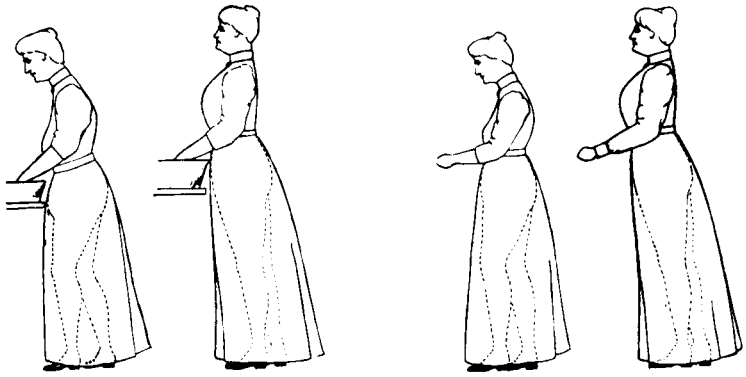
"A woman," wrote Dr. Emma F. Angell Drake in *What a Young Wife Ought to Know* (1901), "can no more be trusted with a corset, than a drunkard with a glass of whiskey." Bernarr Macfadden—not yet the famous publisher and physical culturist but already the author of *The Power and Beauty of Superb Womanhood* (1901)—extended the war against the corset to style itself. "I hate style," he fulminated. "It has murdered more women, caused more misery, more crime, and more degeneracy than all the wars in the world's history." He blamed the "prudes" for the corset's preservation.

Was there any hope held out for the delinquent who ate the wrong food, wore tight corsets and badly designed shoes, and remained in a perpetual state of ill health? There was, for the health experts were not inordinately gloomy. Programs of discipline, rigidly adhered to, might do wonders for the lackluster wife and the spongy-muscled schoolgirl. It would not be possible to itemize all the suggestions, but in general they fall into four divisions: the mechanical, the chemical, the physical, and the intellectual.

The mechanical aids to wholesome beauty included nose pinchers, shoulder braces, iron weights (to give the shoulders a "graceful droop"), and other heroic inventions, but for an all-around handy instrument, Dr. Forest's Massage Roller seems to have been particularly dependable. This was a gadget manufactured in various sizes and suitable for everything from ironing off excess poundage on the hips to warming cold feet and reviving sluggish

Continued on page 44

Was there any hope for the delinquent who ate the wrong food, wore tight corsets and badly designed shoes, and remained in a perpetual state of ill health?



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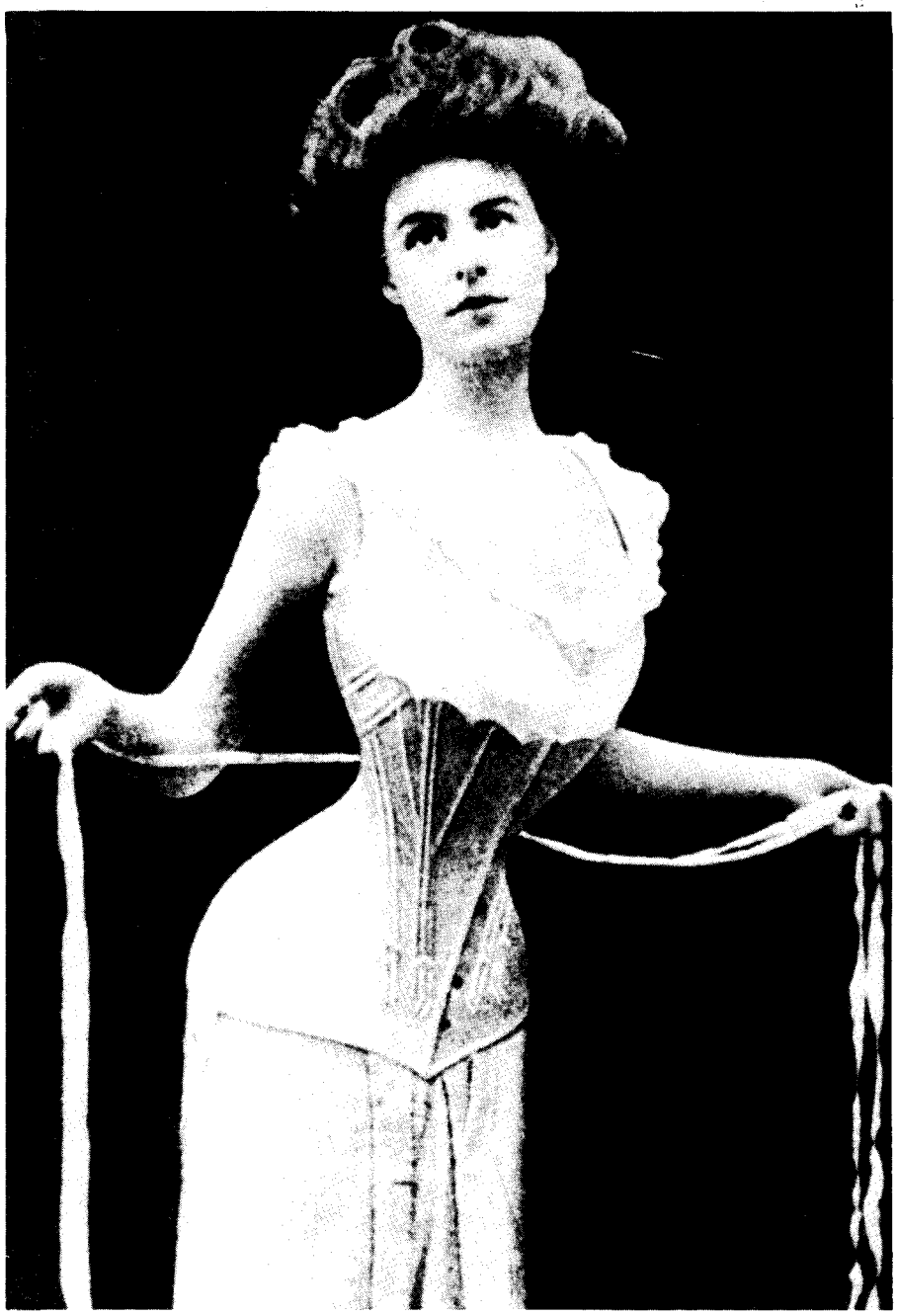

No health expert had a good word for the corset. Most were disgusted. "The dislocation of the female organs is not more attractive to me," wrote one critic, "than a mass of chairs and tables tumbled together in a living room."

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THE SCANDAL IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Some of our teachers are safer in a dark alley than they are in their classrooms. SAT scores are plummeting. Graduates can't read or write. What has happened to discipline? Who's to blame?

by O. K. Armstrong

During the last decade, violence, terrorism, and vandalism by students in our schools—and a few lawless outsiders—have more than tripled.

More than 70,000 teachers are physically assaulted every year in the classrooms and hallways of our schools.

Frank Siracusa, a science teacher in a Brooklyn, New York, high school was so severely beaten by a gang of teenage students that he had to be hospitalized.

In Los Angeles, a group of high school girls ganged up on a woman teacher and set her hair afire. The teacher put out the blaze herself, while terrified fellow instructors stood by.

In Orange County, Florida, of which Orlando is the county seat, the Classroom Teachers' Association recently conducted their own survey. They reported that within two school terms more than 100 teachers had been physically attacked by students. In addition, 190 teachers said that students had retaliated against disciplinary action by damaging the teachers' personal property.

Thousands of students arrive at school every morning to find older bullies intimidating, attacking, and robbing them of whatever money they may have in their possession.

Whatever happened to discipline? Did it go the way of the classics—"irrelevant" in today's society?

As to school vandalism: A report of the National Education Association verifies that the destruction of school buildings and property has grown to an annual figure that would supply schoolbooks for the entire nation.

One night last year in Washington, D.C., all the windows on one side of a gymnasium were broken out. Two teenage boys were apprehended and charged with the offense. They explained that the athletic coach had refused to place them on a basketball team.

According to *School Product News*, fire insurance rates for school buildings increased by 40 percent from 1973 to 1977. In New York City schools, more than 248,000 window panes were broken by vandals, most of them students, last year, at a replacement cost of $1,250,000.

In a study of school security costs, J. Arlen Marsh declares: "The cost of replacing broken windows in the average big city would build a new school every year."

In 1974, the U.S. Congress decided to learn more about this alarming breakdown of law and order in our schools, and what to do about it. Congress asked the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to determine the number of schools affected by crime or violence, the type and seriousness of those crimes, and how school crime can be prevented.

HEW issued a report based on a mail survey of more than 4,000 schools, an on-site survey of 642 schools, and case studies of 10 urban schools. Principals, teachers, and students contributed to the study. It is entitled "The Safe School Study Report to the Congress."

Highlighting the extent of the problem are these figures in the report:

About 8 percent of the nation's schools have a serious problem with crime. Secondary schools (junior and senior highs) are more likely to have a serious problem than elementary schools. The risks of personal violence are higher in junior high schools than in senior highs and are higher in urban communities than in rural schools.

Among secondary school teachers, some 5,200 are physically attacked every year, about 1,000 of whom are injured seriously enough to require medical attention. More than 6,000 are victims of robbery, meaning they have something taken from them by force, weapons, or threats.

Theft is clearly the most widespread of the school offenses measured. In all, 11 percent of the nation's seconday school students have something worth more than $1 stolen from them in a month. Most of the reported

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thefts involved items such as small amounts of money, sweaters, books, notebooks, and other property commonly found in school lockers. About one-fifth of the reported thefts involved money or property worth $10 or more. Petty theft appears to be commonplace throughout secondary schools.

The majority of attacks and robberies of students at school involve victims and offenders of the same race. A substantial proportion, however, is interracial—42 percent of the attacks and 46 percent of the robberies. For minority students the risks are higher in predominantly white schools, and for white students the risks are greater in minority schools.

Readin', writin', and Destruction 101. Chemical explosions have given way to student eruptions.

The crime rate and the presence or absence of fighting gangs in the school's attendance area definitely affect its violence. It is certain that the more crime and violence students are exposed to in their communities, the greater the problems in the school.

Schools having higher proportions of students from families in which both parents are present and in which discipline is firm suffer less from violence and property loss through vandalism. Schools with higher proportions of male students suffer more violence because boys commit more violent offenses than girls.

The extent of vandalism has become alarming. More than 25 percent of all our schools are subject to break-ins and destruction in any given month. The average cost of each act of vandalism is $81. Ten percent of schools are burglarized at an average cost per burglary of $183. The annual costs of school crime are estimated to be more than $200 million.

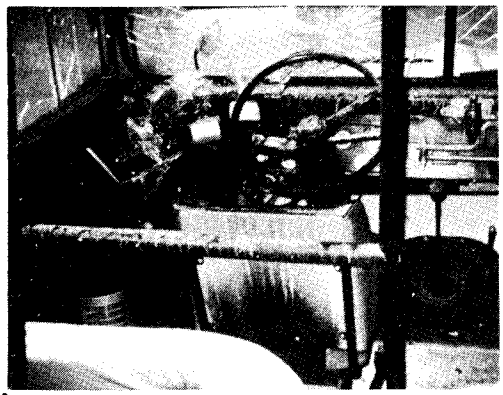
The Safe School Study Report gives numerous examples of how teachers have been treated when they complained to their superiors of incidents of violence. Many school principals unjustly blame the teachers for what happened. "You're in charge—you must handle it!" has been the slap in the face from some superiors when confronted with a complaint and request for assistance.

Willard McGuire, vice-president of the National Education Association, which numbers more than 1.7 million teacher members, has said: "Many principals and supervisors fear the school superintendents will blame them for what goes on in the classrooms, and the superintendents fear the school boards who hired them. Too many of them are inclined to sweep troubles under the rug of silence."

The Congressional report found that 12 percent of the teachers said they hesitated to confront misbehaving students because of fear. Almost half (48 percent) of the teachers reported that some students had insulted them or made obscene gestures at them in the month previous to the interviews.

As for students: Some 600,000 junior or senior high students reported they were afraid most of the time in school. More than one fifth (22 percent) reported avoiding some rest rooms at school because of fear that they would be intimidated or attacked.

Obviously, a normal educational process cannot exist where fear of violence and vandalism presses down upon teacher and student alike. Dr. Alfred Bloch, a Los Angeles psychiatrist employed to attend that city's



Damages run into the millions of dollars. Where to hide? Certainly not in the rest rooms. They're as dangerous as downtown America at midnight.

teachers who have emotional problems, declares: "They fear coming to work and they fear leaving their work. They work under an atmosphere of constant anxiety. It saps their strength and their morale and deadens all enthusiasm. They must be freed from this stress and tension if American education is to survive. Our whole educational system is on trial. We must make our schoolteachers and students, our school buildings and grounds, safe from violence and lawless actions, so that teachers can resume their rightful job of educating our children and youth."

In any approach to the problems of violence and vandalism in the schools and how to deal with them, *it is essential to understand their causes.* All the surveys made by educational associations agree on these primary causes:

Lack of discipline in the home. That is Number One. It is inevitable that permissiveness—meaning lack of firm control on the part of parents—will create an attitude of rebellion against discipline in the classroom, hallways, and grounds of our schools. "You don't have to do what that (expletive deleted) teacher says!" many a disadvantaged child has heard a parent

Continued on following page

Schools often decline to report violent attacks; it makes them look bad to taxpayers and schoolboards.

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declare on some occasion.

In urban areas, and especially where ghettos have been abandoned to minority neighborhoods, the breakdown or lack of discipline in the home is most pronounced. But the statistics prove that *problem homes make problem children*, whatever the racial situation or the economic status of the family. It cannot be denied that there has been a general neglect of firm discipline for children and young people in all segments of American life, and our schools are paying the price.

Broken homes (including those deserted by the husband and father, and those in which the wife and mother must leave her children unsupervised and go to work) contribute greatly to the unfavorable statistics of violence and vandalism in the schools.

Lack of respect for the rights of others. Disrespect for the rights of others in the home and the community has given rise to the alarming increase in juvenile delinquency and crime in this country. And it should be remembered that the rights of others include their right to their property. In a tragic number of communities, honesty is no longer taught as a virtue.

"Take it if you can get away with it" is the accepted motto. That petty theft is the most prevalent of all school offenses is significant in explaining the breakdown in moral standards in many communities of the nation.

Student anger and frustration. "Many students simply do not want to continue in school," say large numbers of school principals and supervisors in the Safe School Report. "They are already dropouts mentally. If compelled by law to continue in school, they do so in a spirit of rebellion."

Nearly all states have school attendance laws that provide for schooling to the age of 14 to 16 years. Many students feel frustrated because they have failed to keep up with their classes and have been kept back for a grade and perhaps for two grades. "They feel demoted," as one principal expresses it, and as indeed they are. Most such students consider that *they* are not to blame and that their teachers are prejudiced against them. They feel their school is their enemy. They tend to "take it out" on their teachers and schoolmates, often by acts of violence.

Many students are angry because of failure to make athletic teams. Others have no close friends among the boys or girls of their own grade. Some are convinced that the teacher is biased against them because of their race or economic status.

Parents refuse to play a role in school affairs. The larger the city and the bigger the school, the harder it is to enlist parents in school programs and events. All studies of the school situation indicate a close parallel between indifference of parents to the schools their children attend, and violence and vandalism their children may commit.

An especial problem in this connection has been the attempts at racial integration by busing students away from their home areas. Where busing out of the district has been enforced, many parents both of the white race and of minority races have felt alienated from school affairs. A spirit of community cooperation between parents and teachers has thus been shattered; and it is difficult to restore.

CAN YOU FIX IT RIGHT AWAY, EDDIE? I HAVE A LOT OF HOUSE CALLS TO MAKE.
OH SURE, DOC--- GOOD AS NEW. IT SHOULDN'T COST MUCH EITHER.
LEO COLLUM

Increase in drug and alcohol abuse. The sharp increase in the use and abuse of drugs and liquor, estimated by many school authorities in urban areas at 30 percent during the last five years, has been responsible for much violence and vandalism among secondary school students as well as dropouts and non-student outsiders. Many of the latter group lurk about the school grounds and traffic in narcotics and liquor.

In seeking answers to deal with the problems of violence and vandalism in the schools, administrators, teachers, parents, and citizens generally seem agreed on certain major courses of action.

Firmer discipline and control. This reform stands out significantly in the recommendations of the Safe School Report. While there is little that can be done by way of outside pressure on parents to establish effective discipline in their homes, it can be enforced in the school classrooms and grounds.

The reports of secondary school principals, and those of teachers and students as well, all agree: The administration of discipline ranks of first importance.

If firmer discipline is to be restored in our schools, it is necessary that teachers must be trained in the factors that bring about discipline. First of all, administrators of schools that have the best records for enforcing discipline make clear to all students the rules that must be obeyed. There can be no "loose-ended" administration of the regulations or any misunderstanding about what is in store for offenders against teachers and other students. In addition, administrators and principals must back up their teachers in enforcing the rules and stop "making us the goats" as one Orange County (Florida) high school teacher expressed it.

Increasingly, in school districts at the beginning of every school year, parents and teachers are brought together for a friendly get-acquainted meeting and discussion of disciplinary rules. Increasingly also, especially in small-city and rural districts, the paddle is brought out of hiding and parents of junior-high boys and girls are warned that it will be used—unless parents specifically object. When any do object, an agreement is reached that the teacher or principal will send the youngster home for the parents' attention.

Better security arrangements. By all replies, tighter security is placed second in the Safe School Report recommendations for coping with delinquency in the schools. For example, the more than 230 schools in Prince Georges County, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, D. C., installed burglar alarm systems, costing a total of $600,000. The alarms have helped to capture several hundred intruders—both students and outsiders.

Continued on page 112

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"I lost over 13 inches from my waist, tummy, hips and thighs in just 25 minutes with Slim-Skins" Sandra Martin

THE MOST PHENOMENAL ***SLENDERIZER*** EVER CONCEIVED

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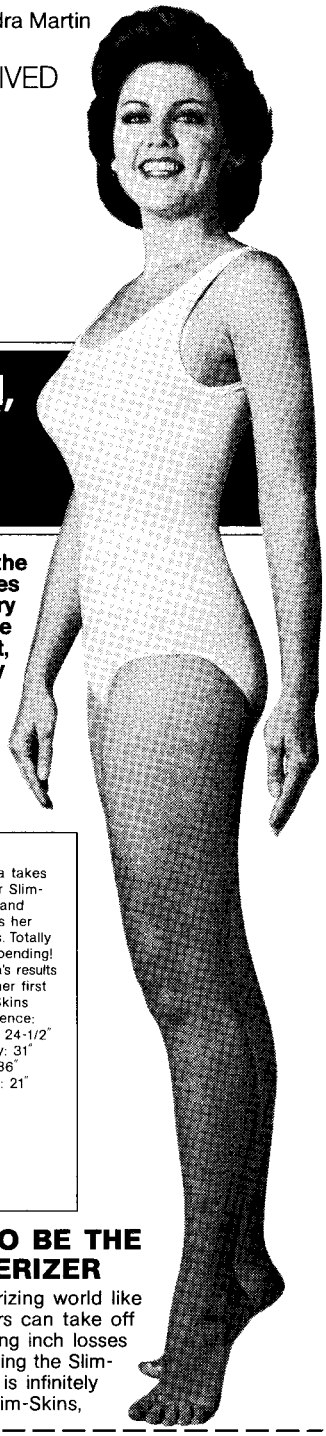
FOR MEN OR WOMEN



GUARANTEED TO REDUCE YOUR WAIST, ABDOMEN, HIPS AND THIGHS A TOTAL OF 9 TO 15 INCHES IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED!

"This is the easiest, fastest way of shaping up. I trimmed off over 14 excess inches in just 3 days with Slim-Skins—over 8" from my waist and abdomen and several inches from my hips and thighs. My physique has a leaner, firmer look—my appearance has improved just about 100%."

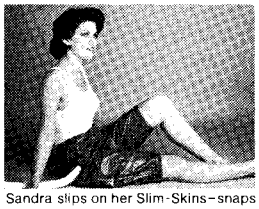
Andrew Thomas

"The very first time I used the Slim-Skins I lost over 13 inches—and in just 3 days I lost every excess inch I owned. Those stubborn inches from my waist, tummy, hips and thighs simply vanished — and have never come back. For me this is the world's most totally effective reducer!"

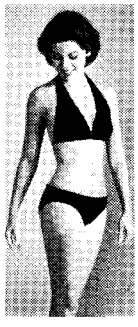
Sandra Martin

THE SLIM-SKINS EXPERIENCE:

Sandra Martin contemplates her figure problem. At a health spa she was told it would require 3 months to take off all of her excess inches. She decides to try Slim-Skins. Starting measurements: Waist: 27" Abdomen: 35" Hips: 38-1/2" Thighs: 23-1/4"



Sandra slips on her Slim-Skins—snaps the universal adapter to her vacuum cleaner and turns it on. Just 10 minutes of the rhythmic motions of the Slim-Skins' Permanent Inch Reduction program and 15 minutes of pure relaxation—as the excess inches disappear like magic.



Sandra takes off her Slim-Skins and checks her results. Totally mind bending! Sandra's results from her first Slim-Skins experience: Waist: 24-1/2" Tummy: 31" Hips: 36" Thighs: 21"

TOTAL INCH LOSS: 13¾" TOTAL TIME: 25 MIN.

THE INCREDIBLE NEW SLIM-SKINS – GUARANTEED TO BE THE WORLD'S MOST EXCITING, MOST EFFECTIVE SLENDERIZER

Developed in Europe—an absolute sensation—the Slim-Skins have burst upon the slenderizing world like a time bomb; they can take off more inches, more easily—in minutes—than other reducers can take off in weeks or months! In one day, two days, three days, women and men alike are achieving inch losses that have simply never happened before. Using this newly discovered method of slenderizing the Slim-Skins combine with your own vacuum cleaner to create a super new inch reducer that is infinitely faster and more effective than any reducing method known! Just step into the Slim-Skins, which cover the body from ribcage to knees snap the attached hose to your vacuum with the universal adapter—which fits any make vacuum cleaner—and turn on your machine. Instantly you will experience a sensation so remarkable that it must be felt to be believed. The second you turn on your vacuum the Slim-Skins, which are made of a special, non-porous, sheer, clinging material, seem to come alive—to cling and mold themselves to your body like a second skin—to exert a vigorous, subtle totally delightful reducing action on every single inch of your body from beltline to knees—to produce inch losses with a speed and ease never before possible! Not every user may experience the same degree of inch loss as Sandra and Andrew but you must lose a total of 9 to 15 inches from your waist, abdomen, hips and thighs in just 3 days or your money back.

The incredible 'Money Back Guaranteed' Slim-Skins and complete 'Permanent Inch Reduction' program—Thousands sold at $14.95, now only $9.95.

ORDER TODAY—SHED ALL THOSE EXCESS INCHES—NOW!

PAT. PEND.

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Please send me _____ Slim-Skins along with complete easy-to-use instructions and the universal adapter. I understand my results are guaranteed and, if within 2 weeks I am not completely satisfied, I can return my Slim-Skins and get my purchase price immediately refunded.

I enclose $9.95 for each pair of Slim-Skins plus .90 each for postage and handling.

☐ **Check** ☐ **Money Order** **No COD's accepted.**

Please charge to my: ☐ **Master Charge** ☐ **BankAmericard** ☐ **Visa**

_____ Charge Account No _____ Exp Date

Woman: Hip Size _____ Man: Hip Size _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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Womanhood

continued from page 39

feminine digestive systems.

As a general rule, however, the beauty experts devoted more space to cosmetic or medicinal formulae, the preparation of which must have transformed the chamber into a laboratory equipped with Bunsen burners and retorts. Mrs. Power's remedy for sore joints (taken, she says, from Lola Montez and used extensively by European ballet dancers) called for "the fat of a deer or stag, eight ounces; olive oil, six ounces; virgin wax, three ounces; white brandy, half a pint; musk, one grain; rose-water, four ounces."

During the times we are discussing, the woman shopper (like her allegedly better-protected sister today) had to be careful about commercially made hair dyes, cosmetics, and powders that were likely to destroy the hair, blotch the face, and rot the teeth. More homely ingredients such as wheat bran, marshmallow powder, almond meal, and bean meal were apparently safer to experiment with. A friend of Dr. Hall's, who had a perfect set of teeth at three-score, told him "that the only tooth-powder she used in girlhood was brick dust at long intervals." There was no need to run to the drugstore for skin-bleaching preparations when some soft soap, salad oil, mutton tallow, wine, and ambergris would do the trick. But sometimes beauty required more than pastes and poultices, and then one had to rely upon alchemic preparations of pyrogallic acid or hydrosulfite of ammonia or bisulfide of magnesia.

Science might be exploited, then, but our authorities never let their readers forget for a moment that only through personal effort, through suffering and discipline, could they become strong and fair. Certain bad habits first had to be unlearned, such as sleeping in unventilated rooms or eating pie ("pies must be abandoned by all who would live the highest physiological life," Dr. Lewis declared) or climbing the stairs improperly. Each authority had his or her *bête noire*, and sometimes there was a difference of opinion, as we have seen, about the virulency of a particular practice.

Even in regard to exercise, the experts did not completely agree. Consider dancing for a moment. Dr. Greene came out straight and plain against dancing, whereas the others hedged a little. Dancing went along with late hours, overeating, and vitiated air—everybody knew that—but Dr. Greene went further: "In all my 50 years of medical experience," she wrote, "I have never known so many persons injured over a wash tub as I have found in any one year harmed by dancing. A half-dozen bands about the waist, with corsets and unsupported clothing, would make exercise of any kind a source of weakness about the trunk and back. . . .Were I a young man, I should hesitate long before marrying a young woman who had danced excessively through even one fashionable season."

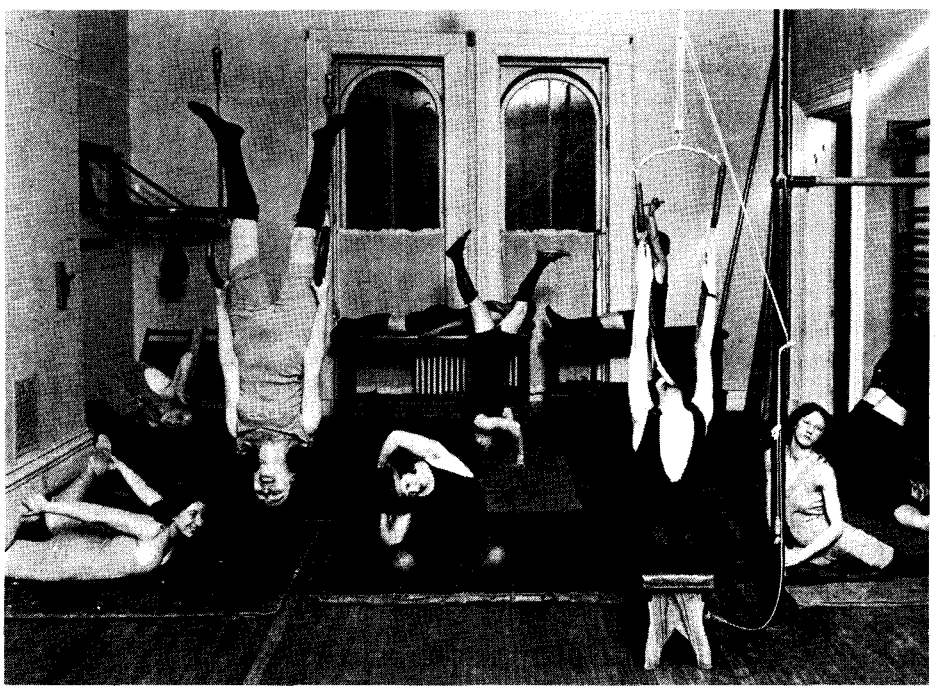
Bicycle riding, too, had its strong and lukewarm advocates. Dr. Wood-Allen had grave doubts about the efficacy of cycling until she read one breathtaking sentence in a book by Dr. Anna Galbraith: " 'Sit upon the gluteal muscles, and not upon the perineum.' This," she said, "was a revelation to me." Naturally, there were proper and improper ways to ride. "No sorrier sight ever pained a beauty-loving eye," declared Mary Sargent Hopkins, "than that of a woman humped over the handlebar, dressed in some nondescript way, with blowsy face and flying hair, tearing over the ground as if her salvation lay at the other end of the route."

Massages, linen girdles, cosmetic gloves, sassafras, and exercise—each had its enthusiasts, but all agreed that in the last resort, health was character and that the success of any remedy depended upon the mental attitude of the person involved. The embarrassments of bad posture, the anguish of those unfortunates Dr. Murray referred to as "the persons of rotundity," the miseries of Mrs. Foolish, and the bonhomie of Mrs. Wise were at bottom psychological. But no one need despair. There were compensations for all. If not everyone could be beautiful, no one had to be unhealthy or unattractive. Skin foods helped but serenity was better.

Thus, after hundreds of pessimistic pages, the health authorities relented and ended on a note of encouragement. "If your face lacks intellectuality," Dr. Murray said, "the only way to remedy it is by exercise of the mind." She recommended hobbies. "The collection of spoons and teapots awakens interest, extends observation, and widens the scope and powers." For the more desperate cases, Dr. Greene mentioned that "Hypnotic power used for the relief of nervous diseases is attracting considerable attention," but she issued a warning that only hypnotists of the "most upright character" should be consulted. Such diversions as novel reading, musical entertainment, and the theater were considered worthy of mention, though not of encouragement. (Dr. Dio Lewis found opera in general insidious and *Faust* in particular "one of the most unclean of the whole unclean batch.")

And yet the fountain of youth, it was shown, need not remain inaccessible in some hidden Florida paradise; it might burble up in one's own backyard. Addicts of tobacco or spirits or fried foods might never discover it, but with a little imagination and the help of Indian clubs, with sleep and assiduous mastication, marriage need not remain a remote fancy or longevity a dream.

"The body," wrote Cordelia Greene in 1906, "is really a fine ocean liner in which we make the voyage of life. If there is bilge in the hold, if the furnace is choked or the shaft bent, it makes sailing slow and heavy."



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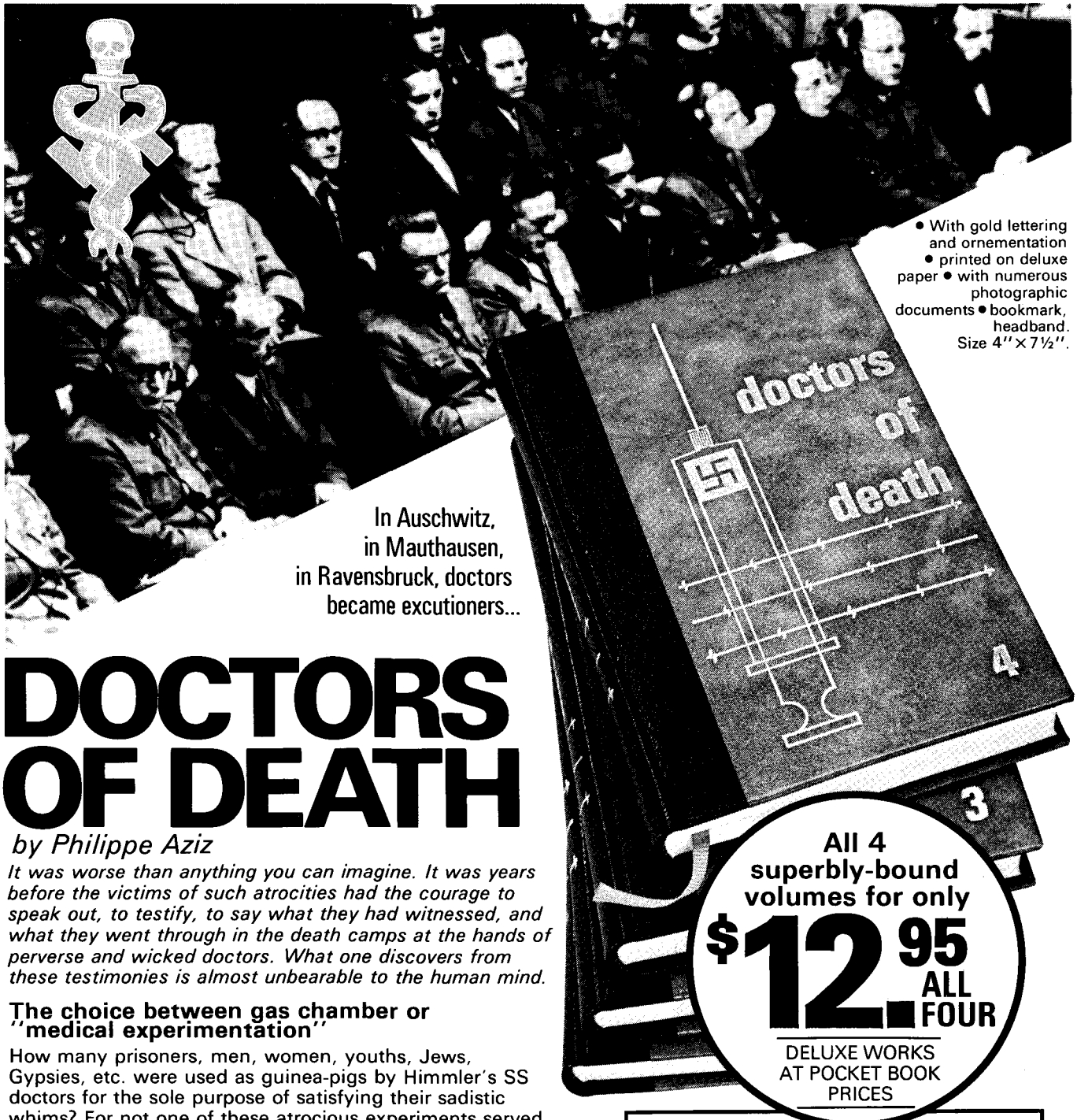

In Auschwitz,
in Mauthausen,
in Ravensbruck, doctors
became excutioners...

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DOCTORS OF DEATH

by Philippe Aziz

It was worse than anything you can imagine. It was years before the victims of such atrocities had the courage to speak out, to testify, to say what they had witnessed, and what they went through in the death camps at the hands of perverse and wicked doctors. What one discovers from these testimonies is almost unbearable to the human mind.

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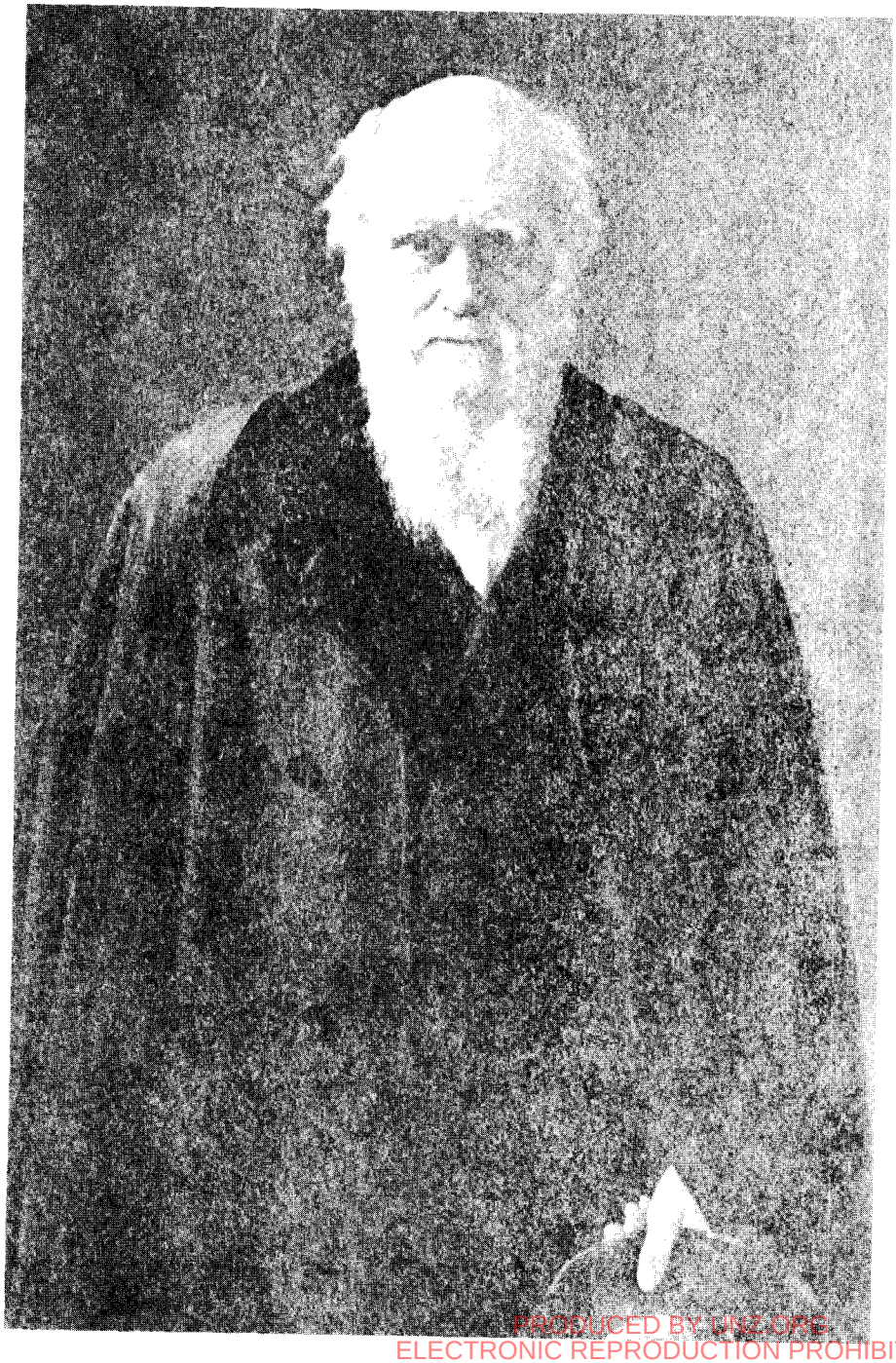
THE AMAZING AND IRREPRESSIBLE CHARLES DARWIN

Despair of his father, delight of his sporting friends, and meticulous scholar, Darwin quietly turned the academic and theological world of his time upside down.

by M. W. Waverly



His school friends nicknamed him "Gas" because he and his brother conducted chemical experiments in their toolshed. "I was," he said, "a born naturalist." But at the University of Edinburgh, where his doctor-father sent him to study medicine, Charles Darwin found that the sight of blood made him sick. He observed two operations, had to run away in the middle of the one on a child. "I resolved never to witness another one," he said, this being before the "blessed days of chloroform."

In Edinburgh he learned from a Negro taxidermist how to stuff birds' skins and small animal specimens, and with two friends, both later to become zoology teachers, he collected and dissected crustaceans and fish from tidal pools near the city.

But his real passion was for shooting. "My zeal was so great that I used to place my shooting boots open by my bedside when I went to bed, so as not to lose half a minute in putting them on in the morning." For each bird he shot, he tied a knot in a string he ran through his buttonhole.

When Charles told his father he did not want to be a doctor, the father exploded, "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family."

The Church seemed the only alternative. At the time, this far-from-mystical body was a purchasable pastime/profession which kept the sons of the wealthy off the streets and did much to create the climate of lackadaisical smugness that made Darwin's book the jolt to orthodoxy it became. Darwin read divinity books in preparation for Cambridge and said later he was quite happy with "the strict and literal truth of every word in the Bible."

Darwin considered his time at

(Above) Emma Wedgwood, wife (and first cousin), bore Darwin (left, portrait by John Collier) 10 children, played the piano to him (she had studied with Chopin), soothed his hypochondria.

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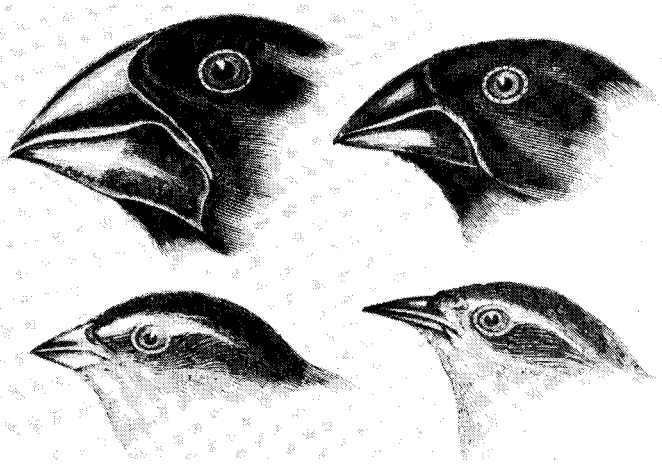

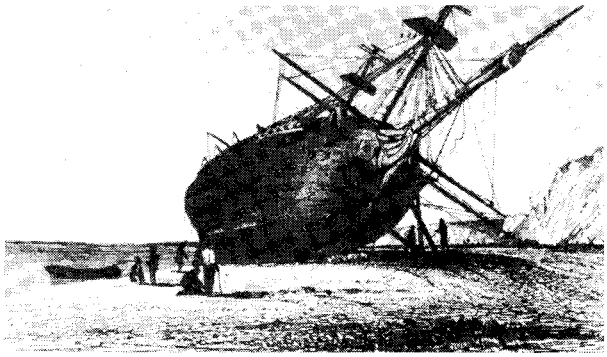

HMS Beagle *(being repaired), Darwin's home for five years, "the turning point in my life."*

A Galápagos finch exhibits beak adaptation for feeding on seed (top), insects (below).

Christ's College, Cambridge, "sadly wasted, and worse than wasted. From my passion for shooting and hunting, and when this failed, for riding across country, I got into a sporting set, including some dissipated low-minded young men. We used often to dine together . . . we sometimes drank too much with jolly singing and playing cards afterwards."

Years later, the man who changed the world's way of looking at itself, its inhabitants, and its God, liked to exaggerate his casual approach to education. He met, though, at Cambridge serious scientists, among whom was J. S. Henslow, a young botany professor who persuaded Captain Robert Fitzroy to sign Darwin on as an unpaid naturalist for the voyage of Her Majesty's Ship, *Beagle*. Darwin's father objected. Charles listed the reasons: "It would be disreputable to my character as a clergyman hereafter; It was a wild scheme; My accommodation would be most uncomfortable; That I should never settle down to a steady life; That it would be changing my profession again." Darwin's uncle and soon-to-be father-in-law, Josiah Wedgwood, the potter, answered Dr. Darwin's arguments, and after waiting two months in Plymouth Harbor for repairs and winds, the *Beagle* sailed on December 27, 1821, for the five-year voyage that, as Darwin's father said on his return, "changed the shape of Charles' head."

Darwin, who would spend the rest of his life as a semi-invalid—though producing an astonishing number of books, 10 children, and a voluminous correspondence—lived the life of a Tartar on the voyage. He slept on beaches; ate hawks, armadillos, iguanas; rode for 400 miles at a stretch to collect skeletons and beetles; and suffered from seasickness whenever he was on board. The crew called him "Flycatcher" and the ship's First Lieutenant, who was responsible for tidiness on board, cursed him for the litter of his specimens and told him, "If I were skipper, I'd soon have you and all your damned mess out of the place."

Gradually, his interest began to change. After he had found some bones of what he believed had been a

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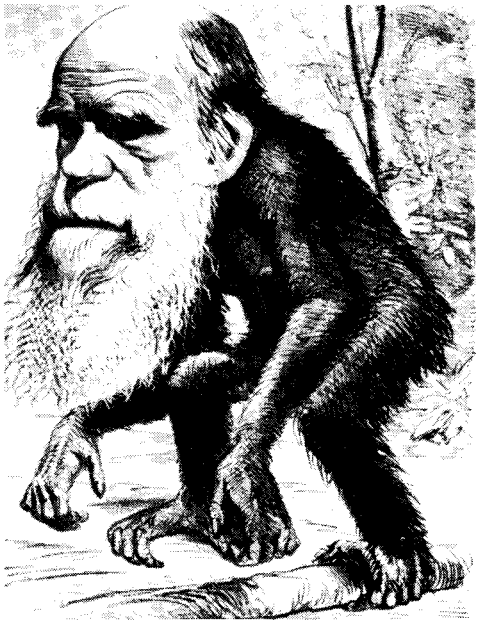
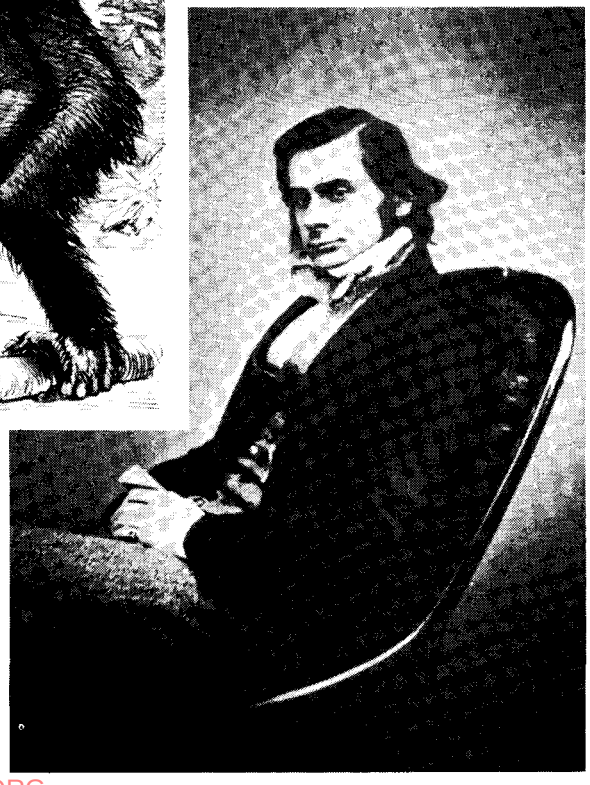
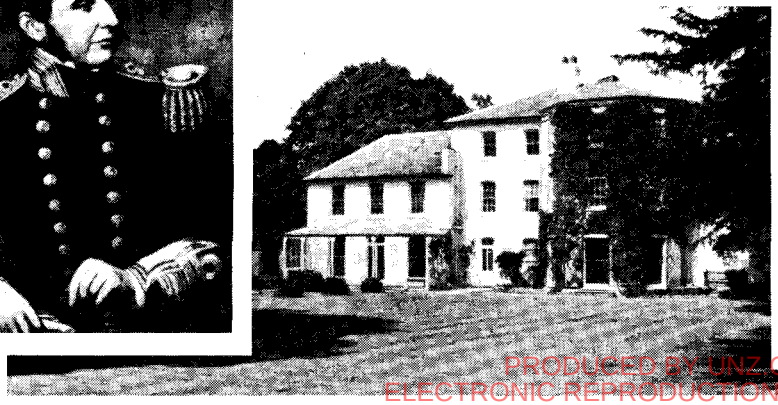


Darwin endured the controversy with his usual good humor though nowhere in the Origin *does he mention the word* evolution.

T. H. Huxley (below) was Darwin's self-appointed "bulldog."



(Below, inset) Robert Fitzroy, Captain of the Beagle, *didn't like the shape of Darwin's nose, nearly kept him off the ship. (Below) Darwin's happy home, Down House in Kent, sheltered his experiments, is now open to the public.*



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giant mastodon, he wrote: "There is nothing like geology; the pleasure of the first day's partridge shooting or first day's hunting cannot be compared to finding a fine group of fossil bones, which tell their story of former times with almost a living tongue."

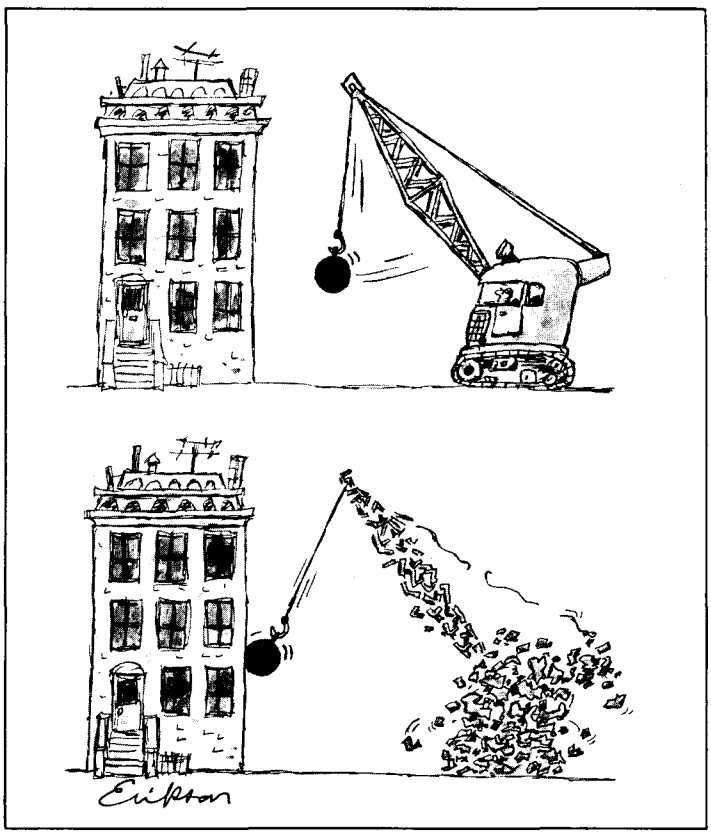
At Tierra del Fuego, the *Beagle* replaced four natives that Captain Fitzroy had taken to England to enjoy "the advantages of civilization." Darwin found Fuegians distasteful and called them "miserable savages" because one, "Button" (his parents had sold him for a button, hence the name), told him Fuegians were cannibals who let their women feed them in the summer and then smothered the females and cooked them in the winter. A Fuegian boy was asked why they didn't eat dogs instead and the boy replied, "Dogs catch otter—woman good for nothing: man very hungry."

The prevalent idea among most naturalists of the time was that the earth had come to its present stage through a series of God-sent cataclysmic events, and that species were created whole and final. In South America Darwin was assailed by doubts about this theory and about the stability of species. "Here, both in space and time, we seem to be brought somewhat near to that great fact—the mystery of mysteries—the first appearance of new beings on this earth."

At the Galápagos Islands—named after the giant tortoises—Darwin was astounded that the various islands in the group all had different inhabitants. The vice-governor of the islands told Darwin he could identify exactly from which island certain tortoises came. Darwin wrote, "I never dreamed that islands 50 or 60 miles apart, and most of them in sight of each other, formed of precisely the same rocks, placed under a quite similar climate, rising to a nearly equal height, would have been differently tenanted." From the variety of finch which had, through a mutation, adapted itself on different islands to different food supplies—some had powerful beaks for cracking open seeds, others narrow beaks for insect eating—Darwin began, almost unconsciously, to formulate his theory of the mutability of species.

Another great thinker brought Darwin's mind into focus. "I happened to read for amusement Malthus on 'Population,' and being well prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on from long-continued observation of the habits of animals and plants, it at once struck me that under these circumstances favourable variations would tend to be preserved, and unfavourable ones to be destroyed. The result of this would be the formation of new species. Here then, I had at last got a theory by which to work; but I was so anxious to avoid prejudice, that I determined not for some time to write even the briefest sketch of it."

On his return, Darwin set himself up in London with the *Beagle*'s former cabin boy, whom he had trained on the voyage as his assistant. He spent 20 months working on his book on the formation of coral reefs. But he was miserable. "My God, it is intolerable to think of spending one's whole life like a neuter bee living all one's days solitarily in smoky, dirty London. Only picture to yourself a nice soft wife on a sofa, with good fire and books and music perhaps. . . .Marry, Marry, Marry! Q. E. D." The nice soft wife was to be his cheerful, pretty first cousin, Emma Wedgwood. Her family called her "little Miss Slip-Slop" for her general disorderliness, and Charles said later that he had decided to give up his natural taste for tidiness so he would not be annoyed by her lack of interest in order. But what she lacked in housekeeping ability, she made up in intelligence and charm. She knew German, Italian, French. Darwin used her for translating. She was an excellent needlewoman and a good archer. She rode, danced, skated, and had studied the piano with Chopin. The marriage proved to be the happiest possible. Emma said, "He is the most open, transparent man I ever saw, and every word expresses his real thoughts. He is particularly affectionate and very nice to his father and sisters, and perfectly sweet-tempered, and possesses some minor qualities that add particularly to one's happiness, such as not being fastidious, and being humane to animals."



He published *The Origin of Species* in 1859. A little more than a year previously, two papers had been read to the Linnean Society of London: "On the Tendency of Species to Form Varieties" and "On the Perpetuation of Varieties and Species by Natural Means of Selection." The papers were by Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace, a traveler-naturalist who independently of Darwin (and thousands of miles away, also after having read Malthus "for amusement," while he had malaria) had arrived at the same theory. "On the tendency of variations to depart indefinitely from the Original Type" was the name of the essay he mailed to Darwin in 1855. Darwin was halfway through his book when Wallace's letter came.

It was a bad time for Darwin; his youngest child had died of scarlet fever the day before and another daughter was critically ill with diphtheria. "I would far rather burn my whole book than that he [Wallace] or any other man should think that I behaved in a paltry spirit. Do you not think that his having sent me this sketch ties my hands?" he asked two of his greatest scientific friends. The happy solution, described as one of the noblest episodes in the history of science, was the joint reading of the papers. Even with the impetus of Wallace's thinking, Darwin was reticent. To his publisher he wrote, "If . . . you do not think it likely to have a remunerative sale, I completely and explicitly free you from your offer." The first edition sold out on the day of publication. A great stroke of luck occurred when, due to the illness of the scientific reviewer of the *Times*, the book was given to Thomas Henry Huxley to review. Huxley later described himself as Darwin's "Bulldog." Although Darwin never mentions the word *evolution* in his book, interest raged around the

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THE MAGNIFICENT SARAH BERNHARDT

They called her the divine Sarah— once the forlorn child of a French courtesan, she became the tumultuous and brilliant actress of an era, spellbinding audiences with the power of her "astonishing, magic voice."

by Joanna Richardson

When Sarah was seven years old [1851], and her mother was expecting another child, she was bundled off to a pension at Auteuil. She was not unhappy there: indeed she settled down cheerfully to her new and welcome independence. She grew accustomed to the routine. Suddenly, after two years, it was broken. On her father's orders, Tante Rosine arrived to take her away. Sarah fought for two hours to escape her. She fled to the garden and climbed the trees; she threw herself in the pond (it happened to be full of mud, not water). Exhausted, sobbing and frustrated, she was finally driven away to the rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin, and put to bed. She was in a fever for three days.

A few weeks later, accompanied by her parents and by a trunk of belongings all marked in scarlet cotton, "S B," she was driven off to the convent of Grand-Champs at Versailles. Edouard Bernhardt [Sarah's father] promised her that four years hence he would come and fetch her, and take her away on his travels.

Yet another promise was to be broken. She did not see him again. Her mother vanished once more on her errant life, flitting from spa to spa, from boudoir to boudoir. It was Mère Sainte-Sophie, Mother Superior of Grand-Champs, who now guided Sarah's life.

Mère Sainte-Sophie was, naturally enough, the first person for whom the discarded, rootless child felt deep affection. Her kindness, courage and gaiety won Sarah's heart. It was Mère Sainte-Sophie who calmed her when she flew into rages; Mère Sainte-Sophie who roused the finer instincts that her father and mother had failed to encourage. Sarah only wanted some absorbing emotion. It was not surprising that she wanted to stay at the convent forever. Her mystic tendencies were confirmed by an epoch-making event. Monseigneur Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, arranged to visit Grand-Champs.

The news sent the convent into a turmoil. Mère Sainte-Thérese wrote a short play in three tableaux for the occasion. When she read *Tobie recouvrant sa vue*, the very reading moved them all to tears. Sarah, trembling with apprehension, waited to hear what part she had been assigned. She was given nothing. Outraged and furious, she created a part for herself: the shepherd's dog. But it was of no avail. She entered for the competition to make the fish's costume; but, alas, her costume was not chosen.

And then, at the dress rehearsal, she was given her chance. The Archangel Raphael collapsed from stage fright, and declared that she could never say her part. And a triumphant understudy, who had carefully learnt the words, scrambled on to the platform waving a willow branch in her hand, and continued: "Fear not, Tobias, I will be thy guide. . . ."

Sarah Bernhardt was giving her first performance. . . .

On September 1, 1862—more than 60 years before her last appearance—Sarah Bernhardt made her debut as

(Below) Neither age nor sex limited Sarah (here as Napoleon's son in Rostand's L'Aiglon*). She played Hamlet and at 65 triumphantly played Joan of Arc (19).*

(Below) Sarah takes a dive in Camille. *Her death scenes were excruciatingly real. (Right) She sculpted (herself, mainly), painted, wrote, decorated.*

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the Greek princess Iphigénie.

She took an infinite time to dress; and when the curtain rose she felt faint with apprehension. Provost [her teacher], tall, gray-haired, paternal, was waiting in the wings to encourage her. It was he who heard Iphigénie's cue and pushed her on to the first stage of France.

She flew to her father, Agamemnon, and clung to him; she hurled herself at her mother, Clytemnestra. She gabbled her part; and, when she came off stage, she fled to her room and feverishly began to undress. She had to be reminded that there were four acts still to come. Sarah conquered her nervousness and returned to the stage; but she was insignificant. "Mlle Bernhardt, who made her debut yesterday in *Iphigénie*, is a tall, pretty young girl," wrote Francisque Sarcey in *L'Opinion Nationale*. "The upper part of her face is remarkably fine. She holds herself well and pronounces with perfect clarity. That is all one can say at the moment." . . .

La Biche aux bois was often staged at the Porte-Saint-Martin, and Sarah often went to see the immensely popular *féerie*. But one evening in December 1865, she entered the foyer and encountered an actor whom she knew. "Here she is!" he cried. "Here she is! Our princess, our little *biche aux bois*, here she is! The god of the theater has sent her to us!"

The *jeune première* was ill and Sarah had arrived like a *dea ex machina*. In vain she protested. She had heard the words so often that she knew them by heart. She was pushed into the costume of Princesse Désirée. The curtain rose. When it fell, she was offered a three-year contract. . . .

When Sarah appeared as Anna Damby, in Dumas' *Kean*, she once again proved the spell of her voice. It was at a moment when feelings ran high among the followers of Dumas and those of the exiled Hugo; and before the curtain rose on the first night of *Kean*, there were tumultuous cries of "*Ruy Blas! Ruy Blas!* Victor Hugo! Victor Hugo!" After an hour Duquesnel decided that the play must begin. It was an alarming audience to face. When Sarah made her appearance in the clinging clothes of 1820, there was a burst of laughter. But Sarah was always inspired by a challenge. Her motto *Quand même* reflected a fixed determination. As a child of nine she had chosen it. She had been dared to jump a ditch which nobody could cross; she had jumped it, and hurt her-

Continued on page 98

(Right) The daring and perhaps arrogant Sarah played Pelléas to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Mélisande. Here, a dramatic reading.

(Right) One-legged, unable to stand alone, she managed one final tour of the U.S. in 1916-18. (Below) Indoors in her tennis outfit. She made her own rules for tennis and for life.

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CALIFORNIA SUITE

The opening act of the poignant yet funny drama by Broadway's hottest playwright. Only a genius could combine pathos and humor to keep us smiling through our tears.

by Neil Simon

Hannah Warren, an intelligent and sophisticated woman in her early 40s, has flown from New York to California to talk with her divorced husband, William Warren, about custody of their daughter, Jenny. They meet in her Beverly Hills hotel room.

Billy Hello, Hannah.

Hannah My God, look at you. You've turned into a young boy again.

Billy Have I?

Hannah Haven't you noticed? You look like the sweetest young 14-year-old boy. You're not spending your summers at camp, are you?

Billy Would you mind if I called down for something to drink?

Hannah It's done.

Billy I don't drink double Scotches on the rocks any more. I gave up hard liquor.

Hannah Oh? What would you like?

Billy A cup of tea with lemon.

Hannah It's done . . . No hard liquor? At all?

Billy Not even wine. I'm big on apple juice.

Hannah That *is* crushing news. You *have* changed, Billy. You've gone clean on me.

Billy Mind *and* body. That doesn't offend you, does it?

Hannah May they both live to be a thousand. I don't mean this to seem facetious, but how *do* you take care of yourself?

Billy I watch my diet, I've cut out meat, and you *do* mean to be facetious. You're dying to make a little fun of me. I don't mind. I have an hour to kill . . . Would you believe I run five miles every morning?

Hannah After what?

Billy The newspaper. I have lazy dogs . . . Shall I keep going? I swim 20 laps every night when I come home from the studio. Eight sets of tennis every weekend. I sleep well. I haven't had a pill in three and a half years. I take vitamins and I eat natural, unprocessed health foods.

Hannah Ah, aha! Health foods! At last, something in common.

Billy Don't tell me you've given up P.J. Clarke's chili burgers?

Hannah No, but I have them on whole wheat now . . . . I'm enjoying this conversation. Tell me more about yourself.

Billy I climb.

Hannah I beg your pardon?

Billy I climb. I climbed a 10,000-foot mountain in the Sierra Nevada last summer.

Hannah Well, that's no big deal. I climb that three times a week visiting my analyst.

Billy And no analyst.

Hannah Yes, I heard that. I'll accept the mountain climbing. But no analyst? You ask too much, Billy. Why did you quit?

Billy I went sane.

Hannah Sane! How exciting. You mean you go out into the world every day all by yourself? (*He smiles, nods.*) Don't you ever get depressed?

Billy Yes.

Hannah When?

Billy Now.

Hannah I'm so glad the sun hasn't dried up your brain completely . . . Tell me more news.

Billy I moved.

Hannah Oh, yes. You're not in Hardy Canyon any more.

Billy Laurel. Laurel Canyon.

Hannah Laurel, Hardy, what the hell? And where are you now?

Billy Beverly Hills—a block north of Sunset Boulevard.

Hannah What style house?

Billy Well, from the outside it looks like a small French farmhouse.

Hannah A small French farmhouse. Just one block north of Sunset Boulevard. Sounds rugged . . . I passed something coming in from the airport. I thought it was a Moroccan villa—turned out to be a Texaco station.

Billy We're a colorful community.

Hannah I love it from the air.

Billy And how is life over the subway?

Hannah Fine. I still live in our old apartment. But you would hate it now.

Billy What did you do to it?

Hannah Not a thing.

Billy I understand you have a new boyfriend.

Hannah A boyfriend? God forbid. I'm 42 years old—I have a lover.

Billy Also a writer.

Hannah A newspaperman on the Washington *Post*.

Billy Really? Not one of those two who—

Hannah No.

Billy Right.

Hannah He's 54. He has a heart condition, asthma, and leans toward alcoholism. He also has the second-best mind I've met in this country since Adlai Stevenson . . . . And what's with you, mate-wise?

Billy Mate-wise? Mate-wise I am seeing a very nice girl.

Hannah Are you? And where are you seeing her to?

Billy (annoyed) Oh, come on, Hannah.

Hannah What did I say? Have I of-

East (Tammy Grimes) meets West (George Grizzard) and the twain vibrate with cultural differences even Margaret Mead would have trouble untangling. How far is New York from California where the world begins all over again and terminal freeway is a contagious disease? The way lies not in Rand McNally road atlases.

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fended you in some way?

Billy Forget the tea. Maybe I *will* have a double Scotch.

Hannah It's ordered. You're safe either way.

Billy Can we talk about Jenny?

Hannah What's your rush? She's only 17. She's got her whole life ahead of her. If I'm going to turn my daughter over to you—which I am not—at least I'd like to know what you're like.

Billy Jenny is *our* daughter! *Ours!*

Hannah Maybe. We'll see. They've been very slow with the blood test. (*They glare at each other a moment. She suddenly smiles.*) So you live in a French farmhouse off Sunset Boulevard. Do you have a pool?

Billy Lord!

Hannah Come on, Billy, talk to me. I wrote down 74 questions to ask—don't make me look for the list. Do you have a pool? . . . Well, naturally you've got a pool. You've got a tan, so you've got a pool . . . Is it kidney shaped? . . . Liver? . . . Possibly gall bladder?

Billy Pancreas, actually. The head surgeon at Cedars of Lebanon put it in. You're terrific. You haven't spent 15 days of your life out here, but you know exactly how we all live, don't you? Too bad you're going back so soon. You're gonna miss the way we spend our holidays. Wouldn't it *thrill* you to see a pink-painted Christmas tree on my lawn . . . or a three-flavored Baskin-Robbins snowman wearing alligator shoes . . . with a loudspeaker on the roof playing Sonny and Cher singing "Silent Night"?

Hannah When you've seen it once, the thrill is gone.

Billy (gets up, starts toward the door, stops) What do you want to do about Jenny?

Hannah Who?

Billy Do you want to discuss this problem sensibly and sincerely, or do you want to challenge me to the *New York Times* crossword puzzle for her?

Hannah Oh, stop pouting. You may dress like a child, but you don't have to act like one. What have you done to her, Billy? She's changed. She used to come back to New York after the summers here taller and anxious to see her friends . . . . Now she meditates and eats alfalfa.

Billy She just turned 17. Something was bound to happen to her.

Hannah You have no legal rights to her, of course. You understand that.

Billy Certainly.

Hannah Then tell her to come home with me.

Billy I did. She would like to try it with me for a year. She's not happy in New York, Hannah.

Hannah Nobody's happy in New York. But they're *alive.*

Billy I can't fight you. If you want to take her, then take her. But I think you'd be making a mistake.

Hannah She still has another year of high school left.

Billy Believe it or not, they have good schools here. I can show you some, if you like.

Hannah Oh, that should be fun. Something like the Universal Studio tour?

Billy What a snob you are.

Hannah Thank God there're a few of us left.

Billy What is there so beautiful about your life that makes it so important to put down everyone else's? Forty square blocks bounded by Lincoln Center on the west and Cinema II on the east is not the center of the universe. I grant you it's an exciting, vibrant, stimulating, fabulous city, but it is not Mecca . . . It just smells like it.

Hannah The hell with New York! Or Boston or Washington or Philadelphia. I don't care *where* Jenny lives, but *how.* She's an intelligent girl with a good mind. Let it grow and prosper. But what is she going to learn in a community that has valet parking just to pick up four bagels and the *Hollywood Reporter?*

Billy I've been to Martha's Vineyard in July, Hannah. Heaven protect me from another intellectual Cape Cod summer . . . The political elite queuing up in old beach sandals to see Bogart pictures, standing there eating ice cream cones and reading the *New Republic.*

Hannah Neat, wasn't it?

Billy No. Your political friends never impressed me . . . I remember one hot Sunday afternoon in Hyannisport when our ambassador to some war-torn Middle Eastern country was in a state of despair because he couldn't get the hang of throwing a Frisbee. My God, the absurdity . . . . I went to a charity luncheon in East Hampton to raise money for the California grape pickers. There was this teeming mob of women who must have spent a total of $12,000 on new Gucci pants in order to raise $2,000 for the grape pickers . . . Why didn't they just mail them the pants?

Hannah You were terrific when you used to write like that. . . . I didn't see the last picture you wrote, but they tell me it grossed very well in backward areas.

Billy Look, I don't want to interrupt your train of venom, but could we get back to Jenny?

Hannah Jenny. Yes, what a good idea.

Billy If you respect her as a person, respect her right to make a free choice.

Hannah You get her for the summers, that's enough. If the judge had seen your lifestyle, you'd be lucky to get her Labor Day afternoon.

Continued on page 113

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THE WEALTH IN WORDS

If you think etymology is the study of insects, you'd better read this article.

by Peter Funk

The 16-year-old girl was ready to cry. Her face expressed the anguish of having reached a dead end. She'd just seen the results of her preliminary College Board tests and her verbal score was disappointingly low—about 450.

Pam had her heart set on going to a particular college. "But now there's not a chance of my making it," she said to me. "Not with my verbal score. Can you help me improve it?"

I was positive I could and told her so. "If you follow my suggestions I guarantee the next time you take the test your score will be much better."

Over a period of four months I gave Pam about 30 or 40 selected words a week. Periodically we talked about how the words were used. We grouped them with their synonyms and discussed where they came from. In all we covered about 1,000 words that possibly could appear on the test.

She listed all the words I gave her on file cards, looking up the meanings in her dictionary and writing them down. Pam reviewed the cards daily, taking some of the hardest ones to the breakfast table and on the school bus. Each night just before going to sleep she went over most of them again.

Then came the crucial day. Pam took the final College Board tests, the examination which would largely determine her educational future and thus to some extent her career.

Some weeks later she telephoned me. What a change in her voice. It was an amalgam of joy, relief, enthusiasm. "Guess what? It worked! You won't believe this, but I got a 650. I'm up 200 points! My teachers were flabbergasted." (One of the words she'd learned.)

Her achievement was by dint of her own hard work. She made systematic use of the ability all of us have if only we apply it—the capacity to increase our individual vocabularies.

The importance of Pam's story is to show what can be done. And hers is not an unusual example. Of course, because she was operating within a fairly stringent time limit, she was under pressure to work as fast as possible. Though most of us as adults do not have such an urgent necessity of time, parents do face a specific and critical problem today.

They have been relying on schools to teach their children verbal skills. But the schools are not doing the job. For various reasons, vocabulary is being taught poorly, if it is being taught at all. The 12-year decline in verbal scores among the young, which has been widely reported in the press, suggests that your child's chances of future success are in jeopardy. A television documentary on ABC explored this perplexing situation, revealing that about 25 percent of all high school graduates are virtually illiterate while the majority of others are poorly trained in expressing themselves in either talking or writing. The students interviewed were cognizant of their predicament.

Before suggesting specific steps you can take to reverse this trend within your own family—adults included—I want to pass along a few thoughts which illustrate cogently the importance of words in your family's future.

Why is a large working vocabulary such a definite asset to us? Why will your child's grades—*all* grades, even math—improve as his vocabulary enlarges? Why will an adult acquire more confidence and competence?

The answer is that we think with words. We read, we study, we understand, we write with them. For us, words are the tools we need to articulate our thoughts.

Lewis E. Terman, who devised the Stanford-Binet IQ tests, stated that vocabulary is the best single indicator of intelligence.

Surveys show that in the majority of cases skilled workers know more words than the unskilled. Foremen know more words than the people under them. Executives know more than foremen.

In his review of the book, *The Children of the Counterculture*, Anatole Broyard makes an electrifying statement. He writes: "The authors demonstrate that an anemic vocabulary can be even more damaging than an unhealthy diet."

Increasing your word power may not be the only way to achieve what you want from life, but the irrefutable fact is that it gives an enormous edge. And from all reports about the competitive future, all of us are going to need the advantage of word power.

It's going to help us get the job we want or into the college of our choice. It's a way of giving ourselves more options. We can count on a strong vocabulary to help make our lives as students and adults easier, happier, and perhaps most important of all, enriched and fulfilled in a sense that goes beyond merely material or social benefits.

Our minds grow. Our appreciation and tastes are sharpened and cultivated. We are released from the prison of a narrow and limited life, and begin to enjoy the full richness of living that we suspected was there all the time, but somehow always seemed to elude us.

Actually, developing a stronger vocabulary depends more on desire and interest than on effort. It comes down to knowing how to set up an effective program for yourself or for your child. Only 15 minutes a day will enrich your word power by as much as 400 to 500 words or more a year!

For the small amount of time invested, this will probably pay the highest dividends of any work you will ever do. Archimedes, famed scientist of ancient Greece, discovered the principle of leverage. "Give me a lever long enough," he said, "and I will move the world."

There is a direct analogy between the length of Archimedes' lever and the size of your vocabulary. The more powerful your vocabulary, the more leverage you will have to move yourself toward understanding more intelligently and coping more successfully with our complex world.

The methods I am suggesting work equally well for adults, though on a wider application, and the payoff may be more subtle. The student, of course, has the more immediate and concrete result in a test.

I meet many people who lack confidence because they have not gone to college or have not completed high school. By systematically developing

Continued on page 100

Its creator, Margaret Farrar, describes this as one of the toughest crossword puzzles she's ever run in the New York Times, *notorious for these mind trips. Ph.D.'s falter, lexicographers linger.*

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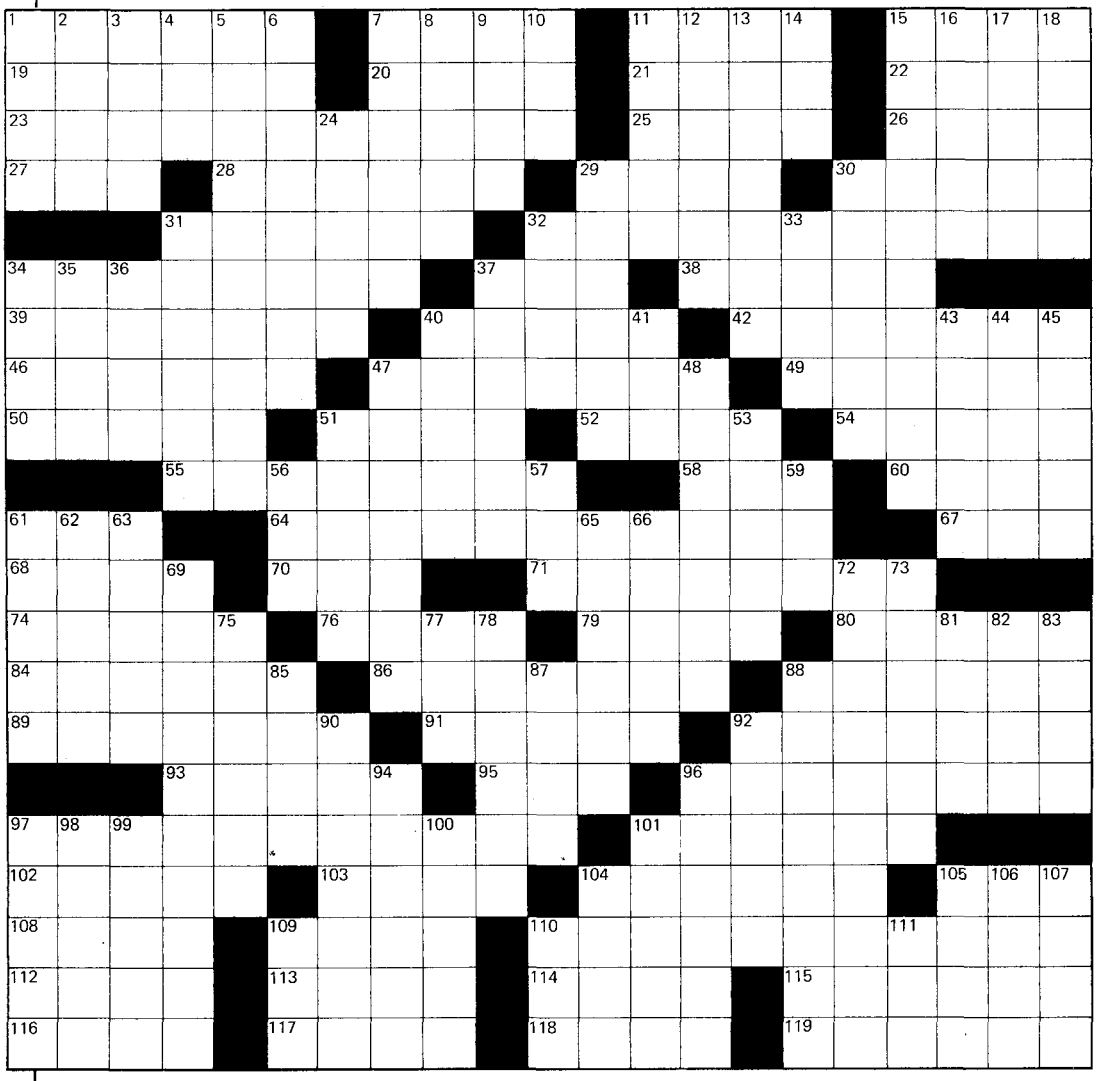

ACROSS

1 Rain cloud, in meteorology
7 Ice broken from a berg
11 Home of a Canterbury pilgrim
15 Large sea-going canoe of Tahiti
19 Pellucid
20 One of Cairo's rivers
21 Yorkshire river
22 Symbol worn by Isis
23 Something showy but tawdry
25 Well-dressed: Scot.
26 Cloth-covered cardboard to cover a chalice
27 Like: Suffix
28 Meredith heroine and others
29 Worthless
30 Frostflower genus
31 Checked off (an item on a list)
32 Swift
34 Wheel with cogs
37 "Sweetes' —— feller. . ."
38 Asiatic animal like the chamois
39 Of different colors
40 Narrow-leaved cattail of India
42 Sensitive plants
46 Foment
47 "You might have heard a ——"
49 Idle talk
50 ——*la famille*
51 Byzantine emperor (813-820)
52 To ——
54 Certain related letters
55 Pioneer in stroboscopic photography
58 Something given as a reward
60 Ships: Abbr.
61 Old name for second month of Jewish Calendar
64 Rhetorical breaking-off of a statement
67 Engages in
68 What *de novo* means
70 Something to wear
71 Gallieni's troop transports, Sept. 1914
74 West Indian
76 Member of the Hindu trinity
79 Card (wool)
80 Suppress
84 Money in Malmö
86 Thrust down
88 Large genus of trees
89 Small amount
91 River from Lake Nyasa to the Zambesi
92 Hostages
93 Like some silk or paper
95 City N. of Lagos
96 One means of entrance
97 Subject of famous ode
101 Parking place of a sort
102 Rushes with fury
103 Silk for señora
104 Character in "Porgy"
105 Dweller in the land of Uz
108 Name meaning "happy"
109 Diminutive suffix
110 Symbol of liberty, 1793
112 Little: Comb. form
113 Where Black Mesa is: Abbr.
114 River into the Elbe NW of Prague
115 Relative of a cub
116 *Nil —— Numine*: Colorado's motto
117 Bouncing ——, a kind of soapwort
118 Social liability
119 Sam Slick or Hosea Biglow

DOWN

1 Not possible: Slang
2 Mascagni opera
3 Opencut
4 Command to a dog
5 What "Chawcer" was because "he's the wuss speller I know of" —Artemus Ward
6 Tool for sharpening a scythe
7 White headdress worn by a Sister of Charity
8 In advance
9 Division of the Jurassic system
10 Danish measure
11 Jean de Brunhoff's animal hero
12 Radio or TV broadcast
13 Crosspiece in a structure
14 Washington initials
15 Paper frills on lamb chops
16 In the least
17 Exclamation of surprise
18 Family member
24 —— Alaska
29 Historic name in Dublin
30 Rural sound effect
31 "—— the hand that feeds us"
32 Lammergeier or limpkin
33 *Scire facias*
34 Light, brief shower of rain
35 Tree in a *bosque*
36 Voucher: Fr.
37 Concluding stanza
40 Part of the street scene
41 Commercial abbr.
43 In prosody, a line or verse
44 Salutation
45 Theodor Geisel's pen name
47 Bleaching agent: Var.
48 Taking no part
51 Genus of hares
53 Cut ——
56 Relative of a fiord
57 —— by a jugful
59 Book of the Bible: Abbr.
61 Approves (with "up")
62 Deprive of means of defense
63 "—— *Soleil*"
65 Necklace, bracelet, earrings, worn as a set
66 Comic afterpiece of Roman play
69 Jack Frost's "canvas"
72 Queen-consort of Richard Coeur de Lion
73 Finely broken drift ice
75 Swiveled undercarriages on railroad cars
77 Ship: Abbr.
78 Friend and protector of Achilles
81 Name meaning "daughter"
82 Opera highlight
83 —— *quid* (being thus): Lat.
85 Electrical units
87 Character in 1861 novel
88 In adaptable style
90 Small Japanese ornament
92 City of popular song
94 ——upon
96 Character in 1861 novel
97 Volcanic earth
98 Where Henri Christophe ruled
99 Port of Lower Saxony
100 Fancies
101 Certain elder statesmen
104 Where Karl Marx lived
105 Ship with battened sails
106 Type of arch
107 —— *de somme* (pack animal): Fr.
109 Black-backed sea gull
110 A shilling, in Limehouse
111 Noun suffix, often diminutive

(Answers on page 128.)

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A HOUSEWIFE'S RIGHT TO LIFE

Why are his needs, his work, his opinions more valuable than hers? A gentle manifesto from a woman who learned to survive as a person and a wife.

by Celia Gilbert

Illustrated by Stevan Dohanos

In a studio in the woods a woman sits alone. Outside, the forest goes about its work; a bird repeats a note. Above the flames in the fireplace a plaque reads: "Dedicated to the artist and to the artist's need for solitude." This woman has been married for 20 years and this is her first time away from husband and children. This place is the first place that has ever been hers alone. The silence collects: a healing; she feels herself coming together.

In the evening she eats with strangers, loving them because they know nothing about her, except that she is a woman and a poet. Bliss and uneasiness are part of the life of impostors. But she is who she seems to be, only she is other people as well: father's daughter, husband's wife, mother of her children, child of her mother. Later, during her two months' stay at a retreat for artists, composers, writers, people will come to know these things about her; some will be indifferent, some will envy her, others will have shared the same experiences; but she will always miss those first weeks of being a stranger among strangers.

What never fades are the marvels of her life here: not having to think about the food, the housekeeping, the needs of her fellows; not having to justify or explain her work; rising and going to sleep at the bidding of *her* internal clock. She is a secular nun released from the bonds of an implacable domestic liturgy.

The first questions put to us have always looked like answers: mother and father. My father worked, my mother mothered. My parents' marriage was out of the 19th century. Mother played Jane to father's Thomas Carlyle. Or, call it "Life with Father," father the exuberant zestful autocratic writer; mother no less an upper-case character.

My father supported us—my mother, my two brothers, and myself—by his writing. His was a life of deadlines, pressure, competition, unrelenting hard work; it was also a life of absorbing fulfillment as he fought for the principles he believed in, earning the admiration of his readers and his own self-respect.

Father and his work were one, and to that one we were all of secondary importance. When father napped, we tiptoed; when he was hungry, we ate; when he needed an outing we were packed into the car (we children, carsick; mother, exhausted from the preparations) and driven off for long hot rides to the beach accompanied by his cheery calls to the back seat, "Isn't this fun, kids?" If he wanted to sleep at nine o'clock, mother was corralled upstairs; if he wanted to practice the piano, the dinner guests were assembled to listen; if the teacup wasn't filled to the brim, he raged as though he had uncovered a plot to destroy him. I felt at home reading memoirs about Louis XIV.

Father was *le roi soleil*. Mother was the minister and mistress every regent dreams of. She counseled, but always obliquely; governed, but only the Interior. What the daughter resented on her behalf she made light of, excusing father's outbursts of anger as necessary outlets for the tensions of his work. She applauded and admired his unwavering commitment to his principles and his writing; but she had her own order of priorities: personal loyalties, love of family, friends, her daily relationship with the people around her. To me she was the mirror image of father: he could only be happy satisfying himself; she, others. There are women like that—Virginia Woolf called them "The Angel in the House."

The daughter of the angel was confused and superficially rebellious. Why, why, why? Why is mother not permitted to speak her thoughts directly, why can father do as he pleases? I thought my mother loved me, but why was she always insisting that it was I who had to give way to my father and brothers, teaching me that men are small children, irrational, fragile, needing constant praise and reassurance. No matter what my feelings were I had to give and give without the expectation of being given to.

In the world of the daughter there were no women married with children, working at something they loved. There was my father's only sister, independent and energetic, well-satisfied with her bachelor-girl life. "Poor thing," said my mother, "she's all *alone*." Of the women who talked politics with my father, the majority were homely, which depressed him, or opinionated, which unsexed them.

But I, I was different. He could see that I was "just like him." I was going to be the writer, not my brothers. I was encouraged to speak up and be as direct as I pleased, with others. Only sometimes, for a joke, when I was going out on a date father would say, "Now for God's sake, act dumb." A joke, of course, but wasn't mother serious when she would whisper triumphantly, "He's going to do exactly what I suggested last night, but of course he thinks it's his idea."

My mother might claim covertly that the domestic world took precedence over the public one, but from the time I was very little, listening to my parents discuss the books their friends were writing, I knew that writing was the important endeavor in life.

But I didn't write as a child. I didn't begin to write poetry until I was 15 and fell in love. At 19 I won the annual poetry competition at Smith. At 21 I married and ceased abruptly to write poetry for the next 10 years.

I married a man as unlike my father as I was unlike my mother, and yet, insofar as I could bring it about, our marriage was made to resemble that of my parents. It was I who insisted on

Continued on page 126

Yes, my darling daughter, this is the way it was. Our 1949 Post *cover strikes a responsive chord in most women.*

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THE RHODESIANS UNITED

When Post editors visited Rhodesia, so moved were they by the brave stand of the Rhodesians and their courageous leader that they invited Prime Minister Ian Smith to tell the Rhodesian story in his own words. We promised not to edit.

by Prime Minister Ian Smith

An Open Letter to the American People:

I have represented the Rhodesian people as a member of Parliament for some 30 years, 14 of them as prime minister. I am the first native-born prime minister to hold the office in my country. I have held that office during the administrations of four American presidents and the terms of office of four British prime ministers.

In recent years I have been amazed at the arrogance exhibited by politicians and political leaders of countries whose people on the whole, I believe, are our friends. Their ignorance of the facts about my country and the character of our people has transformed what was a domestic quarrel with the British government into an international conflict in which our people want no part.

On March 3, the three black leaders within Rhodesia, Bishop Abel Muzorewa (United African National Council), Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole (African National Council—Sithole), and Senator Chief Jeremiah Chirau (Zimbabwe United People's Organization), and I signed a constitutional agreement which will, by the end of this year, lead to majority rule with a franchise providing for one man/one vote in future elections. The three black nationalist leaders represent the views of the overwhelming majority of our people. The acceptance of the Salisbury Agreement by the mass of the people is being demonstrated more unmistakably with every day that passes.

The transitional government which has been formed to write the final constitution and which will be responsible for the massive task of preparing for the first general election based on universal franchise at the end of this year is itself composed of more blacks than whites.

Yet the Security Council of the United Nations organization has passed a resolution declaring our solemn agreement unacceptable and illegal. America, Britain, and other Western powers abstained in the voting. It is a sign of our unanimity that this action has been roundly and uncompromisingly condemned not only by me, but also by my colleagues, who lead the nationalist parties within Rhodesia. What are we expected to do? Does the abstention by the United States representative in the Security Council truly represent the wishes of the American people?

I have received many letters and messages from Americans congratulating us on our achievement. I have also been greatly encouraged by the efforts being made by the American peo-

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Editor's Note: *Ian Smith has now made peace with his black countrymen and, in an unprecedented action (no African tribe—black, white, or brown—has ever done it before), the white tribe is turning over sovereignty of its territory, held by right of conquest, to its former subjects. In a land where there is no such thing as minority rights, the superpowers (who hold their own territories by right of conquest) have compelled this settlement.*

But it just may work. In the words of black Senator Chief Jeremiah Chirau (the paramount Chief of all Rhodesian tribes who will be one of the four new rulers of Rhodesia—three black and one white), "I trust Ian Smith. We blacks need the whites and they need us." The Prime Minister's direct appeal was written exclusively for the SatEvePost.

SatEvePost *editors Beurt and Cory SerVaas met with Prime Minister Ian Smith (right) in Rhodesia as he prepared to sign an historic agreement with the black moderate leaders of Rhodesia. Mr. Smith, a World War II fighter pilot who crashed behind Italian lines and fought with partisan forces until his escape, is cast in the image of our own revolutionary heroes of 1776. While fighting the British on one hand, he is beset on the other by black terrorists, punitive world-wide economic sanctions, and an amazingly self-righteous U.S. government policy.*

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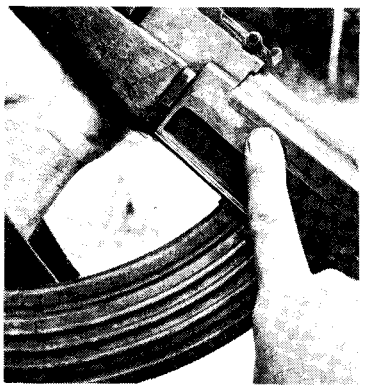
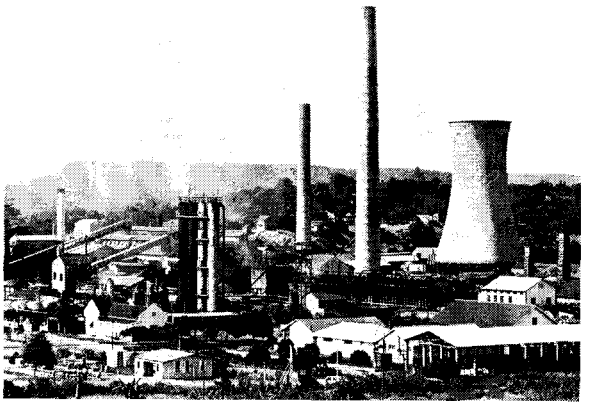


Chinese and Russian names appear on munitions found with slain terrorists, showing clearly that communist powers are arming and training insurgents in acts of international outlawry.

The really big story which has not been reported from Rhodesia is the diversity and size of her factories and mines. In response to sanctions against her by every country except South Africa, Rhodesia has begun producing hardware, munitions, building materials, and countless consumer goods to supply the needs of her growing population.



ples. When we signed the constitutional agreement in Salisbury at the beginning of March, we fulfilled all the conditions laid down by successive British governments—the so-called six British principles—in order that we might be accepted by the international community.

The principle of unimpeded progress to majority rule is fully met by the terms of the Salisbury agreement, and the date of its achievement has been fixed, namely December 31, 1978. The executive council of the transitional government now in office contains 75 percent blacks. The council is chaired in rotation by Bishop Muzorewa, Reverend Sithole, Senator Chief Chirau, and myself as equal partners. The decisions we make will be by consensus. The ministerial council, operating on the cabinet system, consists of an equal number of black and white ministers who share responsibility for the day to day running of the ministries and for initiating legislation. Their decisions will be made by majority vote and will be subject to review by the executive council. The transitional government will prepare the new constitution providing for majority rule on the basis of universal adult suffrage. All citizens of 18 years and over will be able to register as voters on a common roll. The result will be that about 3 million of our people will in the future take a direct part in our political process.

The principle of guarantees against retrogressive amendment of the constitution is amply covered by the requirement of 78 votes out of 100 for future constitutional amendments. Also enshrined is a strong declaration of rights and an entrenched, independent judiciary.

The new Parliament of 100 members, 72 of whom will be elected by a

The Rhodesian defense forces (7 black soldiers to 1 white soldier) are led by Lt. Gen. Peter Walls: "As a soldier, I have one ultimate and overriding objective—not just to win the war, but to win the peace in Rhodesia."

Prime Minister Smith visits a camp of the elite Selous Scouts. The Scouts are highly skilled in tracking and bushcraft and operate singly or in groups as a counterinsurgency force against the terrorists.

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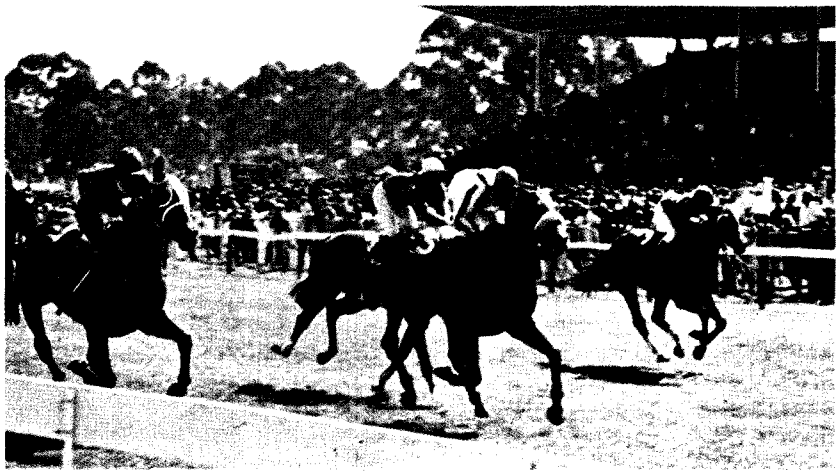

Horseracing is as popular in Rhodesia as it is in Europe and America. Shown above is the end of the race in Borrowdale, a suburb of Salisbury. The Mashonoland Turf Club sponsors races year-round.

possible 3 million registered voters, complies, I would say, with the requirement of an immediate improvement in the political status of the black population of Rhodesia.

Progress toward ending racial discrimination was made last year when we voted to amend the existing constitution to provide for this. This repeal of discriminatory laws and regulations is a continuing process. I am sure this will be accelerated under the new government.

The requirement that the British government must be satisfied that the basis for a future majority-rule constitution must be acceptable to the Rhodesian people as a whole is being unmistakably met by overwhelming black support for the Salisbury Agreement. The only dissenting voices are those of the external terrorists and a handful of white extremists. What

Beautiful Salisbury, a relatively new city, was founded by pioneers in 1890. Approximately 5,000 feet above sea level, it enjoys a moderate temperature the year-round. The multiracial population of Salisbury is over 600,000 including 80,000 white Rhodesians. Surrounding the city are extensive industrial suburbs and rich farmland stretching for many miles.

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strange bedfellows!

It was a British Labor government under Prime Minister Harold Wilson which introduced a sixth requirement in 1966. This stated that regardless of race there must be no oppression of the majority by the minority or of the minority by the majority. It seems that the present British Labor government, by their encouragement of the externally based leaders and their externally based armies, have abrogated their own country. The terrorists come in from bases and sanctuaries in neighboring countries and prey cruelly on innocent Rhodesian men, women, and children. They are feared and hated by their victims and potential victims. The British Labor government, by refusing to endorse the internal settlement we have reached after so many months of hard bargaining, is encouraging a small Marxist clique, greedy for personal power, to take over the country against the wishes of the masses and rule from the point of guns provided by the Soviets.

Why cannot the American and British governments finally extricate themselves from the hypocritical morass of double standards and be helpful by taking the lead in removing the sanctions with which the world body has attempted to strangle our economy over the past 12 years? Sanctions have hurt us, certainly, but they have also put an immeasurably greater burden on newly independent countries such as Zambia, countries in Africa which I always understood Britain and America were dedicated to help. The sanctions have hurt Britain and America, too, not only because of the loss of trade and the economic restrictions, but also because of the burgeoning expense of the machinery set up in their own countries and the United Nations to make the unworkable work—the ineffectual efforts being made to bury us. You would be surprised at the benefits that would accrue to America if the sanctions were lifted. Even more would the less fortunate countries of my own continent of Africa benefit from free access to everything we have to offer and, even more important, from the use of our transport system to carry their imports and exports.

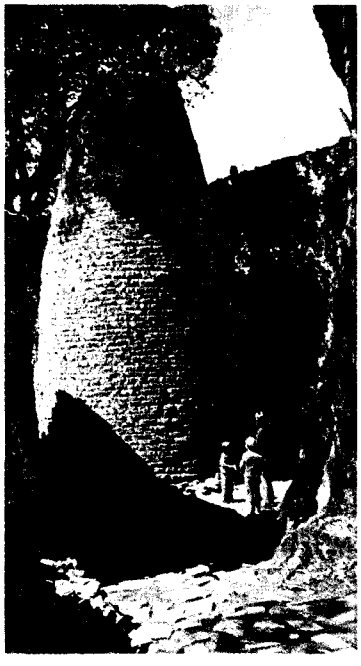
Rhodesia, if left alone by other countries, is an economically viable country with enormous potential. Today millions of American tax dollars are being spent in attempts to aid poor and underdeveloped African countries. We receive no such aid. Rhodesian farmers, black and white together, have increased their gross output from 174,300,000 Rhodesian dollars in 1965, when sanctions were first applied, to 464,200,000 Rhodesian dollars ten years later (a Rhodesian dollar equals 1.55 U.S. dollars at present). Through diversification the traditional Rhodesian crops of tobacco, corn, beef, and sugar have been expanded to include such crops as barley, wheat, cotton, peanuts, soy beans, and many more which would find ready markets in a needy world.

Our mining industry has made the most spectacular advance. In spite of sanctions and the generally depressed conditions in international markets during 1977, the total value of our metal and mineral production rose to an all-time record of 237,500,000 Rhodesian dollars. In 1965 when sanctions were first applied, mining production was worth 64,000,000 Rhodesian dollars. To quadruple this value in a mere 12 years, I believe, is without parallel in the world. Apart from having the world's largest reserves of chrome ore, about which you have heard, the potential reserve of

Mrs. Lin Mehmel, for several years the queen of Rhodesian television, symbolizes the liberated woman in Rhodesia.

platinum-based minerals in our great dyke could be greater than that of South Africa, which is today the world's leading producer.

We are also fortunate enough to have the largest known reserves of strategically vital lithium group metals, without which the United States'



The Ruins of Zimbabwe. The country of Rhodesia may soon change its name to Zimbabwe, the name of an ancient African civilization in Rhodesia.

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space program could not function. I cannot believe that, in addition to the many other minerals available in Rhodesia which are vitally important to America's security, your leaders would wish them to fall into the hands of the Marxist world.

Serving these primary industries, Rhodesia's secondary industrial complex has performed miracles during the past 12 years, particularly in the field of import substitution. This has kept our heavier industries in business and it has provided the essentials of day to day living. If you talk to any of the thousands of Americans who have visited us during the years, they will tell you that our shops are stocked with locally made products of all kinds. I am sure they will confirm that the quality of these products is as good as, if not better than, anything you will find anywhere in the world.

Americans are innovative people. Your ingenuity, guts, and hard work have built a nation in a mere 200 years that is the envy of the whole world. We have learned a lot from you. Our economy, which has stood us in such good stead during these difficult years, is, like yours, based on free enterprise and free competition. My government's policy is to intervene only in the interests of the emergency situation we are facing. Under normal conditions this government, like its predecessors, only intervenes in the workings of the labor market in the interests of promoting harmony. We have achieved under the yoke of the most comprehensive boycott in peacetime of any nation in history a dramatic advance in our economy of some 6 percent yearly despite the drain of guerrilla war and the downward drift of the world economy since 1974.

We have and have maintained on our own some of the best services in Africa. Educationwise, 1 in 6 of our population goes to school and studies a syllabus of subjects well in conformity with those in the developed world. This compares with 1 in 52 in school in Ethiopia (now involved in Soviet-induced war), 1 in 180 in Gambia, and 1 in 210 in Ghana. Other than defense appropriations, my government spends more money on education than on any other budget item.

Rhodesia has one of the most sophisticated and comprehensive health services in Africa. Our central hospitals located in the main centers are as well equipped and manned with doctors, nurses, and specialists as qualified as any in the great cities of the United States. Unlike the United States, the services are provided for all our people and for modest fees.

Of the 6 million blacks in our country, most of whom are under the age of 18, about 1 million have paid jobs subject to labor legislation providing minimum wages and the rate for the job. In 1965 the figure was 600,000.

On the security side, our army and air force, comprised of considerably more black Rhodesians than whites, are acknowledged to be one of the finest fighting forces in the world today. Our police, indelibly enshrined as part of our history, have a record of unparalleled dedication to preservation of law and order during the 90 years of their existence. Like our military forces, they are highly professional and have earned a fine reputation for their political neutrality. Like the public service, they serve the government of the day. Herein lies the best hope for a stable and secure future for the newly independent state.

In our fight for the survival of our beautiful country, there is no doubt in my mind that the very best qualities of our people have been activated. The hostility shown toward us by the world community, as exemplified by the United Nations organization's attitude and regrettably by that of the American and British governments, far from dividing us as a people, has welded us together—all of us, black and white, fighting for our survival. We are also fighting for the survival of values and the democratic way of life which is our inheritance as a free nation.

We know we cannot survive indefinitely without the help of America and Britain. We have so much to offer Africa and the West. The Red Tide flowing over Africa is lapping our borders. If we fall, America, Britain, and Europe will be that much closer to the holocaust which will never be stopped by continuing the policy of appeasing the enemies of Western civilization.

We have done what we were required to do. Why do the leaders of the countries from which we received our values and the basis of our free institutions continue to hinder our efforts to contribute to a rapidly receding free world?

I honestly believe that the average Rhodesian, be he black or white, and this includes myself, has a very warm place in his heart for the British and American people. We have strong connections with the people of both nations. This is the way we have been brought up. You should see the thousands of messages of support we have received from Americans and also from the ordinary people in Britain and the older Commonwealth countries. In spite of the antagonism and bitterness many black and white Rhodesians feel towards certain politicians who have been berating us for so long, I know you will find that we have a soft spot in our hearts for your people. We have many similarities of character. It is my greatest hope as I near the end of my political life that our present difficulties will be resolved quickly by your country's acceptance of our internal agreement and your

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More than twice as wide and twice as deep as Niagara Falls, Victoria Falls are one of the seven wonders of the world. Called "the smoke that thunders" by the natives, the falls are 2,200 yards wide and 350 feet deep. The wall of spray leaps up over a thousand feet in the air and is visible up to 40 miles away. During every new moon, the mist reflects a striking lunar rainbow. The falls were named by British explorer David Livingstone.

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"...AND PLEASE LOVE MELVIN BROOKS!"

or How a little guy from Brooklyn grew up to be the comic genius of the '70s.

by Lisa Mitchell

Photography by Peter Borsari

Where does the time go? It hardly seems possible, but The 2,000-Year-Old Man is 2,016 now. He's a little quieter, a tad more mellow, but he shows that he still maintains his sound, old-fashioned values as he speaks in a rare interview about the changing world today.

For instance, he likes Jimmy Carter because he's "a good, natural man of the soil with a hard, flinty sense of what a dollar means. He has a great sense of belief. You know, he's the kind of man who'd just put his hand on a rock, look up and say, 'I *am* the President.' "

About the slackening morals of the last 16 years, the little old man is frankly shocked and deplores the current trend toward sexual permissiveness and toward nudity in films. He believes that "sex—like eating Jewish foods such as chopped liver and gefilte fish—should always be a totally private matter." However, what should *not* be kept private in these troubled times, he feels, is "nervousness." Which reminds him that he's finally seen a movie of which he approves.

"At last!" he exclaims. "At last a man is shown sharing his nervousness in public, so he makes all of our nervousnesses a little diminished."

The movie is, of course, *High Anxiety*, the latest melange of philosophy and belly laughs to spill from the evolving cinematic cornucopia of Mel Brooks.

As much as the world and the old man have changed, so has the ancient savant's alter ego, Mister Brooks himself, the one-time comedy writer who created the character of The 2,000-Year-Old Man on a record with Carl Reiner in 1961. The album sold over a million copies and, as Brooks would later admit, "saved my life." At that time, still struggling in financial bleakness and artistic dissatisfaction, he was very far indeed from being the man *Playboy* magazine once called "one of the very few moviemakers since Charlie Chaplin who is unarguably a comic genius."

But the sun shines sweetly on Mel Brooks today, as he basks in the release of *High Anxiety*, his sixth movie. I talked with Brooks over a period of months—beginning with several visits on the *Anxiety* set while he was shooting, then later in his offices during phases of post-production and preparation of the film for its opening across the country. Brooks was the producer-director-co-writer and star of *High Anxiety* as well as the composer of the title song which he sings in the picture as a Frank Sinatra sound-alike. "Actually, I don't consider myself 'an actor' at all," he says. "I'm like the roots of a tree in this movie. I hold it up straight and make sense out of it and nourish it."

He plays Dr. Richard Thorndyke, an erudite Phi Beta Kappa Harvard psychiatrist—with a fear of heights—who becomes director of the Psychoneurotic Institute for the Very *VERY* Nervous. He overcomes his vertigo—the perfect Hitchcockian high anxiety—through the help of one Professor Lillolman, "a classical Viennese, sweet old omniscient Freudian," lovingly portrayed by Howard Morris, Brooks' real-life friend of 30 years. In screen simplification, Thorndyke's break-

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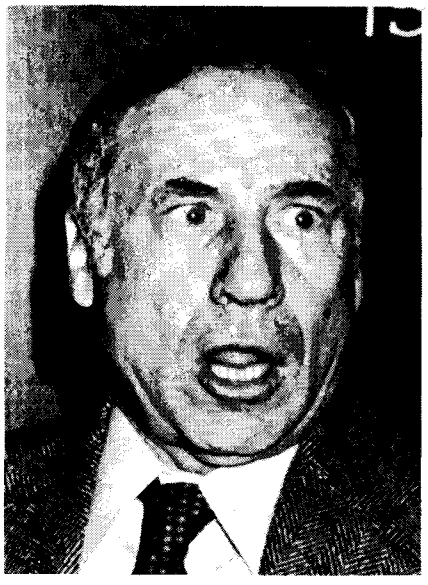
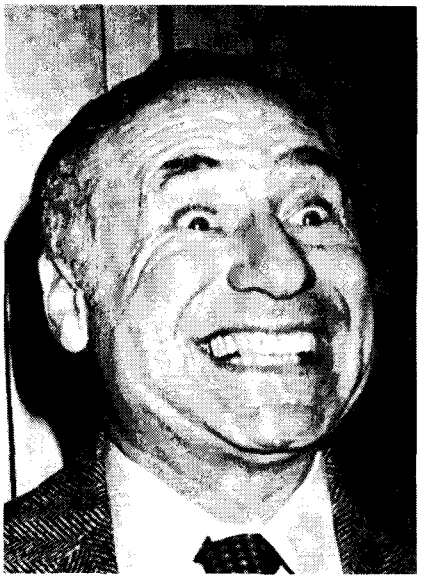


Am I nervous? Listen, buddy, let me tell you about nervous.



Nervous is OK. The whole world is in bed with nervousness.

I'm a normal guy, just like everyone else. Only a little more so.

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TAKE CONTROL OF YOUR LIFE

The busiest time-management specialist in the country shares his secrets for making the most of every minute.

by Alan Lakein

Illustrated by Leo Cullum

IBM, the Bank of America, Gloria Steinem, and thousands of business and professional people have turned to Alan Lakein for counseling on how to save our most precious commodity.

1. I count all my time as "On-Time" and try to get satisfaction (not necessarily accomplishment) out of every minute.

2. I try to enjoy whatever I am doing.

3. I'm a perennial optimist.

4. I build on successes.

5. I don't waste time regretting my failures.

6. I don't waste my time feeling guilty about what I don't do.

7. I remind myself: "There is always enough time for the important things." If it's important I'll make the time to do it.

8. I try to find a new technique each day that I can use to help gain time.

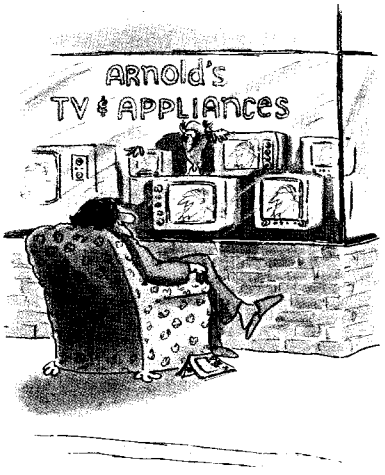
9. I get up at 5 a.m. during the week (and go to bed early).

10. I have a light lunch so I don't get sleepy in the afternoon.

11. I don't read newspapers or magazines (except occasionally). I do glance at the headlines at the newsstands to keep up on the world.

12. I skim books quickly looking for ideas.

13. I don't own a television set. (My family and I went to a motel to watch the moon walks and we rented a set for the political conventions.)



Don't own a television set.

14. I have my office close enough to my home to be able to walk to work. But when I'm lazy or in a hurry I drive.

15. I examine old habits for possible elimination or streamlining.

16. I've given up forever all "waiting time." If I have to wait I consider it a "gift of time" to relax, plan or do something I would not otherwise have done.

17. I keep my watch three minutes fast, to get a head start on the day.

18. I carry blank 3x5 index cards in my pocket to jot down notes and ideas.

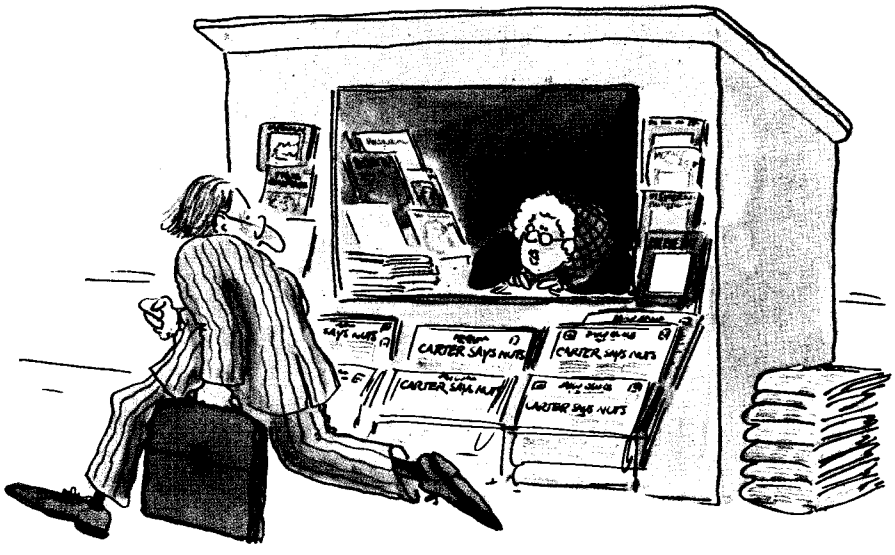
19. I revise my lifetime goals list once a month.

20. I review my lifetime goals list every day and identify activities to do each day to further my goals.

21. I put signs in my office reminding me of my goals.

22. I keep my long-term goals in mind even while doing the smallest task.

23. I always plan first thing in the



Don't read newspapers . . . just glance at headlines.

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morning and set priorities for the day.

24. I keep a list of specific items to be done each day, arrange them in priority order, and then do my best to get the important ones done as soon as possible.

25. I schedule my time months in advance in such a way that each month offers variety and balance as well as "open time" reserved for "hot" projects.

26. I give myself time off and special rewards when I've done the important things.

27. I do first things first.

28. I work smarter rather than harder.

29. I try to do only A's (first priorities), never B's and C's (second and third ones).

30. I have confidence in my judgment of priorities and stick to them in spite of difficulties.

31. I ask myself, "Would anything terrible happen if I didn't do this priority item?" If the answer is no, I don't do it.

I revise my lifetime goals list once a month.

32. If I seem to procrastinate I ask myself: "What am I avoiding?"—and then I try to confront that thing head-on.

33. I start with the most profitable parts of large projects and often find it is not necessary to do the rest.

34. I cut off nonproductive activities as quickly as possible.

35. I give myself enough time to concentrate on high priority items.

36. I have developed the ability to concentrate well for long stretches of time (sometimes with the aid of coffee).

37. I concentrate on one thing at a time.

38. I focus my efforts on items that will have the best long-term benefits.

39. I keep pushing and am persistent when I sense I have a winner.

40. I have trained myself to go down my To Do List without skipping over the difficult items.

41. I do much of my thinking on paper.

42. I work alone creatively in the morning and use the afternoons for meetings, if necessary.

43. I set deadlines for myself and others.

44. I try to listen actively in every discussion.

45. I try not to waste other people's time (unless it's something that really matters to me).

46. I delegate everything I possibly can to others.

47. I make use of specialists to help me with special problems.

48. I have someone screen my mail and phone calls and handle all routine matters.

49. I generate as little paperwork as possible and throw away anything I possibly can.

50. I handle each piece of paper only once.

51. I write replies to most letters right on the piece of paper.

52. I keep my desk top cleared for action and put the most important thing in the center of my desk.

53. I have a place for everything (so I waste as little time as possible looking for things).

54. I save up all trivia for a three-hour session once a month.

55. I try not to think of work on weekends.

I always plan first thing in the morning and set priorities for the day.

56. I relax and "do nothing" rather frequently.

57. I recognize that inevitably some of my time will be spent on activities outside my control and don't fret about it.

58. I keep small talk to a minimum during work hours.

59. I look for action steps to be taken now to further my goals.

60. I'm continually asking myself: "What is the best use of my time right now?"

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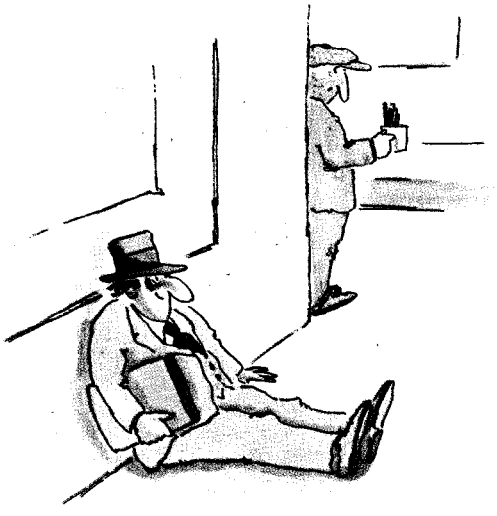

I relax and "do nothing" rather frequently.

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CANNING TOMATOES

There is a healing in the labor of peeling, boiling, and preserving— an acknowledgment of hope.

by Margaret A. Robinson

Afternoon sun floods the windows as I stand here canning tomatoes. It shimmers on the jars; it would normally make the kitchen too hot were it not for the breeze from the valley. The curtains I finally hemmed stir in the wind—so would your letter if I had not weighted it with Richard's book, the one about Shaker furniture, both on the table by the door safe from the juice. Your letter, what a treat. I had just put another batch of jars into the kettle, set the timer, and was sitting down to rest before starting to blanch the last basket when I heard the mailman. Nothing today but a Sears ad and the paper. And your letter.

In your letter I hear your voice, Marie, the way your words pile up and tumble in the sentences like blocks. You ask how we are, if I finished the weaving class and bought a loom, if Richard's business is thriving, does he have time to make furniture as well as do carpentry; you ask about my parents and the baby. Is it so long since I wrote to you? It feels like talking to you to think of answering your letter; the thoughts come purposeful and strong like the sound of boiling from the kettle, the timer ticking, the steady rhythm of dipping scalded tomatoes from the small pot of simmering water, slipping off the skins, cutting out the stems and rotten

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places, and slicing chunks to go into the jars. But what shall I say to you? We are fine. Yes, I finished the class and Richard is building me a loom; he is so busy he uses the evenings for furniture and has jobs lined up for a month ahead; my parents are both well; the baby is dead.

There are no other words for it. Mr. Harris at the funeral home—yes, they have funerals for babies and tiny coffins with blue satin linings; living here in Richard's hometown we could not say no—kept talking about how Robbie had passed on. Once he even said that he had gone to join the angels till I finally blurted, "He's dead, can't you just say he's dead?" But my voice choked with tears and anger. Mr. Harris patted me on the back. "Such a release for the little fellow," he murmured, looking at Richard over my head.

I wanted Robbie to be cremated. Richard said the local people would be disturbed at the idea of burning up a baby.

"I wanted to do this canning; sometimes a jar goes bad but not often, not with tomatoes if you're careful. Having them makes me feel safe."

Richard wanted to build Robbie a coffin. Mr. Harris said he supposed that might be done. He looked hurt and puzzled as though he'd offered his hand and we'd refused it. We bought the one he recommended with the blue satin lining like a jewel box.

The nurses at the hospital sent carnations. They knew Robbie well, he'd been in so many times. Friends from the group for parents of brain-damaged children came to the service and brought so much food to the apartment that we didn't need to fix meals for a week. Actually I would have liked to have done some cooking. I stopped working at the nursery school when Robbie was born and it seems as though every moment since then has been occupied with him, either directly or in thinking about him. The day after the burial I remember walking around the apartment. The kitchen table was covered with cakes and homemade bread; the living room was filled with flowers. And suddenly I had nothing to do.

Your handwriting in your letter is just the same; it's like the air from the valley blowing cool through the kitchen. Our address hasn't changed but we've moved and bought this house—Richard's family loaned us the down payment; we're on the edge of the village now on the state road. It's a one-story cinder-block building with two bedrooms and a garage which Richard will add to and use for his shop. Now he rents the old schoolhouse in town. A retired couple took the apartment. Even after I had cleared out all of Robbie's furniture and packed away his things, the room still had his aura. It's better here; everything smells of new paint from the work we've done on it and, when I walk or work in the garden, nothing reminds me of last year.

He lived a year and four months.

Our insurance covered up to $20,000 for a year. We used it all.

The timer is ringing, time to take the jars out of the water. We're having a new baby in March and all summer I haven't been able to keep much down, but I'm through that now and the garden is full of vegetables crying for attention and for harvest before there's a frost. Richard has been doing all the cooking. A week ago I couldn't have stood the sharp smell of tomatoes, but since Monday I've put up 20 quarts. The jars will go in the cellar, but for the moment I've left them out to catch the light like rubies. Why do you bother, Richard says, now that you're so tired and ill? But I wanted to do this canning; sometimes a jar goes bad but not often, not with tomatoes if you're careful; having them makes me feel safe.

Once my mother dropped a jar she was lifting; they're heavy, hot, and slippery coming from the boiling water; it broke and the tomatoes and pieces of glass burned and cut her.

I'm starting to show, to feel heavy and tired in my back and legs at the end of the day. The new baby is completely formed; she has been a cell, cells, a fish, pig, monkey, now a person. Perhaps she is a he. Her eyes and hair color are determined, the shape of her nose and the sound of her voice. She is only waiting and growing bigger. Sometimes I want to keep her inside.

I try not to think about her. But at night when I'm trying to get comfortable and go to sleep, I worry that it will be the same and that she will come prematurely also. Then I worry that my worrying will harm her. Robbie came so early, he weighed less than three pounds and the hydrocephalic condition was caused by damage to his soft, unfinished brain during the birth. I was groggy and exhausted, but I saw his head when it appeared between my legs, purple as a tiny eggplant and pointed, his eyes popping out like a frog's. He was so small. It wasn't like the movie in the childbirth class.

The obstetrician thinks I have a good chance this time; he says there is no genetic problem. I believe him, he's the best in the area. Dr. Rollins, our pediatrician, was wonderful; we could call her at any time. She has a little boy herself.

But if it wasn't genetic, what was it?

What was it, I would think afternoons when Robbie would cry and cry, frantically, apparently in pain. Or almost hysterical, crying like no other baby I ever knew till I would start to cry myself and have to call Richard to come home or send for Dr. Rollins. What went wrong and why did it happen—to me?

That question has no answer.

Do you remember Smitty lying on the grand piano that summer we were waitressing? She was in a tacky old velvet dress and telling everyone that she was made for yachts, sports cars, and grand pianos. Smitty, so angular and tough, I wonder whatever happened to her. Someone told me she married a professional football player and that she drinks. Things don't turn out as you expect.

This year has been rough for Richard and me. I seemed to be constantly tired. Once in the supermarket a toddler riding in a shopping cart smiled at me and I thought I would fall apart. Robbie's every sound distracted me. Richard would touch me, Robbie would cry, and I would either go numb or break down.

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LIFE BEFORE BIRTH

The extraordinary drama of prenatal development unfolds in this remarkable photographic essay.

by Miles Ruben

Photography by Lennart Nilsson

The drama that takes place in a mother's womb during the months of life before birth has long bewildered and intrigued mankind, yet for centuries this mystery has remained largely obscured from observation. Lennart Nilsson, a Swedish photographer, has met the challenge of recording embryonic growth and development in a series of unparalleled photographs which are both clinically accurate and, in their own way, artistically beautiful. Working in conjunction with surgeons at five Stockholm hospitals for over seven years, Nilsson was able to record the various stages of development by using embryos which had been removed from the parent for various medical reasons.

3½ Weeks

Having already gone through the germinal period, the zygote (the one-cell fertilized ovum) begins the embryonic period of development. This is perhaps the most important period of prenatal development. Although it is only about 1/10 of an inch in length, it is now 10,000 times the size of the zygote.

All major external and internal structures begin developing at this point. The heart has already begun to function, pumping blood through a tiny blood stream that is separate from the mother's. The backbone with an enclosed spinal cord, the lungs, liver, kidneys, and endocrine glands have begun to develop, as well as the digestive system.

The two upper bulges in the photograph will later become the two halves of the forebrain, and the bulges below them will join to form the lower jaw. Although they are not yet visible, two tiny bulbs are forming on the chest which will later become arms. The mother at this point may not know she is pregnant.

It is also during this period that the embryo is most susceptible to teratogens, certain agents such as drugs, food additives, pesticides, or viruses capable of increasing incidence of congenital malformation. Recent studies have established that alcohol too is teratogenic.

6 Weeks

Floating almost weightlessly inside the amniotic sac, cushioned from shock in its transparent fluid, the embryo has begun regional differentiation of the forelimbs. The shoulder, elbow, and wrist regions become identifiable and finger rays have begun to develop on the hand plates. If viewed from the side, the head would be seen to be bending over the heart prominence as a result of the flexure of the cervical region of the brain. The trunk and neck have begun to straighten. The nervous system now begins to become functional, the kidneys are capable of removing uric acid from the blood stream, and the stomach begins manufacturing digestive juices.

8 Weeks

Although the embryo is only about an inch long, it has already taken on certain genetic characteristics. For example, the ear lobes will already be either attached or unattached and genetic finger and toe shapes may already be evidenced.

It is between the eighth and ninth week that the embryo begins to be called the *fetus* (from a Latin word meaning "young one"), because it has now passed from the one-cell zygote into a recognizable human being. Bones and muscles have begun to develop and it begins to take on sexual identification, although the differences are not yet great enough for any but specialists to establish its sex. Development during the fetal period is concerned mainly with growth and differentiation of tissues and organs which

(Left) 3½ weeks. Only 1/10 of an inch long, all major structures have begun developing.

(Right) 6 weeks. Floating in amniotic sac; nervous system begins to function; shoulders, arms, wrists identifiable.

(Far right) 8 weeks. Bones and muscles develop; genetic finger, toe shapes evidenced.

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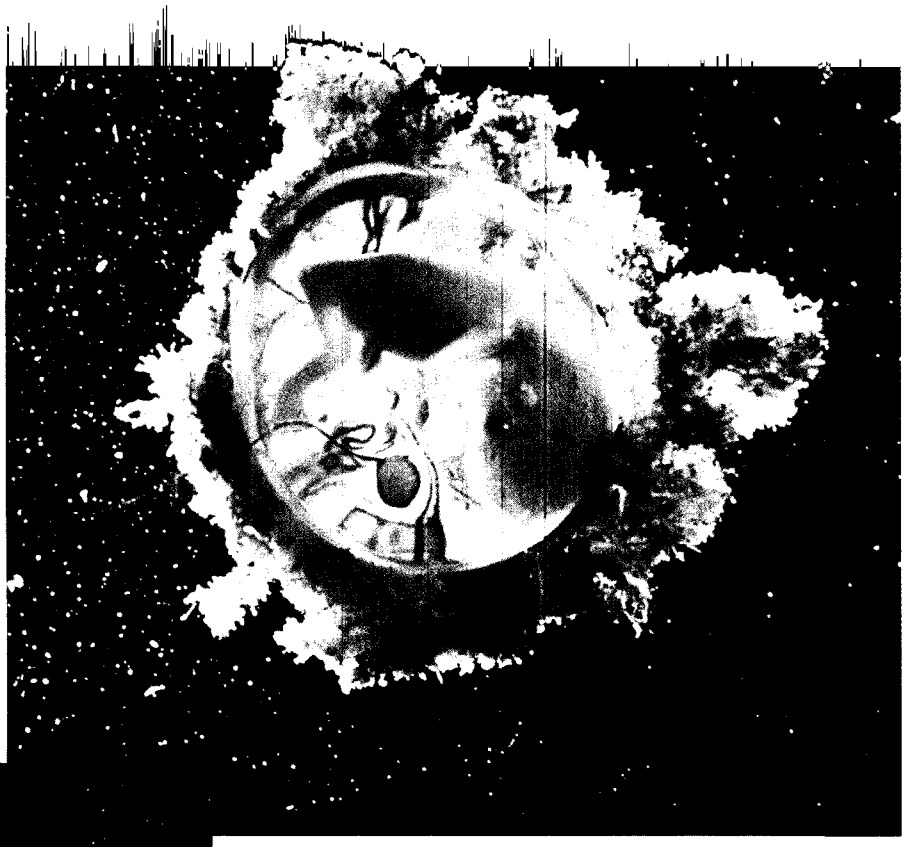

(Above) 11 weeks. Portion of placenta peeled away for photo, rapidly growing body of fetus can be seen.

(Left) 18 weeks. Previous rapid growth slows. Fetus begins to "kick," respond to stimuli, suck its thumb.

(Below) 28 weeks. Veiled in fetal membrane, looking infant-like, the young child opens eyes on a dark world.

began developing in the embryonic stage.

11 Weeks

Now almost completely surrounded by the placental mass, the fetus has begun rapid development of the body which, up to now, has been all but dwarfed by the head. Bones are forming at an astounding rate. The body wall is now formed, having begun at the spine and circled forward to be joined at the front. The first movements begin to occur during this stage of development as muscles and nerves synchronize.

The fetus has also begun to "breathe" by inhaling and exhaling the amniotic fluid, though it gets its oxygen supply from blood brought in through the umbilical cord.

At this stage, cells can be removed from the fluid in the amniotic sac to determine whether or not a serious birth defect might exist. This is especially important to mothers with a known inheritance of a lethal disease.

18 Weeks

Though growth has slowed down considerably, the fetus now frequently engages in *quickening*, the fetal movements or "kicks" felt by its mother. It will now respond actively to certain stimuli. There is a reflex response when its eyelids are stroked as well as a sucking response when its lips are brushed. This prepares the unborn child for feeding as soon as it is born.

28 Weeks

Appearing veiled, the growing child stretches against the elastic membrane, the "caul" of folklore. Though the mortality rate is high, a child can survive at this stage if born prematurely. The lungs and heart have both developed adequately enough for gas exchange and the central nervous system can direct rhythmic breathing and control body temperature.

The eyes which have been previously sealed shut (the eyelids generally form toward the end of the eighth week and become fused) now reopen on a dark world. Many of its "fetal" characteristics now give way to a more infant-like appearance. It likely has a good head of hair as well as eyelashes, and its wrinkled skin begins to smoothe as subcutaneous fat develops.

All that remains before his initiation into the lighted world are the "finishing" touches. During this period the child concerns himself mainly with the addition of white fat in the body and the growth of toenails and fingernails. During the last 14 weeks of development the child will add approximately 2,000 grams to its weight provided that the mother neither smokes nor suffers from poor nutrition, either of which could cause the child to weigh from 300 to 800 grams less at birth than normal.

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MARIJUANA: BILLION-DOLLAR DILEMMA

Marijuana smuggling is the largest illegal business in the U.S., supplying the 15 million Americans who are breaking the law on a scale not seen since Prohibition.

by Gordon Haight

Illustrated by Jared Lee

Forty years ago moviegoers sat on the edge of their seats in apparent horror as a film called *Reefer Madness* revealed the evils of marijuana smoking. What the audience saw were scenes of hysteria, murder, suicide, and sexual excesses by "marijuana addicts."

Today, *Reefer Madness* is still a popular movie. But this time the audience isn't filled with horror-sticken adults. The viewers are usually young, white, middle-class, college-educated people whose own acquaintance with the drug may be more than a textbook education. To them, *Reefer Madness* is another one of the distorted scare tactics used to foster public outcry against the "harmless" drug.

What's the truth about marijuana? No one can say with absolute certainty, but most authorities now admit that it is neither the totally harmless drug that proponents would hope, nor the scourge of youth and the first step on the ladder toward heroin addiction.

In fact, despite years of testing by government agencies, hospitals, and independent doctors, no indisputable conclusions have yet been reached. There is no universally accepted consensus on the long-range effects of the drug, nor is there unanimity on the near-term psychological and physiological impacts. Opinion in this country seems almost as polarized today as when *Reefer Madness* was first shown in movie theaters.

But despite the lingering medical ambiguities about marijuana, there have been some significant changes in the social and legal status of the drug. These changes have been spurred, for the most part, by statistics that point to a heavy increase in the use of marijuana by a broad spectrum of people. A government conclusion states that marijuana use is considered socially acceptable and a non-deviate form of behavior by a large portion of society.

According to nationwide surveys by the National Institute on Drug Abuse, 53 percent of all Americans between 18 and 25 years of age have tried marijuana at least once. Fifteen million Americans smoke pot on a regular basis.

Are we safe from Russian missiles? Huge cargo planes (tons forced down in Georgia) float under radar screens.

An agent inspects the tall three- to seven-leafed plants which flourish everywhere—in cornfields, even in little old ladies' flower boxes.

Nor is marijuana use the exclusive domain of the less educated. The same surveys show that 48 percent of all college students have tried the drug, with half of that number regular users. A similar study by the George Gallup organization put those figures even higher, with 55 percent of all college students having experimented with marijuana. In 1967, Gallup reported, only 5 percent of college students had tried the drug.

That sudden and dramatic increase in the use of marijuana has prompted many of the nation's leading law enforcement officials to reconsider what they see as outmoded criminal penalties for use and possession of the drug. Drawing an analogy to the unpopular and largely unsuccessful prohibition against alcohol in the 1930s, ten states in the last five years have voted to "decriminalize" the use of marijuana.

While decriminalization does not mean legalization for marijuana, it does substantially reduce the penalties for both possession and use. In eight of the ten states—Alaska, Colorado, California, Ohio, Oregon, Minnesota, New York, and North Carolina—the maximum penalty for an individual with a small amount of marijuana is a $100 fine. In Maine, the fine is $200; and in Mississippi, $250.

In addition to the lowering of penalties, many of those same states have downgraded the offense for the first arrest from a felony to a misdemeanor charge that does not become a part of a person's permanent record.

On a national level, many prominent individuals and organizations have lent their support to efforts to reform marijuana laws. Among those supporting such a move are President Carter, the American Bar Association, the National Council of Churches, the

Continued on page 89

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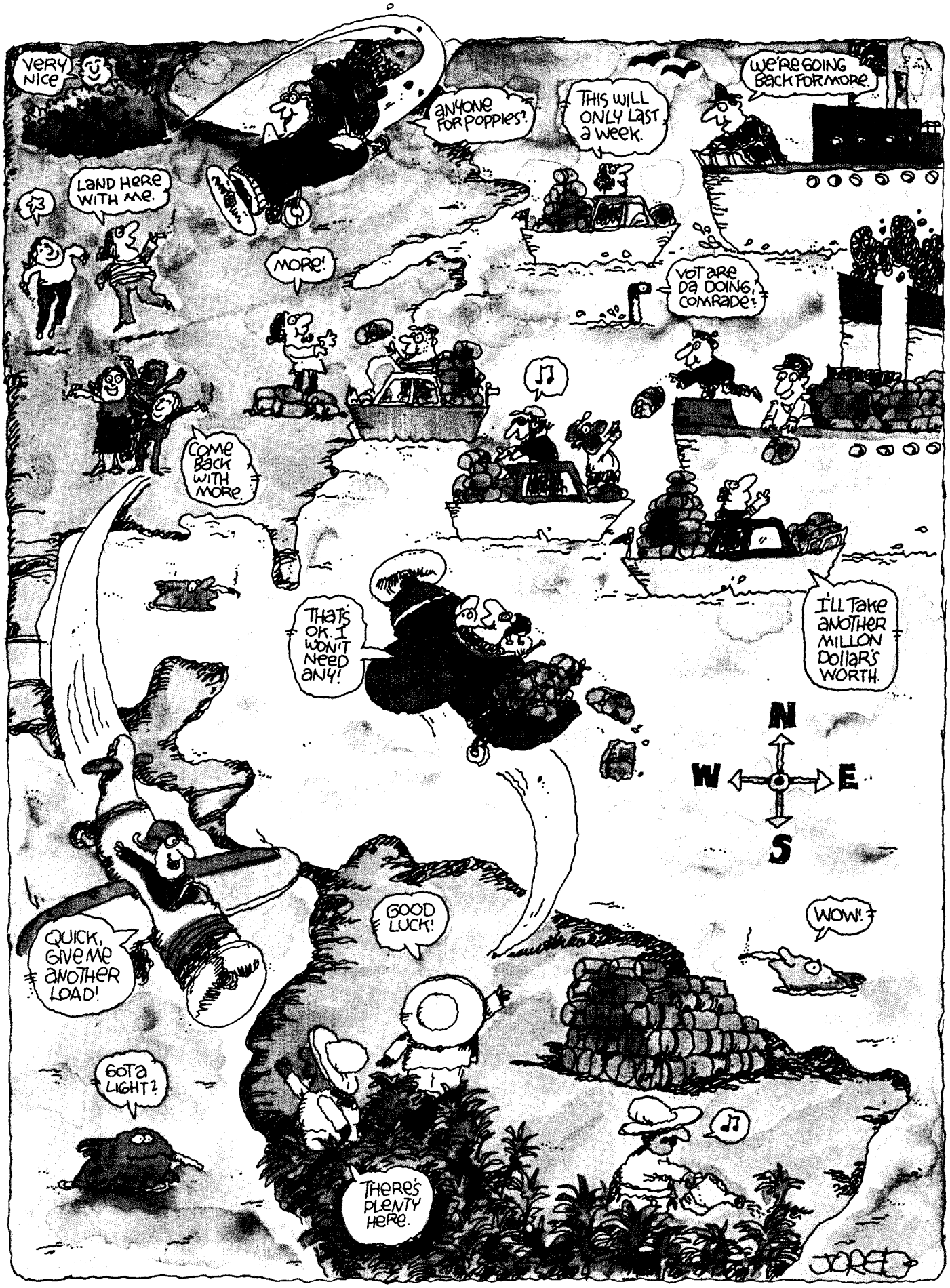

Here, there, everywhere, the national flower of laissez-faire arrives by air, sea, and osmosis.

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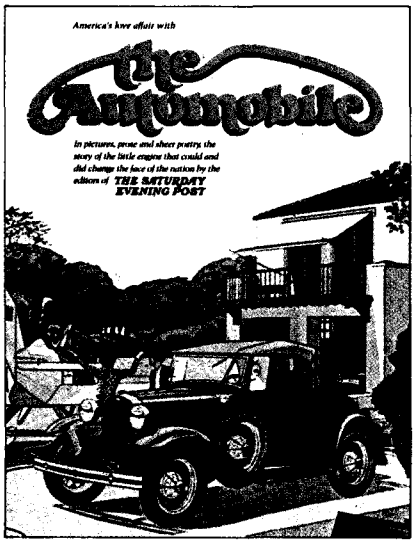
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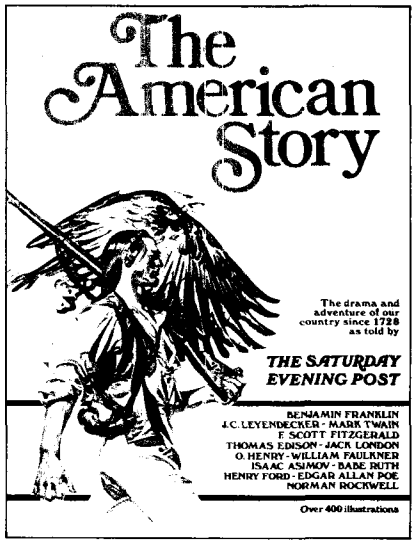
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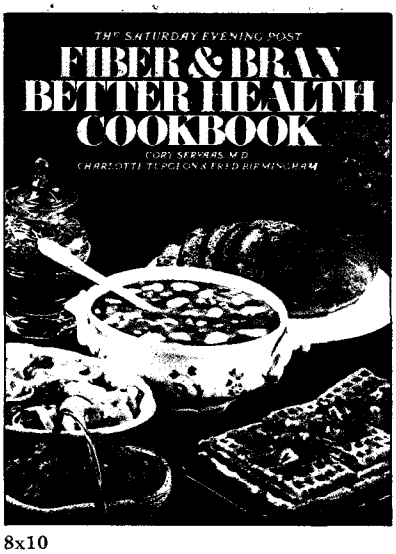

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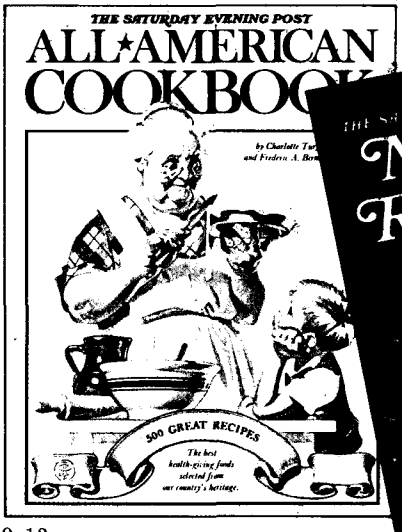

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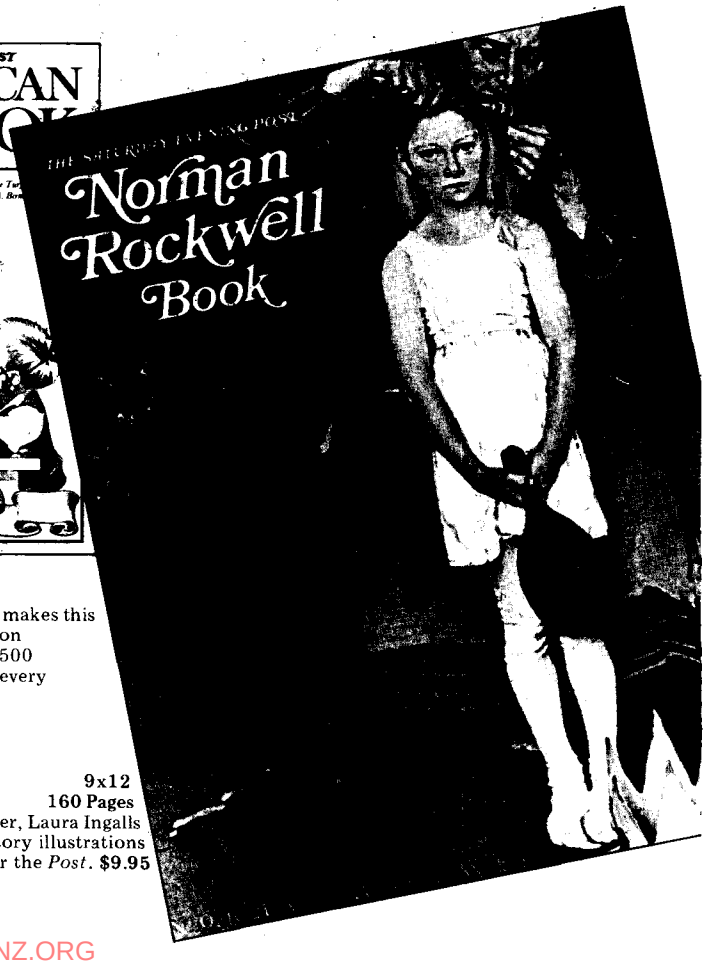

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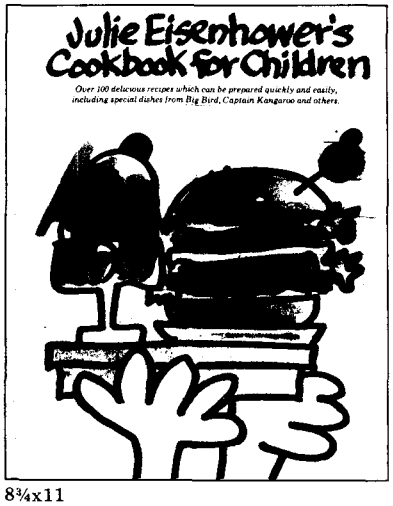
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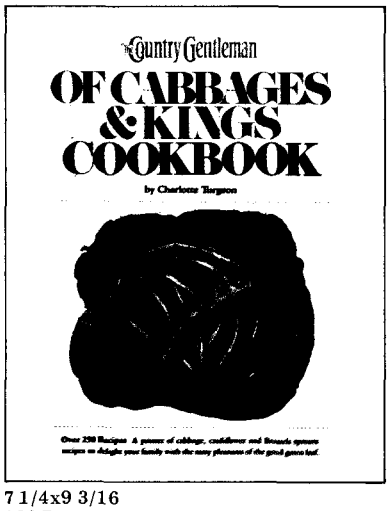

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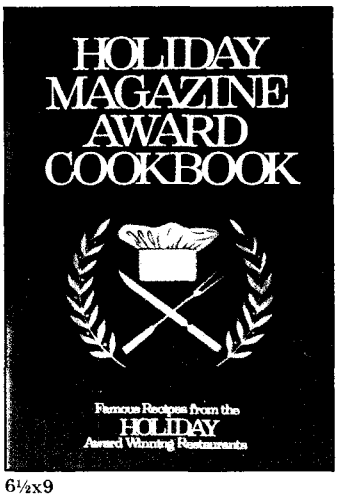

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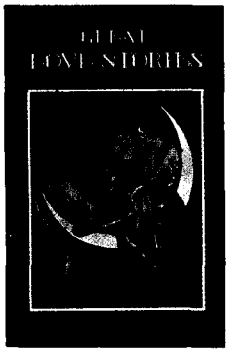

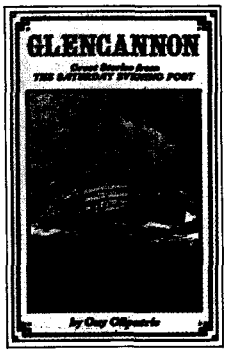

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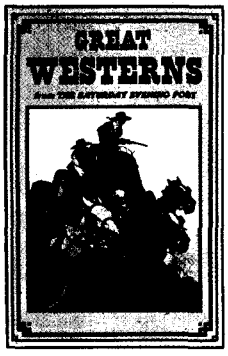

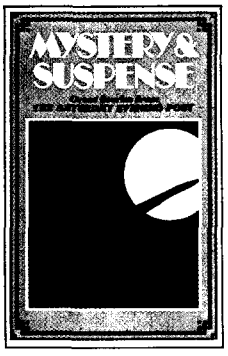

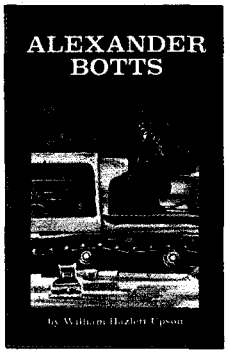

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THROUGH THE LENS WITH LINDA

Can a woman survive her husband's fame even when she is part of it? How much is his? How much is hers? How much is theirs?

Linda McCartney is the wife of the former Beatle—could one ever be a *former* Beatle any more than one could be a former Mt. Rushmore or a former Atlantic Ocean, so engulfingly did they sweep over the mind of *youth*. Linda sings now with Paul McCartney as Wings and takes pictures and raises her family.

For a long while Linda's world was rock music, hotel rooms that looked like suitcases blown out of airplanes. Then her family, Scotland, her own backyard got bigger than any group she heard sing. Would she be a successful photographer if she weren't married to Paul McCartney? Yes. She made her own job as a photographer before she married Paul, when she worked for a magazine in New York and studied at the Tucson Art Center.

Martha, a dog with a mop-handle attachment, can get wonderfully into corners and sometimes doesn't need the handle, to muss corners. Here with Heather, Linda's daughter, bewitchingly aware of what she is to become, and already is.

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Linda doesn't often call them the Beatles, but George, Ringo, Paul, and John, if, as here, they are standing in that order. Did you ever imagine the time would come when you felt nostalgic about the Beatles?

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Paul McCartney, Liverpudlian, rose eater, father, husband, working musician. Photogenic even if you don't know who he is. He can blend into back-roads Scotland the way he blended into the black shiny discs that sold by the million.

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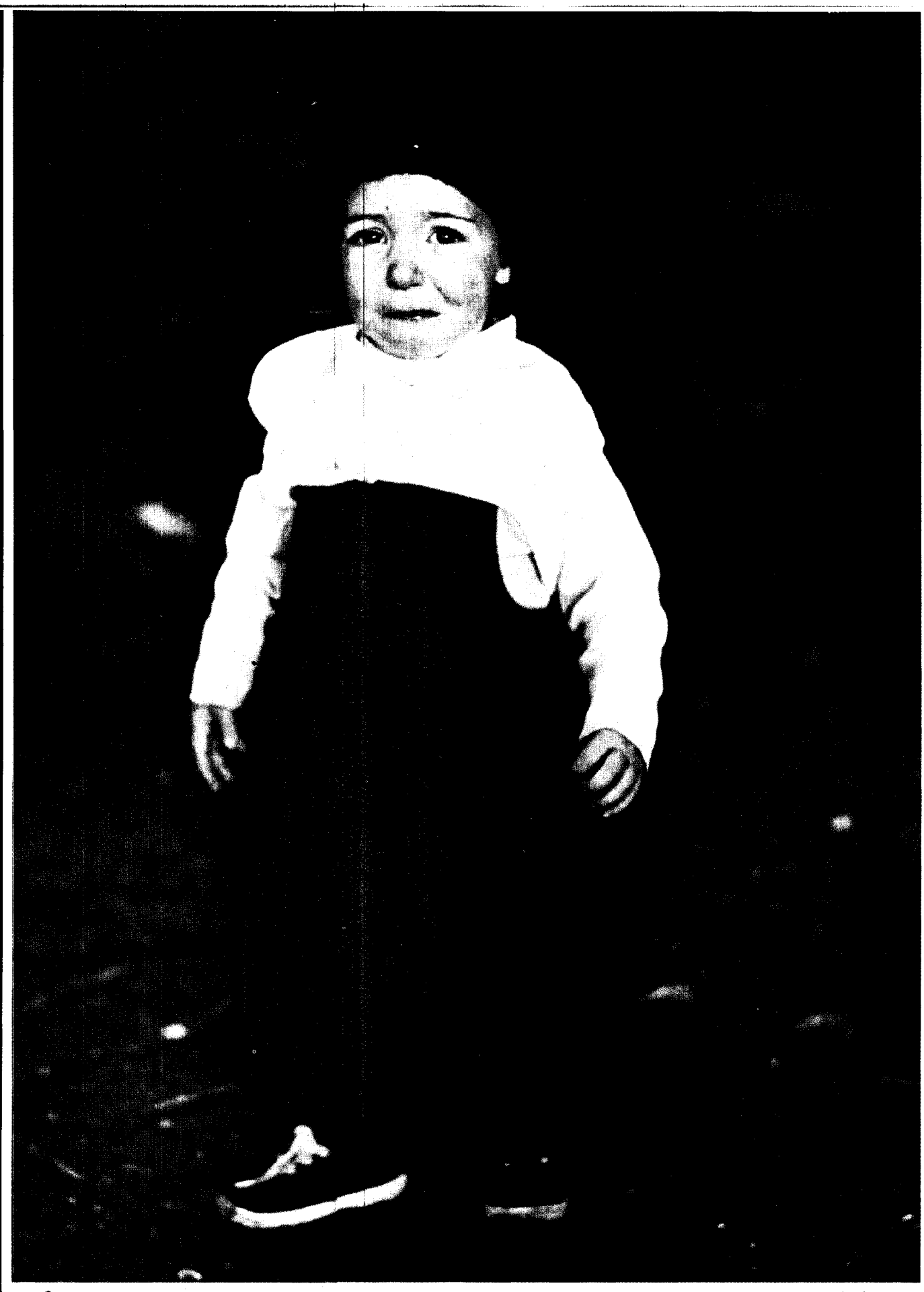

Mary, Mary—Paul and Linda's child. Someone has cruelly armed her with a brassiere. She is on the verge of tears. And so are we. For her youth that will soon be lost. For some of the real tears that will come later. For a moment that can't wait.

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TOM BROKAW: BY DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

The "Today" show's puckishly handsome host ushers in each new morning with a kind of apple pie aplomb that reassures the weak and bleary that it's OK to start another day.

by Betty White

Every weekday morning at 6:30 I reel downstairs, make a pot of coffee, a bowl of chocolate ice cream or maybe a plate of cold spaghetti (somehow I never learned to eat cornflakes and eggs) and sit down in front of the television set.

The familiar ascending chords begin, a rainbow appears on the screen, and a voice says, "Good morning, this is 'Today' on NBC." I begin to mellow. It looks as if we are going to make it another day after all.

The reassuring baritone voice belongs to Tom Brokaw and I know he is going to guide me through the pitfalls of the morning news, the gosh-awful weather, good-news/bad-news interviews, and the ghastly encounter with beauteous Jane Pauley. She's nearly 20 years younger than I and tons richer. Oddly enough, I like her and sympathize a little tensely if I think she's going to bobble a line. Usually she doesn't.

Gene Shalit comes on, looking like a black dandelion with a mustache. He's witty, he's outrageous, he's spontaneous. I'm mad about him—my favorite candidate for sharing a few years on a desert island.

But it's Tom Brokaw who holds my hand and holds it all together. He looks incredibly wholesome, straight, square in a nice way. He's handsome but not threateningly so, intelligent but not intimidating, kind to frightened guests and admirably sharp with charlatans.

What is Tom Brokaw really like? *The Saturday Evening Post* wanted to know and I set out to meet him with a sense of trepidation. What if he snarls at his staff between takes? What if he is harried and hung over and really not in charge of the "Today" show and me every morning.

I needn't have worried. On the set Brokaw is relaxed, alert, and mentally editing every minute, monitoring the pace of the show, the off-the-cuff comments of his colleagues, and tying it all together. Guests who wait in the TV talk show's ubiquitous green room in various states of anxiety before their appearance return relaxed and relieved.

"Brokaw is sharp," a well-known ambassador commented after his interview. "He looked right at me, didn't rely on the teleprompter at all. And I think he asked good questions."

There's no such thing as a standard Brokaw interview. Unlike some of the more flamboyant news performers, Brokaw rarely goes for the jugular—and never just for effect.

"I believe in eliciting information. I ask tough questions of people who

Brokaw and former New York Times *editor Clifton Daniels in pithy discussion of publishing morality.*

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seem to be avoiding the issue or trying to peddle something that is not made of whole cloth. Then I begin to move in on them.

"Today I had to be kind of a midwife. Some of our guests were pretty nervous and I needed to be there and draw it out of them."

Brokaw had startled the ambassador, asking a question from out of left field and receiving an answer that created a warmly human spot at the end of a fairly routine interview. I asked him about that question.

"Well, you do that sometimes for shock value, too. You are cruising along at what seems to be a given speed and then you step on it, or you throw on the brakes.

"Recently I was interviewing Dick Reeves. He's a well-known writer, very opinionated and an editor at *Esquire*, a magazine they say will appeal to the new American man, whoever that is. So I said, 'Who's closer to the "new" American man, Jimmy Carter or Billy Carter?'

"Well, he was completely thrown by that question. It was just what I wanted because it made him stop and think that you cannot categorize the new American man. He finally opted for Jimmy Carter.

"It's an interesting question because there's a large segment of our society that identifies with Billy Carter—beer drinking, blue-collared, T-shirted, sexist, with red-neck humor and a get-what-you-can philosophy. There are a lot of people like that and we can't pretend they don't exist."

"Do you carry on a dialogue with your audience?" I ask. "Do you get reactions from people?"

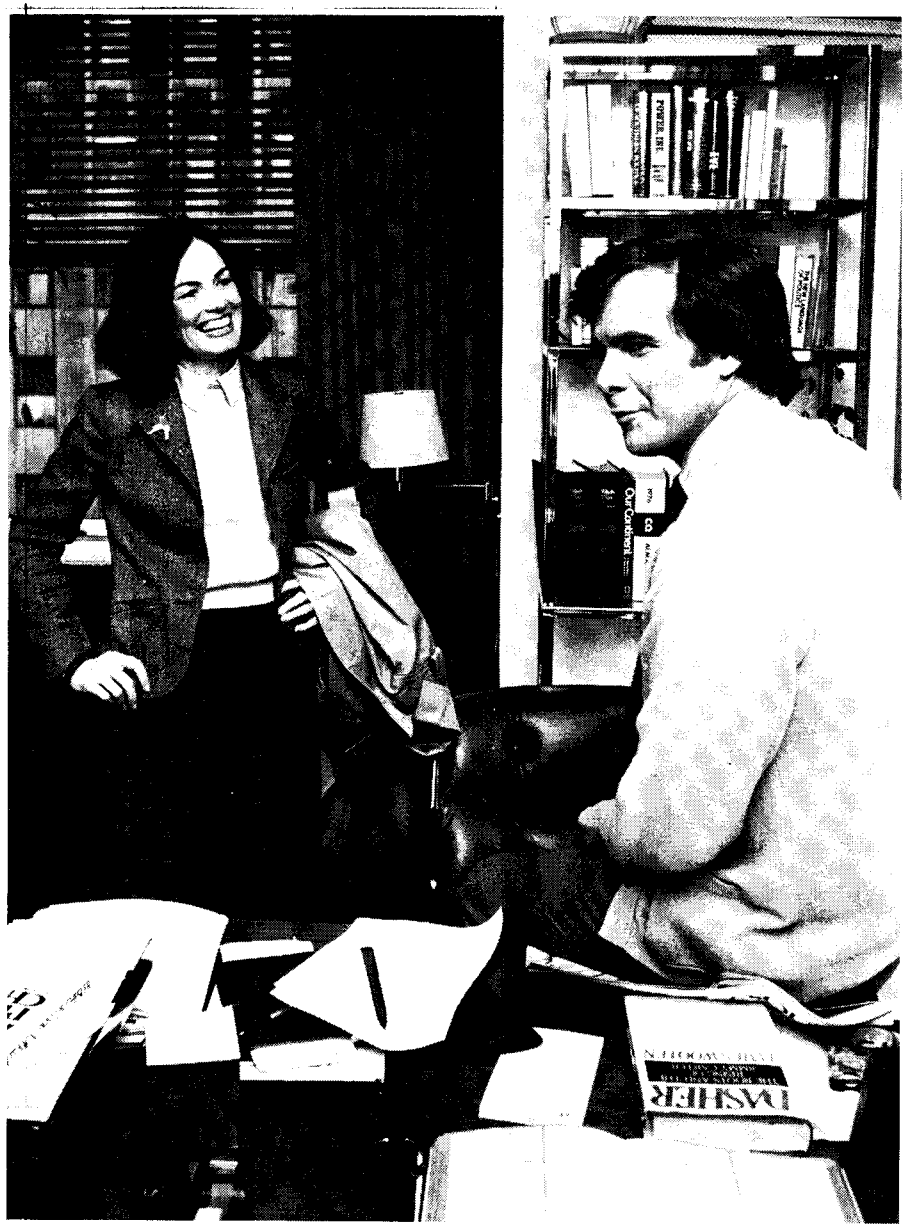
"Oh, yes. I get about 400 letters a week. We all do. I wish we could answer all the mail personally but we just can't do it.

"Recently I had a very difficult interview with Anita Bryant. I was not abusive. It was a matter of letting her state her point of view. We showed the scene of her getting a cream pie in the face and I said that was uncalled for and outrageous. Reasonable people everywhere would see it that way.

"On the other hand, it was a very emotional issue with which she was dealing. I let her set out her position. Then I questioned her view of the Bible and other sins of society. Like racism. Isn't that a sin? Should we not be as conscious of racism as homosexuality? Would you let a teacher who is an avowed racist be in the classroom when the Bible says love thy fellow man?

"I was trying to show that she had a fairly narrow interpretation of the Bible. We got more mail on that interview than anything else I've done.

"Another really tough interview



Brokaw and wife Meredith do not let a 6:30 air time cut into social activities. "We refuse to give up a 'grown-up life,'" says Brokaw. "I find I can stay out late a couple of nights a week and still function at 5 a.m."

At a party celebrating the "Today" show's years of erudition and nonsense on morning TV, co-hosts Jane Pauley and Brokaw greet Senator and Mrs. Howard Baker. "Jane is our fresh, enthusiastic voice," says Brokaw. "She's doing a great job."

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was with Vice-President Mondale, someone I know pretty well. He came on to sell the President's energy program and simply ignored my questions. I got fairly angry. I said something to the effect that he had ended the filibuster on the energy bill and had learned something in the process because he was in effect filibustering me.

"My idea is not to be provocative but to try to get the story. The best interviews are those that leave people with a sense that they have learned something."

I was curious about how Brokaw felt when the network approached him to host the "Today" show. He is only 38. "Where do you go from here?" I wonder. Perhaps the anchor position on the evening news is the last step to the top. And there are rumors that NBC wants Brokaw to take that last step.

"Oh, yes. I've heard those rumors. As far as I'm concerned I have a contract for the 'Today' show that runs a minimum of three years, perhaps as long as five. I think of my tenure here within the terms of that contract and then we'll see what happens.

"The first time they offered me the 'Today' show was right after Frank McGee died so I'd had a little time to think about it by the time it rolled around again. Then I was not prepared to do it. One reason that got some attention was that I would not do commercials. But the more pressing reason was that I was covering the story of my life. I was in the middle of Watergate as White House reporter. I didn't want to walk away from that story. And I also wanted to get some more Washington experience under my belt.

"I was intrigued though by the possibility of two hours on the air every day live and what we could do with it. I had always liked and respected the 'Today' program but I thought it could be more relevant, have a little different pace to it. And it was really a wonderful opportunity to do some things that were not then being done on television. I was not crazy about the idea of working in New York, bringing my family here and getting away from being a day-to-day reporter."

Tom and Elton John, wearing what appears (well, the collar is a little funny) to be a normal outfit, consider the paths and pitfalls the steely little ball of life takes through TV ratings, top-40 charts, and football scores.

Tom reads whatever newspapers are still in business, and some mornings he wishes there were fewer. (Evelyn Wood, you told me there'd be days like this.) Brokaw's years at the White House form a background of experience in world affairs.

Brokaw is married to the former Meredith Auld, and they have three daughters: Jennifer, 12; Andrea, 10; and Sarah, 8.

"We're a close family," Brokaw says, "and we have a lot of dialogue.

"I was interested in what one of our guests said this morning. He had been a criminal and a junkie. He said his parents should have cracked down on him earlier. I think we're coming to the end of the age of permissiveness. That doesn't mean we go back to a sort of 19th-century attitude toward disciplining, but I think children really want guidance.

"Kids are brighter than they've ever been and you can relate to them as adults more than ever before. That's true of my children. They're very sophisticated.

"I worked out a deal with Andrea the other night, for instance, that I would not yell if she would pick up her things around the house and do her homework. It was a good barter. She had complained that when I get really angry at her I tend to raise my voice, and I said that's right. That's a mistake on my part. I may begin to yell again though because sometimes, as I pointed out to her, that's the only way I can get her attention. But you can work things out."

Time was flying by. Brokaw was relaxed and unhurried, alternately tipping back in his chair and leaning forward to make a point, but I had many questions I wanted to ask. After all, I have invested a lot of hours in the "Today" show myself.

"Your new set. How do you like it?

Continued on page 127

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A WORLD TOUR IN ONE COUNTRY

Much in the news these days and much maligned, South Africa is not obsessed with politics, but offers a rich variety of tourist attractions.

by Gordon van der Merwe

A movement born of rustling sound,
A rapid stillness, anchored flight,
That far along the level ground
Carries the distance out of sight.

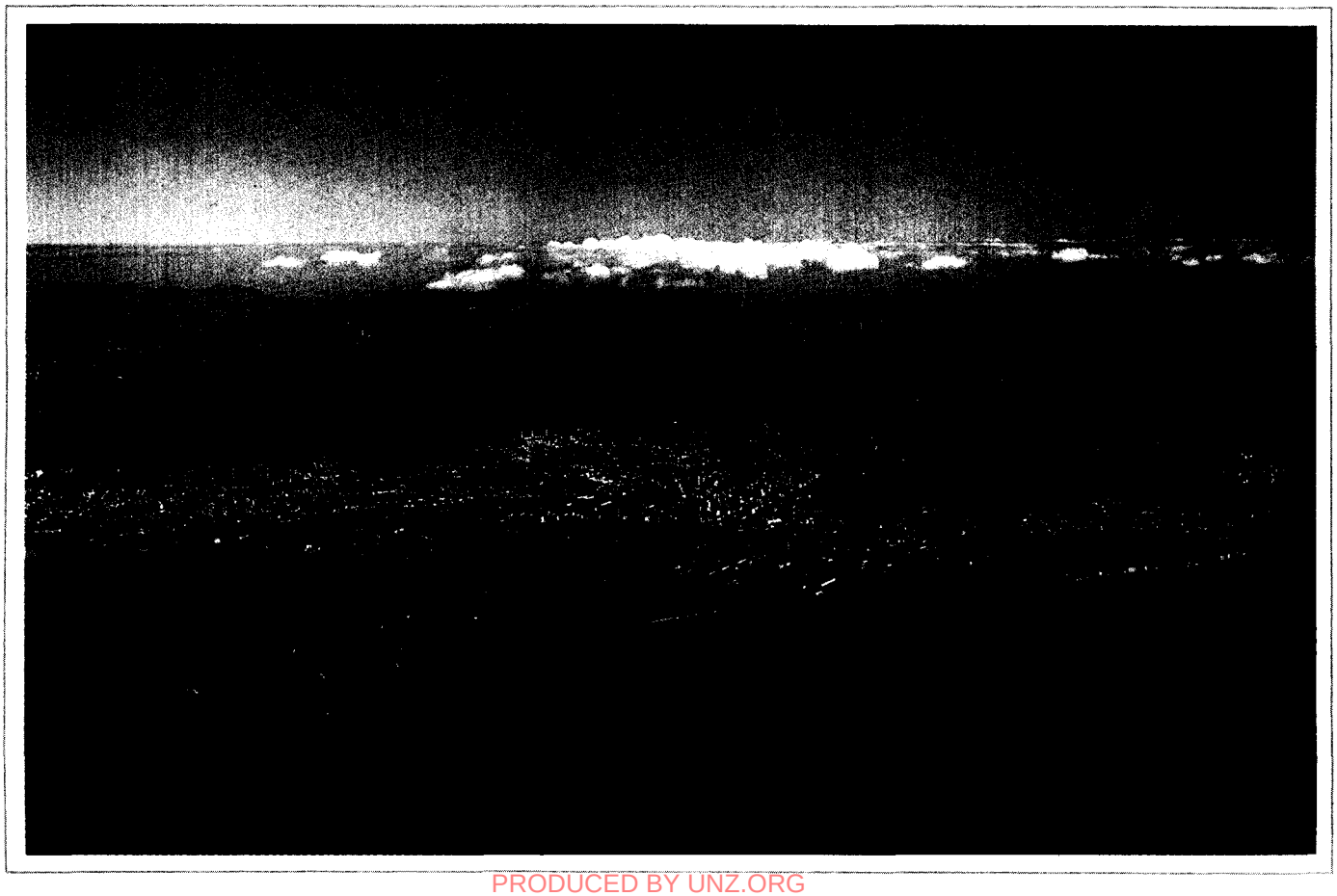
This charming little vignette by the South African poet Roy Campbell aptly captures one of the many striking facets of that country at the southern tip of the African continent. South Africans are an outdoor nation. You see it in their lifestyle, the design of their homes and gardens, and in their faces. There is something about the country and its people that "carries the distance out of sight"—a broad expansiveness which at once offers you a warm welcome to come on in and enjoy the hospitality, but also makes you restless and draws you on to yet more distant horizons.

Such is the variety of scenery, people, and things to do in South Africa that the South African Tourist Corporation (Satour) has coined the phrase "A world tour in one country" as its marketing slogan. And even after one's first experience of the country, one feels the superlatives are justified when Satour offers everything *BIG*—"big scene, big time, big game, big value, and big welcome."

Two recent extensive surveys of thousands of people who had either just visited South Africa or who were planning to go there showed that South Africa not only met, but exceeded, the expectations of the tourist. Furthermore, such was the word-of-mouth praise that 26 percent said they had visited South Africa on the recommendation of friends or acquaintances. There was also a high incidence of repeat visits, and South Africa's annual tourist increase runs at 50 percent higher than the world average increase over the past 10 years.

South Africa has not had it easy in its drive to attract tourists, nor can Satour afford to rest on its laurels. People have the impression that it is "too far away," or they are

Cape Town's beautiful Table Bay. "The fairest Cape in all the circumference of the earth," said Sir Francis Drake, a world traveller of his day. Modern travellers luxuriate in its clear blue waters and sparkling beaches.



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disturbed by adverse and mostly unfair, biased press coverage overseas. Yet more and more people are discovering that this country is one of the most exciting places to visit today.

Not only does it offer a welcome change from the heavily trodden tourist trails of Europe, but when one considers the amazing difference in cost of accommodation, food, transport, and other services, plus the easy access by direct air services between New York, Europe, and Johannesburg, the obstacle of distance simply fades away. Dollar for dollar and scene for scene, South Africa offers the finest value for touring anywhere.

The worst obstacle, though, is unfavourable and unbalanced press coverage. Every vital young country has its share of turbulence and no country is free today of crime and violence. But somehow in the case of South Africa, isolated incidents get all the headlines and the political flexing which is part of the life of every growing nation is pushed into the foreground so that people often get the impression of a country beset by hatred and turmoil.

Ask any visitor for his impressions, however, and almost the first thing he says confirms the description given by a prominent American publisher: beauty and tranquillity, he said, were the strongest impressions which South Africa left upon his mind.

What makes South Africa so attractive to the tourist—and bears out the slogan "world tour in one country"—is the infinite variety it offers, from the raw splendour of African wildlife to the bustle of modern industrial cities. Where else can one, in a single day, experience the spine-tingling thrill of getting so close to a giant African elephant in its native bush that you can actually smell it, or feel the throb of traditional tribal life, or sample the candle-lit sophistication of French cuisine in a five-star, international-class hotel?

And while many people in the northern hemisphere like to escape to the warmth of the southern summer during the northern winter, South Africa enjoys a year-round mild climate with more sunshine hours per year (Cape Town 2,980, Pretoria 3,240) than Washington D.C. (2,200), Bermuda (2,600), or the French Riviera (2,700)—not to mention London, with its average of 1,480 hours of sunshine a year.

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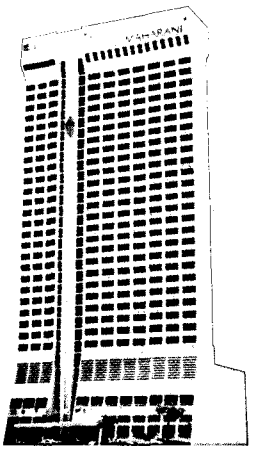

32 floors of splendour reaching for the stars.

Not yet graded by the hotel board, let it be said at once that 5-star bound the Maharani unquestionably is.

Not that this fact can begin to portray the full extent of the hotel's superiority.

For the Maharani was never conceived to 'compete', as such, with other South African hotels.

What it offers visitors of taste and refinement is accommodation commensurate more with the grand hotels of an earlier Europe.

Elegant reflections of a glorious past.

Strikingly modern, the outward simplicity of the Maharani belies the palatial grandeur within.

A stunning spiral staircase ascends through a vault of marvellous old mirrors to gracious entertainment and banqueting halls above.

Below the stairwell the Cane Cutter Bar swishes with palms and slow-moving 'aeroplane' fans reminiscent of colonial Bengal.

At the head of the stairs, renowned artist Clarence Wilson's gilded rococo mural 'The Tree of Life' introduces guests to the Gold Ring Bar (hung with nostalgic memories of the world's greatest thoroughbred racing classics); and beyond: to the Crystal Room whose sunken floor dramatizes a showpiece chandelier, imported from Austria, of truly heroic size.

From far-sighted planning, towering views.

Yet for all its classical bearing, discourage the notion of a hotel bent on simply echoing a splendid past.

A closer study of the outer edifice reveals a most unusual feature: South Africa's first scenic hotel lift.

With its bubble window, it rises as though in a giant champagne glass, up 31 floors, to Maharani's brilliant Raffles Club.

Here in rooms of glittering glass, with windows slanted inward to permit helicopter views of the twinkling beachfront lights below, celebrants can revel till 4 a.m.

One floor higher, at the Maharani Skypool, bathers are beckoned to the loftiest plunge in all of Africa. (On a typically clear Durban day, you can see forever.)

Not a hotel so much as a palace, Her Highness the Maharani awaits your visit.

Southern Sun's Maharani, Snell Parade, Durban.

Central Reservations: Johannesburg 783-5333. Durban 37-1321. Cape Town 44-6121. Port Elizabeth 2-7321. Bloemfontein 7-0595. Partnership 1575/1/E

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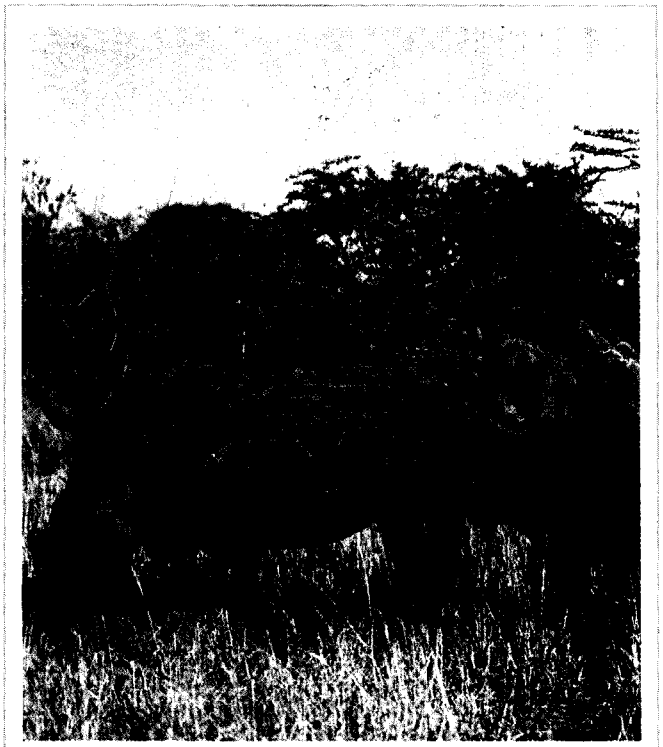

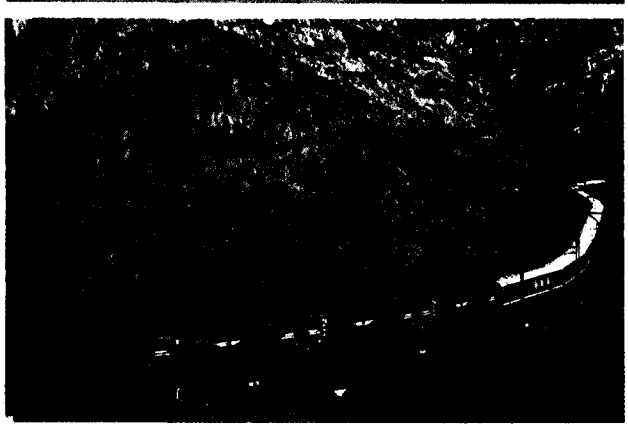

(Left) White rhinoceroses or "square-lipped rhinos" in Kruger National Park (and other South African game reserves) observe the species homo *tourist with a genteel fascination.*

Ringing the coastline of the southern end of Africa are the beautiful golden, silver-gilt, or bone-white beaches. Those who come to tour the game reserves, botanize, bird-watch or collect gemstones find themselves irresistibly lured to the beaches. Even the hardest-headed businessman, the most dedicated rockhound or historian will find himself basking in the soft sand and warm sea air at the ocean's edge.

Americans who visit South Africa are struck by the many familiar sights they encounter. Johannesburg is like a mini-New York, with its tall buildings, the financial district round the stock exchange, and the heavy city traffic—except that the traffic moves on the "wrong" side of the street, a habit inherited from Britain. The streets are filled with American automobiles (locally assembled, with an increasing content of locally manufactured components), the shops with American goods (either imported or manufactured locally under license), and the trade directory with American companies.

South Africa was America's biggest trading partner in Africa until Nigeria discovered oil, and American companies still have larger investments and subsidiaries here than anywhere to the north on the African continent. Not only are American companies deeply involved in the country's economic life, but they are playing a leading role in the uplifting of its black population through good labor relations, high wages, social services, and education. This undoubtedly contributes to the fact, borne out by official international statistics, that South Africa's population—white, black, Asian, or mixed—enjoys a higher standard of living, health, education, and social care than that of any other country in Africa and probably the whole of the Third World.

Since the mass media keep emphasizing it, nobody can remain unaware of the political situation in South Africa. Furthermore, he would soon be reminded of it when he arrives and sees the headlines in the local papers. To say that South Africa has a free press seems like an understatement when the daily papers go at their politicking with a vehemence hardly surpassed by the Washington *Post* at the height of the Watergate crusade.

Nor does the government try to steer the visitor away from the subject of politics. Visitors can see Soweto, and discover that it is not just a black ghetto but a huge city and that although it still suffers from the drawbacks of the uniformity one finds in all rapidly developed housing schemes, this is because it had to fulfill a pressing need for housing for the masses of people who poured into the cities to seek their livelihood there. Or they can visit nearby black homelands and see the black institutions being developed to run the affairs of the seven different black nations that make up South Africa's black population.

Or they can simply turn to the person—black or white—in the next seat in their hotel lobby and, provided he is not an industrialist from Detroit or a scientist from Germany, get a lively man-in-the-street opinion on not only the country's political complexity but also the familiar themes of inflation, cost of living, and taxation.

South Africa has grown rapidly, not so much over the whole of its three and a quarter centuries since the Dutch established a tiny settlement at the present Cape Town, as in the past 75 years or less, when it has undergone its own industrial revolution. Its growth continues, with a vitality and urgency that, in the African context and in the words of the poet, seem to "carry the distance out of sight."

(Left above) Black Africans traditionally express their joy, sorrow, religious beliefs, courtship rituals—every phase of daily life—in tribal dancing. (Left below) Contemporary luxury in motion. South Africa's famed Blue Train, as exotic in its own way as Europe's storied Orient Express, carries passengers from Cape Town to Johannesburg.

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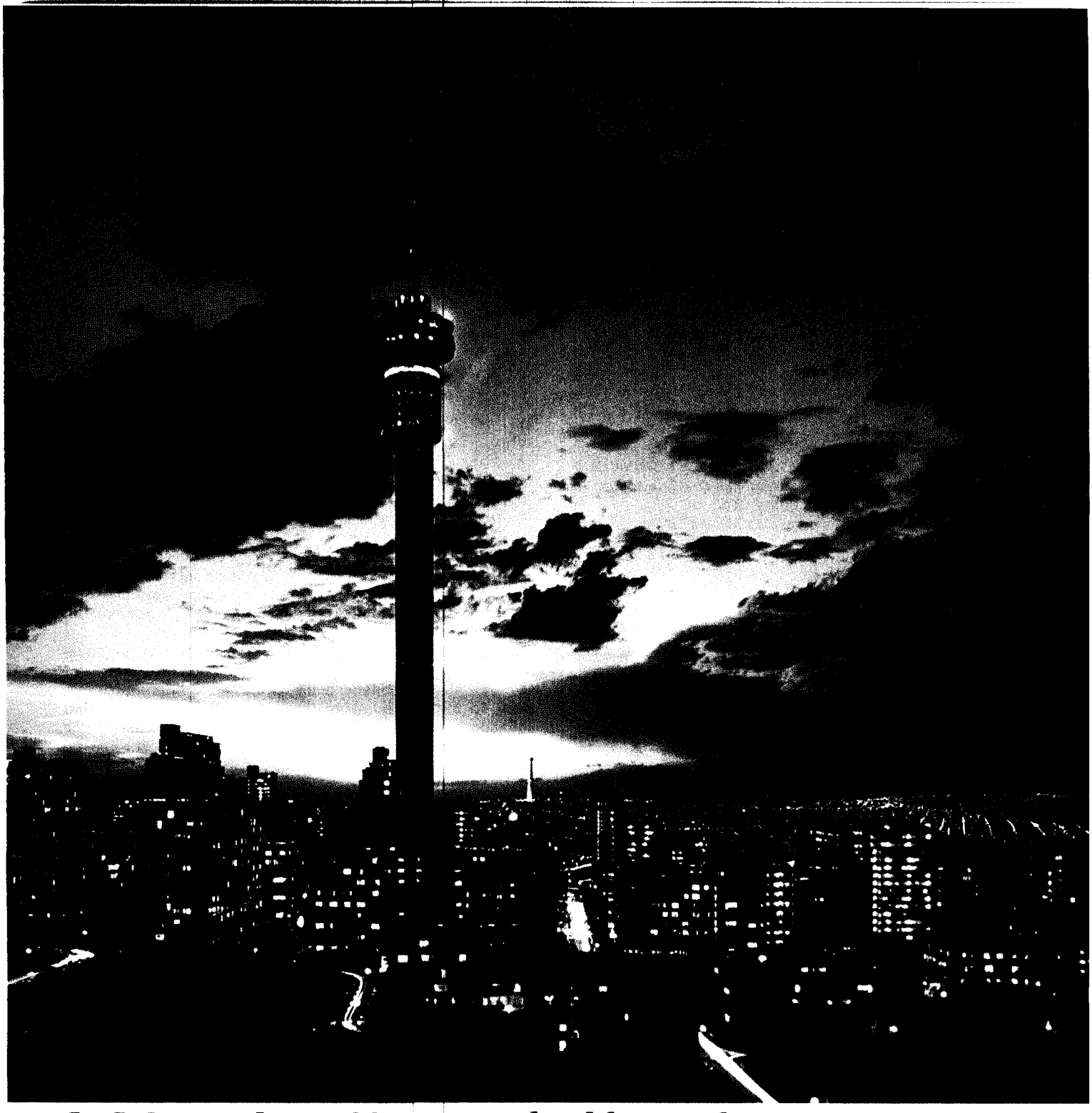

In Johannesburg, 90 years and gold turned a shanty town into a big city. Today gold comes to the surface with every setting sun.

People came from far and wide in search of the brightest material man has known. Maybe that's why the entire city glitters.

It's like a city of the future growing before your very eyes. (In a climate like this, anything or anyone will flourish.)

See it and you'll wonder why your *own* city doesn't do for your spirit what Johannesburg does for it.

Even before you meet your first South African, you'll know why they're so friendly. Anyone who lives in a city so beautiful in a land so beautiful just *has* to glitter too.

Get a few weeks' worth of it all for yourself one of these days.

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PLANES, TRAINS, AND LUXURY HOTELS

You don't have to rough it at the bottom end of Africa.

South Africa is rapidly becoming the crossroads of five continents—North and South America, Europe and Africa, and Australasia. Distance is not really a serious factor these days when, for example, South African Airways offers twice weekly overnight services between New York and Johannesburg, and a network of services to or via other continents. S.A.A. purposely carries considerably fewer than the maximum number of passengers and has styled the interior of the aircraft for maximum comfort on long-haul flights, allowing generous space for relaxing travellers.

S.A.A. operates one of the most extensive inland networks in the world and has built up an enviable record of safety, comfort, service, and standard of food.

On the ground, its sister organization, the South African Railways, offers what must be the world's last bastion of long-distance luxury train travel. This is especially so on the famous Blue Train with its air conditioning, piped music, and intercom communication with the bar stewards. For the 24-hour journey over the thousand miles from Johannesburg to Cape Town, you have the choice of anything from a single coupe to a full suite consisting of lounge, bedroom, and private bathroom.

South African Railways also offers an exciting range of luxury motor coach tours, and its coaches—like S.A.A.'s planes—can be chartered for special interest group tours or conventions.

When it comes to auto hire, the American visitor again finds himself in familiar company, with names like Hertz and Avis up in the forefront and offering the widest choice in automobiles and pick-up and drop-off points at airports or in cities.

But it is in the hotels that most pleasant surprises await the visitor. South African hotels are graded according to international standards and every large city can offer four- and five-star accommodation. Tourists can also, if they choose, sample inland resorts far from the beaten track, be lulled to sleep by the roar of lions and the mysterious sounds of the bush, or hire a caravan and make their own way along South Africa's scenic highways.

For those who want to see Africa's unspoilt beauty—but to do so in comfort—a company like the Southern Sun hotel chain has luxury establishments everywhere from the bustling centre of Johannesburg to the scenic splendour of the coastline and the very edge of the game reserves.

Southern Sun's most interesting new venture is the Mmabatho Sun, which recently opened in Mmabatho, capitol of the newly independent black country of Bophutatswana. Only 45 minutes by air or three hours by automobile from Johannesburg, the Mmabatho Sun not only offers conference facilities for 400 people and all modern comforts like air conditioning and good food, but is the nearest casino hotel to any major South African city, since gambling is not allowed in South Africa itself.

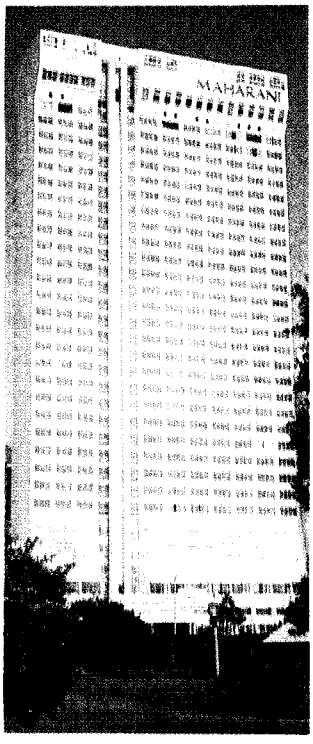
Newest jewel in Southern Sun's chain of hotels is the five-star luxury Maharani Hotel in Durban. Don't miss the unique exterior elevator which carries guests 32 stories into the air to a glass-enclosed swimming pool and recreation area. Guests in this penthouse playground can enjoy the most fantastic views of Durban's golden beaches.

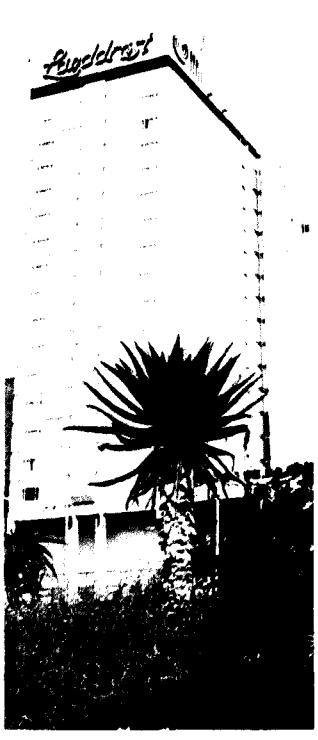
Other Southern Sun establishments are found at Johannesburg's Jan Smuts international airport, in every major city in the country, in the foothills of the Drakensberg Mountains near the Kruger National Park, and at Beacon Island on the Garden Route between Cape Town and Port Elizabeth.

Southern Sun hotels offer reciprocal reservation facilities throughout the world—in North America through Utell International, New York, which can be called toll-free on (800) 223-9868, or telex 424716.

Other hotel names familiar to Americans are Holiday Inn, which operates a chain of establishments throughout South Africa, and Western International, which manages Johannesburg's five-star Carlton Hotel.

(Below) Beacon Island Hotel rises from the sea like a monument to South Africa's irresistible appeal to the traveller's longing for beauty, comfort, and a taste of the exotic. Guests enjoy the finest of cuisine and water sports.





(Far left) Durban's finest, the Maharani Hotel, completed just last March. (Left) The Landdrost Hotel towers over downtown Johannesburg. (Right) Golfers enjoy championship facilities in sunny South Africa. Ask Gary Player.

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THE WILD AND THE TAME

A theme for every taste.

The jet age has not only brought distant places nearer, but the combination of mobility, affluence, and the "armchair travel" in which every individual can indulge through television and the printed media has made tourists more selective. The lazy holiday in the sun and the rambling sight-seeing tour are still the bread and butter of the travel industry, but increasingly people are combining special-interest expeditions with their holidays.

Not only does this provide greater depth to their travels than mere aimless wandering, but it often enables them to take advantage of reduced fares and special rates for group travel.

The variety of special interests for which South Africa can cater is extensively covered in a series of "theme tour" brochures published by the South African Tourist Corporation (Satour) and available from its offices in the United States. Here is a sample of the themes on offer:

Wildlife. Majestic lions, buffalo herds, elephants, crocodiles, and graceful antelope remain one of the chief attractions of Africa. But apart from the famous Kruger National Park, which is bigger than some European countries, South Africa boasts a wide variety of other game and nature reserves, large and small, where visitors can not only see an infinite variety of fauna and flora, but learn much about the country's highly scientific conservation program.

The confluence of migratory routes at the tip of the African continent has given South Africa one of the world's richest varieties of bird life—over 800 species—and has made South Africa a leader in ornithological research.

"There is no place on earth with such a variety of rare plants, animals, insects, and other marvels of nature as Africa—it seems they are all concentrated at the Cape," the renowned Swedish scientist Carl Linnaeus wrote two centuries ago. Of the 200 natural orders of plants in the world, 180 are found in South Africa, which has something like 18,000 species of plants. Kirstenbosch botanical gardens and other reserves are not only a feast for the eye, but important centres of botanical research.

Already the 10th World Orchid Conference in 1981 has been scheduled to take place at Durban's luxury Elangeni hotel—with excursions to see as many as possible of South Africa's nearly 500 species of orchids.

(Below) Camping in South Africa offers a singular opportunity to the botanist, zoologist, or the merely curious to observe an unparalleled variety of wildlife in its native habitat.

Stone Age Art. A tour of the country's rich treasure of primitive rock paintings takes you back 30,000 years in time to the early Stone Age.

Gold. South Africa, as everyone knows, produces 60 percent of the Free World's gold. But more fascinating than mere statistics is a trip thousands of feet down a gold mine, or to the old gold rush towns, rich with history, or to the jewelry shops in the main cities, which employ some of the finest craftsmen in the world.

Steam trains. Hundreds of steam train enthusiasts visit South Africa every year, as the country is rightly called "the last stronghold of steam." But even people who do not make a hobby out of train-spotting cannot but be thrilled by the sight of majestic steam engines thundering across the *veld* or winding their way through mountain passes.

Sport. The climate of South Africa with its glorious sun-splashed days invites the traveller and native South African alike to participate in the varied offering of activities available to them. South Africa is an outdoor country with excellent facilities for every sporting taste from bowls to mountaineering, or from gliding high above the varying landscape to surfing and aqualung diving in the oceans lapping South Africa's shores.

World golf champion Gary Player says of the golf courses in his country: "They're right up there among the toughest, most testing, and most beautiful holes you can play anywhere. . . . They are all very close to South Africa's famous game reserves, and right close by our great scenic attractions. They test your golf and rest your eyes, so to speak."

Food and wine. South Africa is an important producer and exporter of fine wines. A tour of the historic wine estates near Cape Town is sure to please both the gourmet and the gourmand and be a memorable experience for even the casual observer. There is food for every palate, from fresh seafood or the traditional barbecue to the *haute cuisine* of the five-star hotels—at prices which are cheap by American and European standards.

TRAVEL TIPS

Travel documents: American citizens need a visa for South Africa, available from South African consulates in Washington, New York, Los Angeles, and New Orleans.

Health: Visitors must have an international smallpox vaccination certificate. Drinking water, food, and health and medical facilities are maintained at the highest international standards.

Language: English is the main common language, and the language of commerce. The other official language is Afrikaans (similar to Dutch), and there are more than half a dozen indigenous African languages.

Communications: Direct-dialling telephone and telex facilities are available between South Africa and North America, Europe, and other countries.

Climate: Seasons reversed: December-February hot. Winter nights can be chilly, but the days are mild, so wear a warm cardigan or medium-weight coat which can be removed during the day.

Currency: One rand (R1) = $1.15.

Credit cards: All major credit cards such as American Express, Diners, Mastercharge, and BankAmericard/Visa are widely accepted.

Travellers' checks: American Express and other dollar traveller checks can be freely cashed throughout the country.

Further information and full assistance in planning your tour can be obtained from South African Tourist Corporation offices in New York, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Toronto, and all major European cities.

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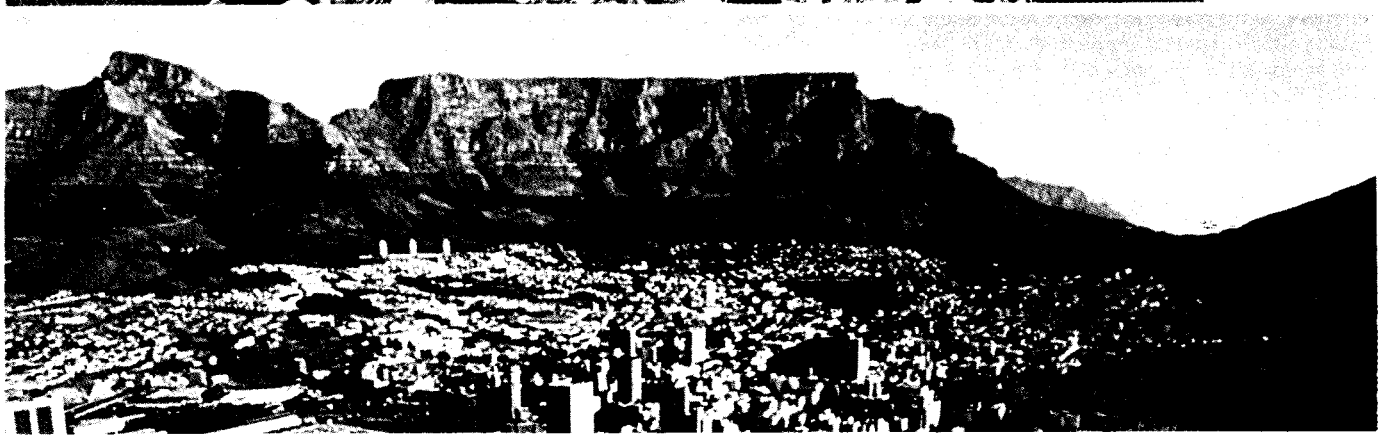
Big game. Big time. Big value.



Big scene. Dollar for dollar and scene for scene South Africa offers the finest value for touring anywhere.
With an incredible variety of things to see and do, the great attraction is still the low cost.
Big game. Example one is the cost of game touring. Take the Kruger National Park, bigger in extent than some European countries: the cost per night of a double air-conditioned luxury hut with bath is just $9.46.
Big time. Example two is hotels. There are 1436 accommodation establishments, graded from a one star hostelry, high in the hills for $8.60 a night, to an international class, five star tower block in the city for from $20.64 a night. Without mentioning motels, resorts, caravan parks and camping facilities everywhere.
Big value. Example three is the very value of the dollar here. The price of superbly comfortable travel on a vast network of air, coach and rail links, with car and caravan hiring facilities in every centre. Take the cost of anything you can buy, from indigenous semi-precious stones for a few dollars to a night of dining, dancing and cabaret for about $15 a head.
Big welcome. Yet one of the best things in South Africa is free – the traditional warm hospitality. Ask the many who come.

satour

South African Tourist Corporation
New York: Rockefeller Center, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020.
Los Angeles: Suite 721, 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90212.
Toronto: Suite 1001, 20 Eglinton Avenue West, Toronto M4R 1K8.
Also at: **Chicago, London, Frankfurt, Amsterdam, Paris, Milan, Zürich, Sydney, Salisbury, Tokyo, Buenos Aires and Pretoria.**
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Marijuana

continued from page 70

newspaper columnists Ann Landers and William F. Buckley, and the Nixon administration-sponsored National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse (the Shafer Commission).

What these individuals and groups recognize is the tide of social opinion moving in favor of more lenient laws. Also, they recognize the limited effectiveness of law enforcement efforts over the years to stop the flow of marijuana into this country. U.S. Customs officials estimate that between 15 and 20 million pounds were smuggled into the country last year, making marijuana smuggling the biggest illegal business in the U.S. today with estimated gross sales of between 4 and 5 billion dollars.

Despite hundreds of millions of dollars spent in law enforcement to prohibit smuggling, U.S. government sources indicate that only about 10 percent of all the marijuana which is being imported into this country is ever confiscated.

Unlike the less potent U.S. home-grown variety of pot, the majority of imported marijuana is high-grade—and highly sought after. The weed is easily cultivated in the fields of South and Central America where local governments do little to stop its cultivation.

Once the marijuana plants mature (about six months' time), they are generally cut and pressed into 50-pound bales for export to foreign markets, primarily the U.S.

One of the easiest ways for large marijuana dealers to move the bulky illicit drug is through large ocean-going freighters which anchor off coastal points and transfer their cargo to numerous small boats which reenter U.S. waters largely undetected.

For highly-financed operations, private airplanes are also used to fly the bales into the country. Much to the chagrin of U.S. Customs agents and the military, small and medium-sized planes have been able to penetrate U.S. borders undetected by our sophisticated radar and early warning systems.

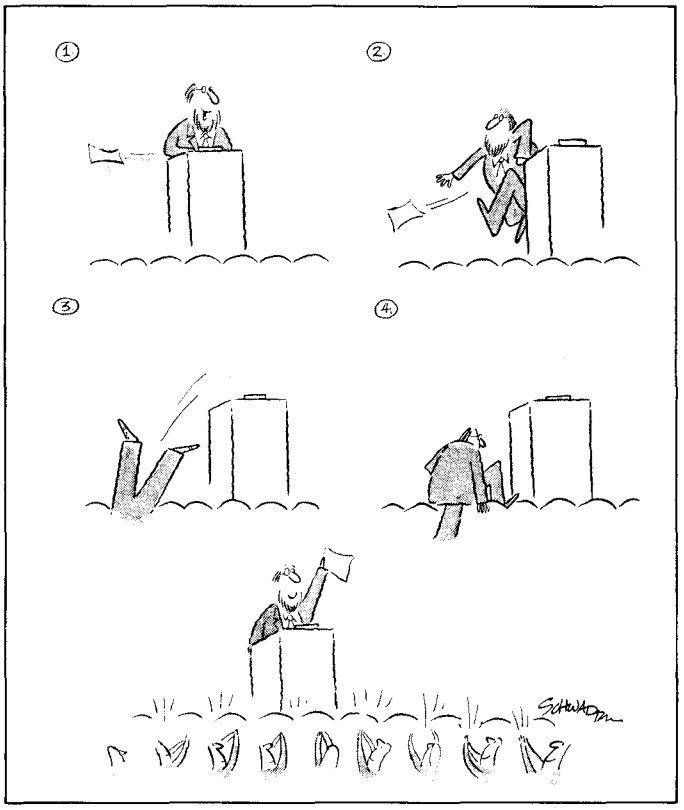
A recent attempt to fly marijuana into the U.S. was foiled quite by accident by U.S. authorities when an abandoned DC-7 airplane was discovered at a small airport near Augusta, Georgia. On board were 11½ tons of high-grade South American marijuana, valued at almost $13 million. Agents of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation speculate that the aircraft simply ran out of gas before reaching its destination, forcing the crew to abandon the craft.

Despite occasional reports of successful raids and arrests of marijuana dealers, marijuana continues to be plentiful in the U.S.

What makes the demand for marijuana so prevalent in America?

Pot smokers say that marijuana gives them a better "high" than alcohol, without the dangerous ill effects of "hard" drugs. And, they argue, marijuana smoking is less hazardous to their health than regular cigarette smoking.

Critics of marijuana violently disagree, arguing that the drug is far from harmless.



Researchers, spurred to greater study by the rapidly changing social and legal status of the drug, are still trying to determine just how safe—or dangerous—marijuana really is. Mountains of scientific data have been collected, much of it contradictory. Part of the problem, researchers note, is that THC (the active ingredient in marijuana that gives smokers their "high") varies widely according to the region in which the plant is grown and the location of the leaf on the plant. Therefore, any research performed into the effects of the drug has to be analyzed with the knowledge that the results may not be the same using other samples of marijuana. The social implications are that the behavior of those who smoke marijuana may also vary widely.

One of the chief concerns of researchers into marijuana is that the drug may "reduce the will to think straight, and produce a loss of will power." Termed the "amotivational syndrome," demonstrable loss of will by smokers has never been proved despite scores of conflicting reports. Some of those reports charging a loss of will include findings by the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, the U.S. Army, and, more recently, the Eastland Committee hearings. Reports disclaiming any loss of will include findings of the second annual HEW report on Marijuana and Health, the Drug Abuse Council, the Shafer Commission, and *Consumer Reports*.

In addition to the amotivational syndrome, researchers are looking into several other areas, including chromosome damage and birth defects, brain damage, psychosis, the lowering of immunity to disease, and sexual impairment.

In each case, there is enough conflicting testimony to warrant further study, with no report remaining unchallenged.

Following months of research into the various reports covering all aspects of the drug, a Special Task Force of the White House Domestic Council recommended to President Ford in 1975 that U.S. anti-marijuana efforts be de-emphasized. The top-level review of drug-abuse priorities underscored the relatively low social cost of marijuana use and urged a better targeting of resources to fight drugs that present a greater hazard to the American population.

Whether or not marijuana will ever gain full public acceptance in the same way as alcohol and tobacco remains to be seen. Some efforts are currently being made to have marijuana legalized for certain medical treatments for diseases such as glaucoma and high blood pressure. However, for the greatest percentage of American users, marijuana's benefits are merely pleasurable and not medicinal.

In a field still filled with ambiguities and lingering questions, only two things are certain: (1) Marijuana use in the United States will continue to increase—with or without social and legal acceptance; and (2) the pros and cons of marijuana use will continue unabated. ☒

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POST SCRIPTS

Eye for Work

May's the month for man to mow
His grass with great regard,
For that's the time the girls are out
Sunbathing in the yard.

–Betty Wallace Scott

Change

The small toy car is now large
and fancy and chromed.
The skinny stick horse is pedigreed,
fast and well-combed.
The stubby boat is ponderous, with
kitchen and bed.
The battered cap gun is now heavy,
and shoots real lead.
As I look at this world, I question
its joys.
The playthings have grown,
but have the boys?

–Ramona Demery

Our Achilles' Heel

We may have enemies overseas
Who want this country on its knees,
So keep this secret from them please:
They need not do anything sloppier
Than jam every Xerox copier!

–Hilliard Jason

Job Interview

A department store sales clerk quit his job to become a cop and, shortly thereafter, was asked how he liked his new work.

"Pretty well," he replied. "At least it's a relief to be in a business where the customer is always wrong."

–Robert Fuoss

Late Date

In England, a busful of American tourists pulled to a stop at Runnymede and one of them demanded of the guide, "What happened here?"

"This is where they signed the Magna Carta," he replied.

"When did they do that?"

"1215," said the guide.

Looking at his watch, the tourist turned to his wife and said, "My gosh, Helen, we just missed it by 49 minutes!"

–Dorothea Kent

Financial Quiz

Included in the admission application of a local university was the question, designed to discover if a student would require scholarship help, "How do you expect to pay the costs of your education?"

One prospective student answered reassuringly, "By check."

–Honey Greer

The Last Degree

Getting a B.A. was a snap
So was a Ph.D.
The hard part, though, came later on.
Getting a J.O.B.

–Palmina Stephens

Vamp . . . or Revamp

I'll never be the wife who will
Be FIRST with each new style.
My husband's fashion-sense is nil—
It takes a little wile.

–Ruth Chadwick

Trial and Error

The judge was lecturing a habitual offender before pronouncing sentence. "It seems you have appeared regularly in this court over the past 20 years."

"That's correct, judge, and quite frankly, I'm disappointed in you. I expected that you would at least be governor by now."

–John A. Johnston

"Gentlemen, if you would, I'd like you to think back with me to the dawn of time."

Way To Go

Today's most expensive way to travel
Is not in a limousine, smart:
It's merely pushing along behind
A supermarket cart!

–Ruth M. Walsh

Keeps It Going

A couple celebrating 50 years of marriage was asked the secret of their long and happy arrangement. "Well," the wife replied, "I guess it's because we'd rather fight than switch."

–Herm Albright

Singular Man

A Bachelor . . .

. . . is a guy who has taken advantage of the fact that marriage is not compulsory.

. . . is a guy who believes it's much better to have loved and lost than to have to get up for the 2 a.m. feeding.

. . . is a guy who must be the most miss-informed man in town.

. . . is a guy who can make a fool out of himself at a party without being told about it.

. . . is a guy who never Mrs. anyone!

–Herm Albright

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He Was Floored

Before moving into their new suburban home, the newly married couple put down an expensive vinyl floor, which they were very proud of.

"Be careful of that floor," they warned the moving man. "It's just been waxed."

"Don't worry," he declared. "I'm wearing spiked shoes."

–Honey Greer

Hail, Hail, the Gang's Not Here

I don't understand it, and God
knows I've tried—
My life is not all it could be.
No little blue man paddles 'round
my commode;
No margarine says "butter" to me.

I go to the laundromat once
every week,
But no one has offered to buy
My husband's spaghetti-stained
T-shirt or shorts
If I'd just give their product a try.

Mother Tums never calls when
my stomach's upset
To wish me a speedy get well;
Mrs. Olson has never dropped by
around noon
To tell me my coffee is swell.

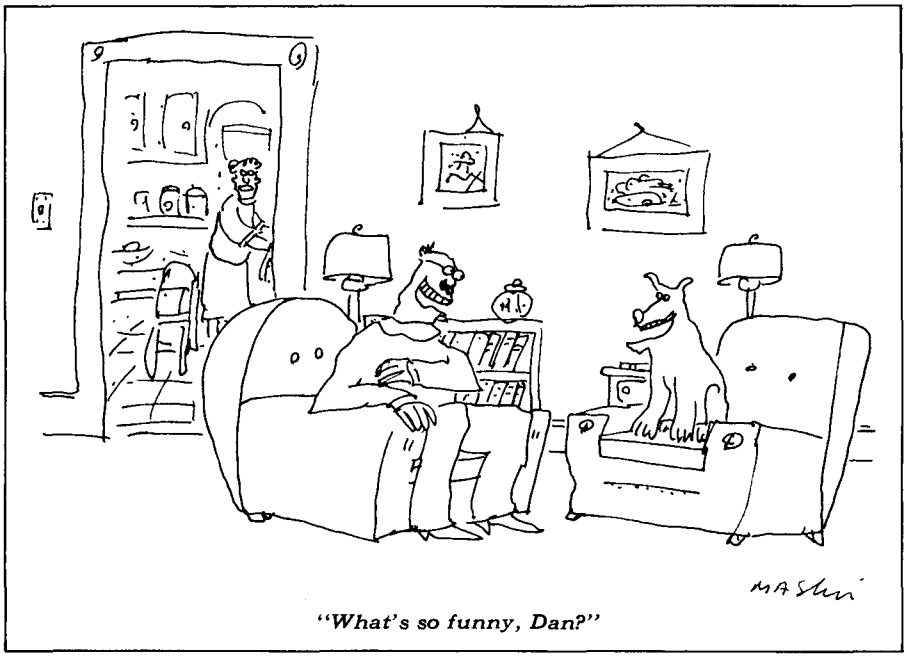
I buy all their products, I watch
all their ads,
And it's true that my ends never
frizz.
My pie crusts are flaky; my floor
shines like glass.
Still, I wonder where everyone is!

–Ann B. Kesslen and
Anita E. Scott

Whither Thou Goest

The dollars I've spent on vacations
Are many, my friend, do not doubt it.
It's true that you can't take it with you,
But try to get somewhere without it.

–Nonee Nolan



"What's so funny, Dan?"

Higher Math

Three men were in the hospital waiting room when the nurse came in from the maternity ward. She said to the first man, "Sir, you're the father of twins." "Hey! Isn't that a coincidence?" he replied. "I'm a member of the Minnesota Twins baseball team." Later the nurse came in and said to the second man, "Sir, you're the father of triplets." "Gee," the man said, "another coincidence! I work for the 3M Company."

The third man jumped to his feet, grabbed his hat and said, "I'm getting outta here. I work for 7-UP!"

–Phyllis A. Hadden

Oil's Not Well

When the husband exclaimed, "I've just discovered oil on our property!" his wife said, "Wonderful! Now we can get a new car!"

"We'd better get the old one fixed," responded the husband. "That's where the oil is coming from."

–Dorothea Kent

Babies in the Wood

A trained flea entertains at
the circus,
And the same might be said of
a louse;
I don't know which insect is
the greatest,
But a termite can bring down
the house!

–Agnes W. Thomas

Glass Menagerie

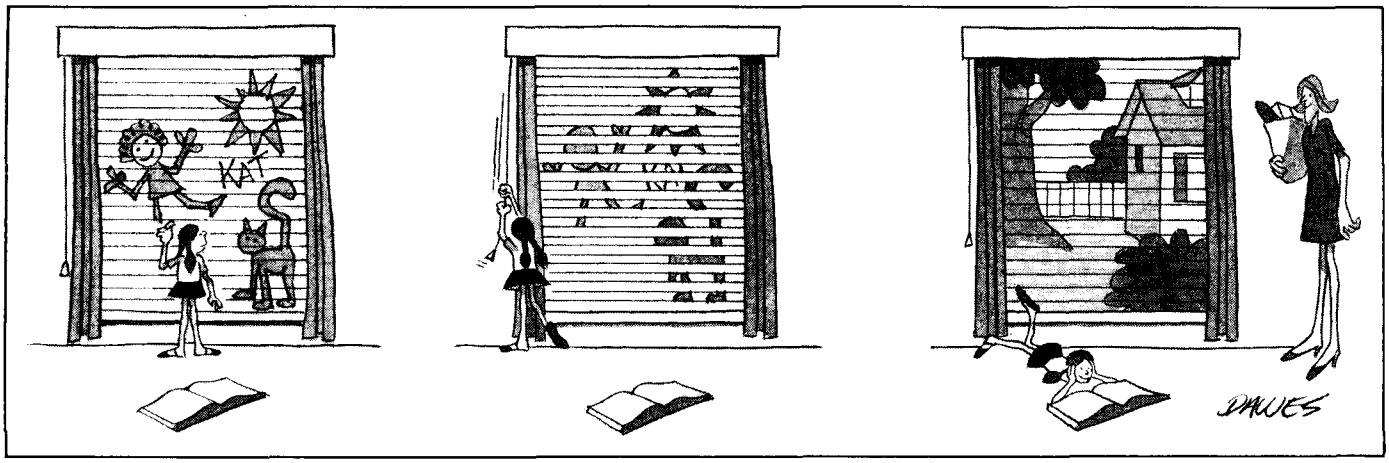
Glasses can change one's personality,
Make one more amiable or gruff.
All it depends upon is
If you empty them often enough!

–Ruth M. Walsh

River Views

Rivers like the East,
The Thames,
Have leapers as their bane,
And Paris folk
Who cannot cope
May drive themselves in-Seine.

–E. B. de Vito



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BOOK SHELF

Shadow Box

By George Plimpton
351 pages, G.P. Putnam's Sons
$9.95

by David Brudnoy

Me, I've never understood boxing: too vulgar, don't you know; too evocative (of the baser passions in the drooling, bloodthirsty audience, heck, of the baser passions in *me*); too far removed from the world of the writer, the world of the word. Few of us who live by the word have much truck with the deed, the act itself; few of us *participate* in what we write about; few of us come anywhere near George Plimpton in his insatiable curiosity to experience—not merely abstractly to know, but to see. Well, Plimpton combines the worlds of The Writer (he founded *The Paris Review* and his books are never less than highly readable) and The Actor. He is the foremost practitioner of a new cottage industry of writers who get right down there in the (figurative) ring with the doers, lending authenticity to his writings about them, lending immediacy to his ruminations.

Now he's climbed right into the (literal) ring, subjecting himself first to a pummeling from light-heavyweight champion Archie Moore, and thereafter pursuing pugilists across the world and through the centuries, until at last he has fastened himself to the life and art of the former Cassius Clay, championing Muhammad Ali against those who deprived him of his heavyweight title because of his refusal to accept induction into the U.S. Army and glorying in the champ's reconquest of his crown in his magnificent victory over George Forman in Zaire. Along the way, George Plimpton has written a book about boxing that has the ability to sweep away even a reader who thinks himself totally uninterested in that sport. Could Plimpton do the same for professional wrestling, that show biz "sport"? Well, now, there *are* limits, probably even for the talents of George Plimpton. Still, one wonders.

Plimpton's secret for making the "Sweet Science," as boxing is sometimes called, seem, at least while reading of it, the most fascinating activity in the world is the perfect balance of the technical and the general, the ideal balancing of material about boxing and material about a hundred other subjects that come to the author's attention as he is engaged in the act of writing. And so, among the most intriguing pages of *Shadow Box* are those that digress into an extended discussion of the death fantasies of famous writers, long gone and still living wordsmiths. Just what does all that have to do with pugilism? Actually, nothing, but what the heck; as Plimpton writes: "A lot of other stuff seems to creep in. It's mostly about people taking matters into their own hands—gangsters, mercenaries, jealous lovers, outraged writers. I've developed a near-vigilante, antibureaucratic attitude I don't like at all."

That last sentence hints at something central in this book, as in the actuality of all true sport. (I exclude those few "sports" that are more show business than tests of skill, like the aforementioned professional wrestling.) If there is one area of modern life where skill counts almost entirely and no other factor weighs with anything like skill's heaviness, it is sport. The bureaucrats can stymie talent in virtually any other arena, but the best practitioners of any genuine sport invariably wind up at the top. Maybe Norman Mailer's fascination with boxing, Ernest Hemingway's love of bullfighting and many other sports, Plimpton's willingness to risk getting his body crunched in this or that dangerous athletic activity, all arise from the artist's frustrations about the impediments of modern life, from (to use Plimpton's words) the antibureaucratic attitude.

Shadow Box roams in and out of boxing at will. Plimpton casts his net far and snags a multitude of seemingly unrelated subjects and persons and then, with the bright wit and dazzling virtuosity that always grace his books, he swoops back in on his ostensible subject and the diversions seem absolutely justified. And more than justified: clever, original rambles enabling both author and reader to gain, or regain, perspective. Where the lesser writer might feel obliged to stick resolutely to the title theme, the *artist* with words, like Plimpton, dares to broaden *his* theme to Life itself (which is what great writing is always about) and makes, as here, of his subject a path to insight into a larger, indeed the largest, subject.

We learn how venerable is the tradition of the amateur pugilist, how many people of taste and influence in ages past were caught up in the fascination of the boxing match, how even so refined a sensibility as Lord Byron became a very tough customer indeed in the ring with his friends, "not beyond laying them low. His temper was considerable, perhaps an hereditary matter since his mother was supposed to have died of a fit of rage brought on by reading an upholsterer's bill." You see how far from an expectable book about boxing this savvy investigation by Plimpton is. And early on the reader understands what Plimpton came, quite surprised, to find: that many, many people—"eccentrics, braggards, publicity seekers, adventurers, aficionados, slightly addled-sounding aristocrats, a large number of writers, and certain individuals on whom [it would be] difficult to pin a description"—have lusted to go at it in the ring with a boxing

Continued on page 98

It Takes A Long Time To Become Young

by Garson Kanin
185 pages, Doubleday & Co., $6.95

by John McGlinn

It is Garson Kanin's opinion that our country is in the grip of a deadly disease, a disease that is slowly destroying us all, a disease to which we are all exposed—ageism.

What began as an editorial reply against mandatory retirement has grown into this book—examining our country's attitudes towards age, comparing our culture with those of other lands, and giving constant examples of men and women whose most noteworthy achievements began long after 65.

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Kanin is in a good position to know. Not only is he himself approaching the deadly "cut-off age," but he is married to one of America's most remarkable women, actress Ruth Gordon. Now in her 80s, Miss Gordon's finest acting has been done in the last 20 years, including her creation of the title role in Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker* and she shows no signs of slowing down.

Surrounded by many such case histories, Ruth Gordon is held as an example of the useful, vibrant lives that can be led by our "senior citizens" (Adele Astaire at 81: "Please don't call me a 'senior citizen.' I hate that. If you have to call me something, I prefer 'old bag.' ").

Kanin spends some time examining the origins of ageism—and begins by centering on sports. America is a sports-geared country, and in sports youth is everything. A baseball player at 30 is getting to be an old man; a football player at 35 is taking his life in his hands. New players, young and strong, enter the leagues as the "old men" gracefully bow out to begin second lives as coaches, announcers, or actors.

Kanin asks what we are to make of this system where at 30 a person is considered washed-up. What must one's attitude be like at 65?

He examines two aspects of mandatory retirement: its futility and its destructiveness. One would think there would be little need to stress that there is no magical overnight change on one's 65th birthday—no automatic falling-off of the faculties, no petrifaction set in. There are those old at 40, and others still children at a mere 80. And yet we continue to set 65 as an arbitrary cut-off age when a person is no longer *allowed* to be productive (and that cut-off age is dropping in many cases).

What does this system do to the psyches of those it touches? Kanin likens it to a prisoner on Death Row: He has known for months he would die on June 12; as June 12 approaches, he becomes resigned to death; come that date, in many ways he is as good as dead, beyond hope and beyond life. So with mandatory retirement. As the system now stands, we are conditioned from birth to believe that after 65 people may not work, therefore, are unfit to work, are somehow unworthy to take part in the productive process. They are brainwashed into *believing* that overnight they have become superfluous, ready to be shunted away to live out their time without being too much of an inconvenience.

Nonsense! cries Kanin, and rattles off dozens of names to prove it—not just big-time folk like Pablo Picasso, Martha Graham, Marc Chagall, Otto Klemperer, and George Balanchine, but everyday civilians who took it upon themselves to rebuild their own lives after society tried to take it away from them, who began businesses, whose hobbies became viable professions (at 73 Grandma Moses decided to take a fling at painting), whose lives suddenly became enriched with meaning.

He examines the retirement age of 65 (initiated in Germany under Bismarck at a time when the life expectancy was little more than that), the battles fought against it in the courts, and the radical groups springing up across the country—including Maggie Kuhn and her Gray Panthers.

Most infuriating are the contradictions—the vital positions held in government by people who *begin* their jobs in their 60s—presidents, governors, Supreme Court judges.

The life expectancy is rising. Many now live to be 80 and 90; in 30 years, perhaps 100-year-olds will be numerous. If attitudes remain unchanged, this is going to result in 40-odd years of wasted, unproductive life. What should be done?

Kanin tries to supply some suggestions, but his main purpose seems two-fold. In the short run, he wants to convince those suffering under the weight of the system that they are *not* useless, and should not allow themselves to be *told* they're useless (and some practical steps to prove it). In the long run, *It Takes a Long Time To Become Young* is another step at consciousness-raising. One man is up in arms, seeking reinforcements.

—The Post Recommends—

Chance Meetings
William Saroyan
W. W. Norton & Co.
$8.95

William Saroyan uses his mastery of storytelling to describe his meetings with a variety of entertaining and memorable characters who chanced to wander through his life. There was his daughter, her face seemingly (and temporarily) lopsided when he first saw her; he thought, "Ah well, I guess she'll have a great mind, then. And perhaps be a writer." There was the Armenian wrestler who threw his car into reverse and backed for three blocks—at sixty miles per hour. There was the publisher of *The Macaroni Review*, a magazine geared to the eighty-four spaghetti and macaroni manufacturers in San Francisco. And there was. . . .

Margaret: The Tragic Princess
James Brough
G. P. Putnam's Sons
$9.95

Princess Margaret of England is a storybook princess whose story went somehow awry. After much thought and consultation she gave up her first love, Captain Peter Townsend, because he was a divorced man. Eventual marriage to a celebrated photographer, Anthony Armstrong-Jones, did not result in happiness ever after. In *Margaret: The Tragic Princess* James Brough traces well the twists and turns in Princess Margaret's personal life and discusses how her problems have affected her official position—her relationship with her sister, Queen Elizabeth, and the other members of the royal family; the roots of her present unpopularity with the British public.

The Plague Dogs
Richard Adams
Alfred A. Knopf
$10.95

The author of *Watership Down* and *Shardik* has created in his latest novel a tale of two dogs, escapees from the tortures of an animal experimentation laboratory in the English Lake District. Rowf, a large black mongrel, fears water desperately because of repeated near drownings and revivals. Brain surgery has caused Snitter, a small fox terrier, to be lucid only at intervals. These two, in their flight from torment and search for a haven, are befriended by a fox who offers to teach them to hunt and survive. Enemies arise too, however, and it becomes questionable whether Rowf and Snitter can survive. An affecting story "with mystic overtones of love and of struggle against evil."

Not Responsible for Personal Articles
Lois Gould
Random House
$7.95

What are "liberated" women's pet peeves? In what way does the E.R.A. resemble a cake mix? What are the "his" and "hers" definitions of power? To what extent should children be involved in household chores? Lois Gould discusses in amusing fashion what being a woman today means to her.

As a special service, any book featured in "The Post Recommends" may be ordered by mail directly from the *Post*. Please include your name and address along with $.75 above the retail price (to cover handling and mailing charges). Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. Mail to: SatEvePost Book Club, Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

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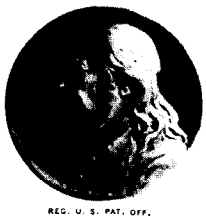
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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The Purloined Record

Years ago we used to get a little thrill when our congressman sent us a copy of a page of the *Congressional Record*. True to his promise there were our name and our article or poem right in the *Congressional Record*. As the days of the copier came along, we in turn would make copies of that copy of our precious page and off they would go to aunts and uncles on the farms in Illinois and Iowa. By gum, maybe we hadn't been able to roll Easter eggs on the White House lawn as children—we'd been busy hoeing button weeds in corn rows—but now every senator and congressman had heard our name; indeed it had been distributed all over Washington.

As years went by, the dream faded as dreams do. We learned that the congressmen and senators were putting all the girls in the *Congressional Record*—and all the boys too. What's more—although the law says the *Congressional Record* should be "substantially a verbatim report of proceedings" in the Senate and House, the *Record* bears not the faintest resemblance to what really happens on the floor of the Senate and House. Almost none of the words printed are actually spoken. In those rare cases where the words have been spoken, the speaker has unlimited right to make *minor* changes like "white" to "black" and "yes" to "no" and of course to add as much as he likes.

We talked to a few congressmen about this. They laughed and laughed. No one who's *anyone* takes the *Congressional Record* seriously. What's more, printing those thousands and thousands of copies every day, each the size of a Sears, Roebuck catalog, keeps lots of people gainfully employed. Without that, President Carter would need an even bigger jobs program. Besides, real lawmaking is nasty business, much like delivering babies, definitely not to be watched by the squeamish.

We're not quite satisfied yet. That *Congressional Record* joke may be deceiving other people. It would be nice if some congressmen would take time enough to investigate and become familiar with this document. But they're so busy. There are children's TV programs to investigate, and quiz shows and college basketball. By the time that's all done it will be canning time again and the bad canning jar grinch will steal all the jar lids unless congressional investigators are on guard.

Wistfully we thought, if they only had time to pass a law. But then we realized it must be harder than that. There already *is* a law.

Our Cities Are Burning

One of the fastest growing crimes in the nation is arson. Last year arsonists caused $700 million in property damage. Far more significant, arsonists killed a thousand people last year. Forty-five were firemen. This is not a victimless crime.

The typical arson case is not the ultimate defiant act of the desperate in the ghetto. Typically, arson is for big stakes: big insurance settlements, usually inflated. Organized crime is involved. The mob will cheerfully survey the property, plan the fire, and help with the preparation of the insurance claims following the fire.

It's obviously faulty reasoning, yet Americans can't quite take a loss seriously if there is insurance. Of course all of us are paying those higher premiums which have become a severe burden to honest businessmen and homeowners. There is also the tragic loss of property. Fires are seldom surgical and selective in their destruction. Arsonists frequently destroy far more than they intend.

All other factors pale when compared with the loss of human life. We still have firemen who risk their lives and do their very best to put fires out. Helpless bystanders are being killed in these fires; people are being deprived of their homes and livelihood.

It is incredible that this travail is being contracted by greedy businessmen and property owners and being carried out by well-organized skilled hoodlums. These are not sudden crimes of passion or frustration.

Of course we can do something about it. Currently our laws are unbelievably tolerant of arson. It's remarkable that our police try to solve those cases at all. In nearly every state of the union there is need to strengthen our laws against arson. The annual cost of arson increases year by year. We should act while we're still lucky enough to have firemen willing to fight fires.

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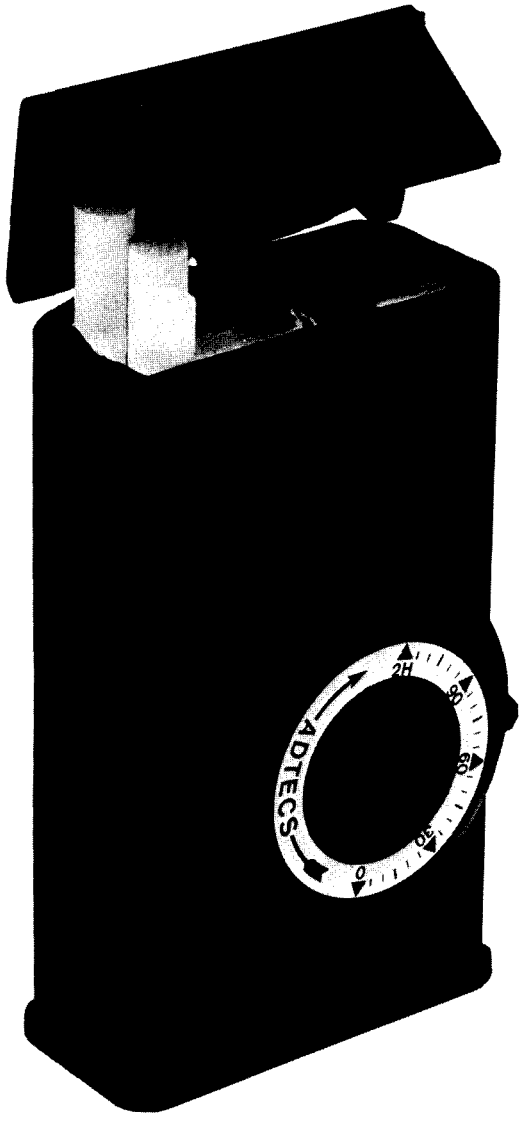
Smoke less

and less

and less



The ADTECS Smoke-Less Health Timer has an automatic self-locking dial that cannot be forced back or pried open, making cigarettes available only on a pre-selected time basis. This enables you to reduce/eliminate your smoking habit the same way you acquired it—in stages, and your system has time to adjust to not smoking just as it does to contact lenses, increased exercise, etc.

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Travel U.S.A.

continued from page 16

fers year-round tours too.

Hannibal: Each 4th of July the National Tom Sawyer Fence Painting Contest recalls the escapades of this boy hero, and all year long visitors can walk the streets Mark Twain roamed as a boy.

ARKANSAS. Ozark Folk Festival: You'll find a 60-unit lodge, a restaurant with mountain foods, and 18 craft centers. Dulcimers and fiddles will delight your ears at the evening program. Baskets, pottery, and quilts will delight your eye.

Hot Springs: Even the Indians claimed these mysterious waters cured all illnesses. Displays in the Visitor Center museum illustrate the mechanism of the spa's hot (143-degree F.) water from its heating by volcanic rock to its arrival in the 14 bathing facilities.

OKLAHOMA. Oklahoma City: Home of the Rodeo Hall of Fame and Cowboy Hall of Fame, plus the National Rodeo Finals December 2-10.

Lake Texoma: 89,000 acres of man-made reservoir full of bass, boats, water skiers, and scuba divers. There are education facilities for beginners. A 15-minute free movie on the major points of interest shows continuously in the tower of Dennison Dam. The third week in June sees a giant fish fry.

GULF STATES

ALABAMA. Bellingrath Gardens & Home: Renowned as the "Charm Spot of the Deep South." The myriads of birds, flowers, and shrubs are located 20 miles south of Mobile.

Ave Maria Grotto, St. Bernard: Brother Joseph Zoettl's 125 miniature replicas of some of the world's most famous churches and missions offer a stroll through time.

MISSISSIPPI. Natchez: Over 100 antebellum homes and buildings preserved, and more than a third of them are open during the Natchez Pilgrimage October 5-22.

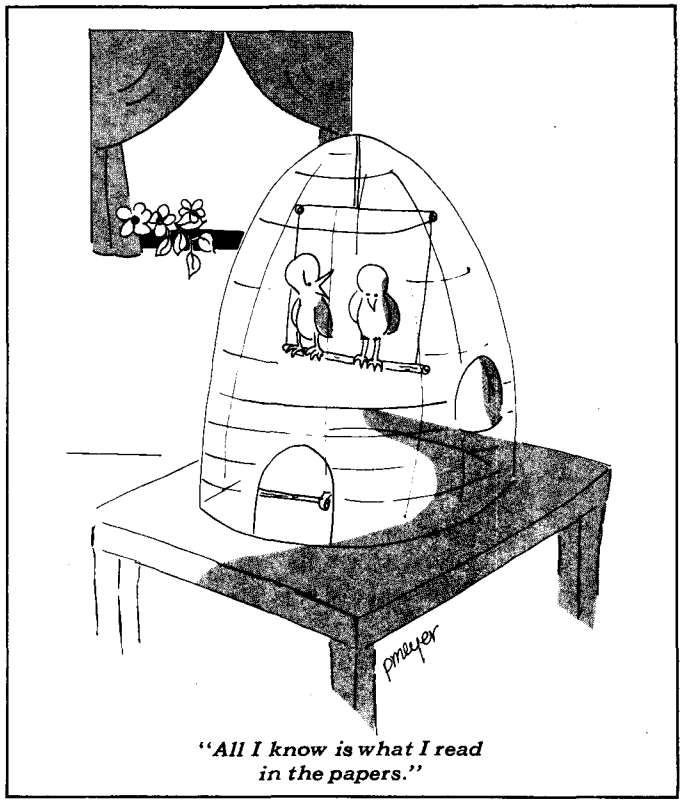
Vicksburg: A tour through National Military Park recalls the siege which crippled the Confederacy. General Grant accepted the city's surrender at the Old Courthouse on July 4, 1863. See the U.S. Army Engineer Waterways Experiment Station, with its scale models of the lower 500 miles of the Mississippi River and of the Niagara River and Falls.

LOUISIANA. New Orleans: It's the *Vieux Carré*, Bourbon Street, French Creole cooking, and jazz, at Mardi Gras and all through the year. For 25¢ catch a ride on the St. Charles Streetcar and go from the edge of the French Quarter to the end of the tracks and back.

Creole Nature Trail: Lake Charles is the jumping-off point for a trip through the wilderness and wildlife of the bayous.

TEXAS. Houston: A city of man-made wonders, from the NASA Manned Spacecraft Center to the $100-million entertainment center known as Astrodomain.

San Antonio: Sidewalk cafes, paddle boats along the Paseo del Rio, the sounds of Dixieland jazz or Mexican vaudeville. Fiestas del Noche every Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday night from June 3-August 30. Climb the Tower of the Americas for a view of the city.



"All I know is what I read in the papers."

SOUTHWEST

NEW MEXICO. Carlsbad Caverns: Take the complete 3-mile walking tour or ride an elevator down 750 feet to the Big Room.

White Sands National Monument: The sand dunes are up to 30 feet high and are set off by the purple-blue of the San Andres Mountains. Located 15 miles southwest of Albuquerque, the dunes can be seen on an 8-mile self-guided scenic drive.

ARIZONA. Lake Havasu City: The London Bridge hasn't really fallen down; it's just moved! Try the relaxation and good eating at the City of London Arms, a real English pub.

Monument Valley: You may have seen it in Western movies, but it's even more impressive in person. A visual kaleidoscope, the rock formations seem to change with the sun's position.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN STATES

UTAH. Salt Lake City: Even if somebody sits on you, you can't help but float in the Great Salt Lake. A movie and visit to Bishop's Warehouse will restore your faith in mankind. There volunteers do everything from canning to weaving, then give the products to the needy.

Arches National Park: See Nature's bridges, the largest concentration of them in the world. Located in the southeast corner of the state, 5 miles north of Moab.

COLORADO. Colorado Springs: Climb Pikes Peak, marvel at the sandstone cathedral spires of the Garden of the Gods or the cascading waters of the Seven Falls. For a striking contrast, see the glass and aluminum spires of the U.S. Air Force Academy.

Rocky Mountain National Park: There are 300 miles of trails for hiking or riding, mountain streams stocked with trout, and marked viewing points along the scenic drive.

NEVADA. Las Vegas: Synonymous with gambling and great entertainment. Make reservations—there are usually no extra seats. Try a "Behind-the-Scenes" tour at the Mint Hotel.

Lake Tahoe: A sky-blue crystal-clear lake nestled in the Sierra Nevadas. Don't miss TV's Ponderosa ranch at Incline Village. The film site for "Bonanza" is open 10:00 to 6:00 in the summer.

IDAHO. Nez Perce National Historical Park: Where Lewis and Clark left their mark in opening the Great Northwest, where the Indians bred the Appaloosa. Visitors are welcome at war dances, religious observances, buffalo feasts, and Indian games.

Craters of the Moon National Monument: A world of lava so like the moonscape it's traveled by U.S. astronauts in training. Conducted hikes are scheduled each morning and afternoon during the summer; also an evening campfire program.

WYOMING. Grand Teton National

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Park: The scenic splendor can be viewed from horse, rubber raft, or hiking trails. For the adventurous, Glenn Exum offers a 1-day course in mountain climbing to those 12 and up.

Fossil Butte National Monument: Located 10 miles west of Kemmerer, this monument is a living classroom for studies of ancient life and its evolution—reminders of the great seas that covered this part of North America half-a-billion years ago.

MONTANA. Glacier National Park: Hundreds of miles of back-country trails lead to 50 living glaciers, dozens of waterfalls, and alpine meadows brilliant with wild flowers.

Custer Battlefield National Monument: In addition to the actual battlefield, there is a National Cemetery where Americans who died at outpost forts are reburied.

PACIFIC COAST

WASHINGTON. Port Townsend: Salmon fishing, Victorian homes, ferry rides through Puget Sound. All in a perfect year-round climate. For nature lovers, Olympia National Park boasts the only rain forest in the U.S.

Canyon of the Apes: In southwest Washington near Mount Saint Helens is the home of the Sasquatch, or Big Foot.

OREGON. Mount Hood Loop Trip: From Portland to the Maltnomah Falls to the Bonneville Dam to Lost Lake and a spectacular view of snow-capped Mount Hood.

Sea Lion Caves: A modern elevator will whisk you down to a massive cavern where these huge mammals live year round.

CALIFORNIA. San Francisco: Chinatown, Fisherman's Wharf, and the Golden Gate. Try starting with a 3-hour "Around San Francisco" sightseeing bus tour. A ride on the cable cars is a must.

Los Angeles: Disneyland and Hollywood are only the beginning. Listen to a Symphony Under the Stars at the Hollywood Bowl (July and August); opera, ballet, drama, band at the Greek Theater. Universal Studios are open for tourists 9:00 to 5:00 daily, from mid-June to early September.

NON-CONTINENTAL

HAWAII. Volcanoes National Park, Hawaii Island: The Crater Rim drive opens a world of lush jungle, raw craters, and lava flows only a few years old. The ruins of Kalalea Heiau are part of the oldest known Hawaiian settlement, dating from A.D. 750.

Oahu: Surf and sand at Waikiki Beach and Diamond Head, a touch of history at Pearl Harbor, and a glimpse of the South Pacific on a canoe tour of the Polynesian Cultural Center. Sea Life Park features a Polynesian garden, special luaus, and continuous shows.

ALASKA. North Glacier Bay National Monument: The largest of all national parks and home for seals, porpoises, killer and humpback whales.

Anchorage: Fur traders still wander into town and you can get a custom-made pair of Eskimo mukluks (fur boots).

Worthwhile Cause

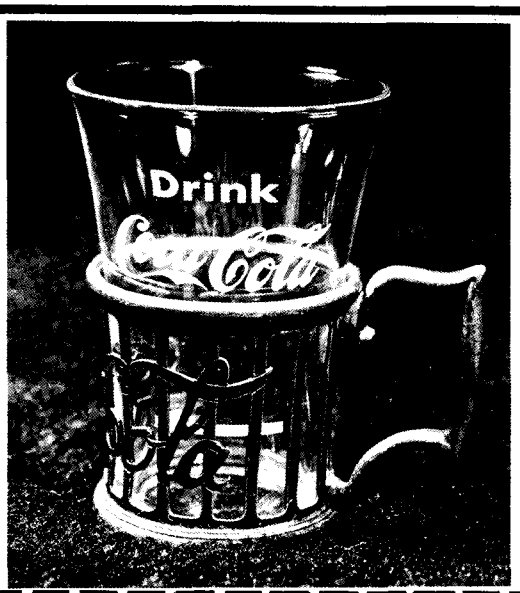
continued from page 6

against the fiat of a great, remote power, and proudly proclaiming to the world the principles which earlier Englishmen had laid down in a famous document on the western shores of the Atlantic. A nation, standing quite alone, which once more acknowledged God and the inalienable rights of His creatures. And there were her friends, like Sir Roy Welensky, Ian Smith, P. K. Van der Byl, Montrose. My sister had received letters from down there and could no longer help. And because she knew that her time was up, she gave me Rhodesia as a sort of legacy. Would I see what I could do, since she could not move anymore? And so I did.

Later I went to Rhodesia for the first time, rather out of pious remembrance and, of course, a natural feeling for people who had been my sister's friends. But what I saw confirmed to me that she had been right. It was there that I fully accepted that legacy. And it was not even hard because the Rhodesian people, black and white, are of a quality which we so often miss in our old and sophisticated world.

Now that the Editor had put me on a track to which I had never really paid attention, I discovered the day when I had said my final "yes." We had dinner at the house of Ian Smith. There was a mixed group, Rhodesians and foreigners. Before we sat down at the table, the Prime Minister earnestly said the prayers, as on the family farm. Then at the end he spoke a few words, greeting his guests. I was expected to answer. I had not prepared anything, so I let myself go. I told Ian Smith that I thanked him because he had given me back my younger years. He and his people reminded me of Britain at "its finest hour" in 1940, when the Stukas were overhead and Hitler seemed the master of the world. He and the Rhodesians were reviving a faith which had been shaken by politicians who had become soft and decadent. And he was showing us what the real Europe was—men and women fearing God and nothing else in the world, and ready to say "no" to all the current slogans and fake promises, simply because their

Continued on page 144



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Book Reviews

continued from page 92

pro. After completing *Shadow Box*, I found out myself that thinking such a mad desire is almost natural. Almost.

The Writer cannot resist the observations of others of his kind. Plimpton puts Ali together with Marianne Moore, and the great poet finds herself charmed by the great egoist, seduced by Ali into co-authoring with him a verse about—*him*. They alternate lines and Miss Moore is entranced by the Greatest. "He is neat. His brow is high. If beaten," she writes later of Ali, "he is still not 'beat.' He fights and he writes. Is there something I have missed? He is a *smiling* pugilist." George Plimpton's book will leave you smiling, too.

Sarah Bernhardt

continued from page 51

self badly. But, even as she was carried away, she had cried out in fury: "Yes, yes, I should do it again, *quand même*, in spite of everything, if they dared me again! And I shall always do what I want to do!" Now she rose to the challenge of the audience at the Théâtre de l'Odéon. When she declared love for Kean, she received an ovation. "Her magic voice, her astonishing voice, moved the public," said *Le Figaro*. "She tamed them, like a little Orpheus." . . .

She was soon to have her initiation into the world of greatness. She was cast as the Queen of Spain in the revival of Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*. She made Hugo's acquaintance and she was soon his devoted admirer. When he arrived for rehearsals it seemed as if the theater were illumined.

Ruy Blas was revived on January 26, 1872. Francisque Sarcey, theater critic for *Le Journal des Débats*, was in ecstasies: "Mlle Sarah Bernhardt has received from nature the gift of melancholy, plaintive dignity. All her movements are noble and harmonious; the long folds of her shot-silver robe arrange themselves about her with poetic grace. Her voice is languishing and tender, her diction so rhythmical, so exquisitely clear that one never loses a syllable even when the words are breathed forth as a caress."

And Théodore de Banville simply wrote: "Always, until the end of time, men will recall the image of Sarah Bernhardt when Ruy Blas says, 'She wore a little diadem of silver lace.' " Sarah remembered how, after the performance, the crowds of admirers suddenly made way, and Hugo himself came toward her. "Before I could say anything, he had knelt down, and, raising my hands to his lips, he murmured: 'Thank you, thank you.' He was so fine, that evening, with his noble forehead which caught the light, his stubble of silver hair like a crop cut in moonlight, his laughing, shining eyes. . . ." . . .

On June 2, 1879, at the Gaiety Theatre, the Comédie-Française were to open their London season with *Le Misanthrope*, the second act of *Phèdre*, and *Les Précieuses ridicules*. At a quarter past ten that night Sarah Bernhardt was due to give her first performance to an English audience.

In her dressing room at the Gaiety, stage fright overcame her.

"They came to say that the second act of *Phèdre* was about to begin. I went mad. I didn't have my veil. I didn't have my rings. My belt of cameos was not fastened. I murmured:

Le voici. Vers mon coeur tout mon sang se retire . . .
J'oublie, en le voyant . . .

"I was struck by the word *'j'oublie*—I forget.' Suppose I were to forget what I had to say!

"And in fact . . . what was I saying? I didn't know any more. . . .What did I say after *'en le voyant'*? No one answered. I terrified them all by my state of nerves. I heard Got murmur: 'She's going mad!' Mlle Thénard, who was playing Enone, my old nurse, said to me: 'Don't worry, all the English have gone to Paris, there are only Belgians in the audience!'

"This wildly comical reply sent my mind off on another tack. 'You're silly!' I said. 'You know quite well how frightened I was in Brussels.' 'Oh, that was quite unnecessary,' Mlle Thénard answered, coldly. 'There were only English there that day.'

"I had to go on stage. I had no time to answer her; but she had changed the course of my ideas.

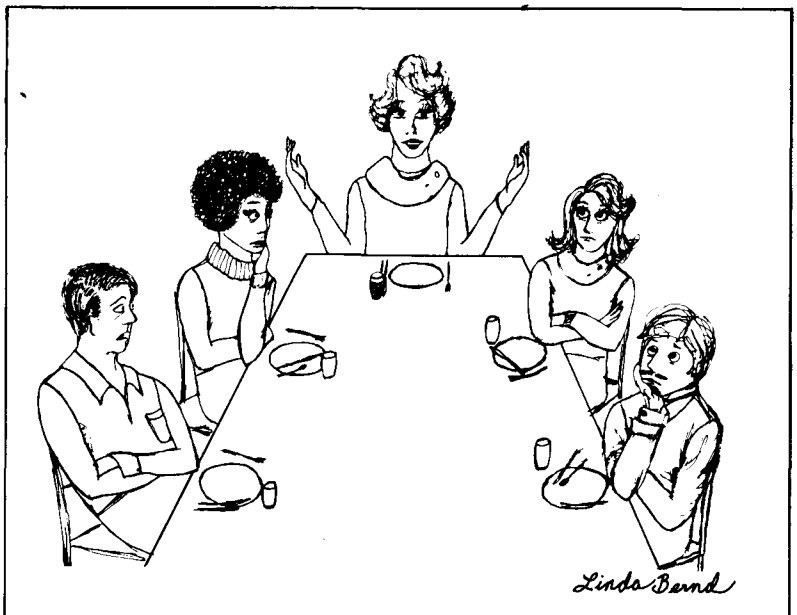
"I had stage fright. Not the kind that paralyzes, but the kind that sends you mad. It is quite enough, but it's better. You do too much, but at least you do something.

"The whole audience applauded for several seconds when I went on stage; and, as I bowed in acknowledgment, I said inside myself: 'Yes, yes . . . you'll see . . . I'm going to give you my blood, . . . my life, . . . my soul. . . .' . . .

"I suffered, I wept, I implored, I cried; and all of it was real; my suffering was horrible, the tears that flowed were burning and bitter. I implored Hippolyte for the love that was killing me, and the arms that I stretched out to Mounet-Sully were the arms of Phèdre, tense with the cruel longing to embrace. The god had come."

She had met London across the footlights—and she had roused it to fever pitch. . . .

On October 23, 1890, her 46th birthday, Sarah performed in *Cléopâtre*, the fourth play that Sardou had written for her. "What charm, what magic!" cried Anatole France. Maurice Baring was to try to analyze her genius. "She could ex-



The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Bannister, a conversational Niagara with a mere trickle of knowledge, was giving her dinner guests an unrequested lecture on world affairs. Lacking facts, she flooded them with convictions, each more positive than the last.

When her husband, a tolerant soul, tried gently to steer the conversation into channels of more general interest, Mrs. Bannister simply raised her voice and swept away his remarks with a new torrent of words.

Finally, as her guests grew glassy-eyed, she punctuated an extra verbal burst by stating: "Now, if I am not completely right, as I am sure I am, stop me—"

"How, dear?" her husband asked plaintively.

Leone Willett

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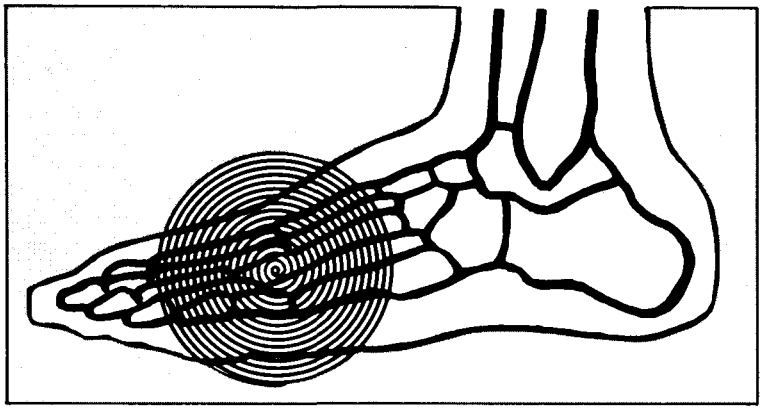
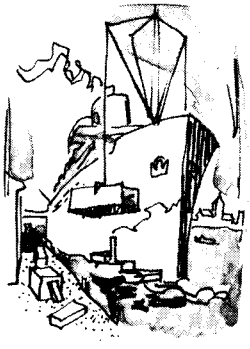
My Feet Were Killing Me...Until I Discovered the Miracle of Hamburg!



It was the European trip I had always dreamed about. I had the time and money to go where I wanted — see what I wanted. But I soon learned that money and time don't mean much when your feet hurt too much to walk. After a few days of sightseeing my feet were killing me.

Oh, I tried to keep going. In Paris I limped through Notre Dame and along the Champs-Elysées. And I went up in the Eiffel Tower although I can't honestly say I remember the view. My feet were so tired and sore my whole body ached. While everybody else was having a great time, I was in my hotel room. I didn't even feel like sitting in a sidewalk cafe.

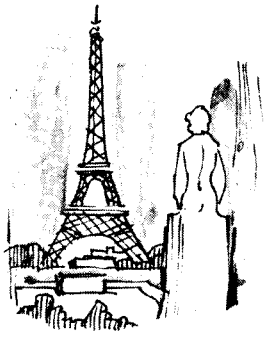


The whole trip was like that until I got to Hamburg, Germany. There, by accident, I happened to hear about an *exciting breakthrough for anyone who suffers from sore, aching feet and legs.*

This wonderful invention was a custom-made foot support called Flexible Featherspring. When I got a pair and slipped them into my shoes *my pain disappeared almost instantly.* The flexible shock absorbing support they gave my feet was like cradling them on a cushion of air. I could walk, stand, even run. The relief was truly a miracle.

And just one pair was all I needed. I learned that women also can wear them—even with sandals and open backed shoes. They're completely invisible.

Imagine how dumbfounded I was to discover that these miraculous devices were sold only in Europe. Right then I determined that I would share the miracle I discovered in Hamburg with my own countrymen.



Today thousands of Americans including those who have retired — many with foot problems *far more severe* than mine—have experienced this blessed relief for themselves.

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press anything, from the fury of the whirlwind to the sigh of a sleepy stream. As she poured out a cup of coffee in one play she said: '*Du sucre, deux morceaux*?' and all the charm of all the Muses seemed to be flowering in the four words of that banal breakfast question. When as Cleopatra she approached Antony, saying, '*Je suis la reine d'Egypte*,' one said to oneself: 'Poor Antony!' The fate of Empires, the dominion of the world, the lordship of Rome, will have small chance in the balance against five silver words and a smile; and we thought the world well lost; and we envied Antony and his ruin and his doom." . . .

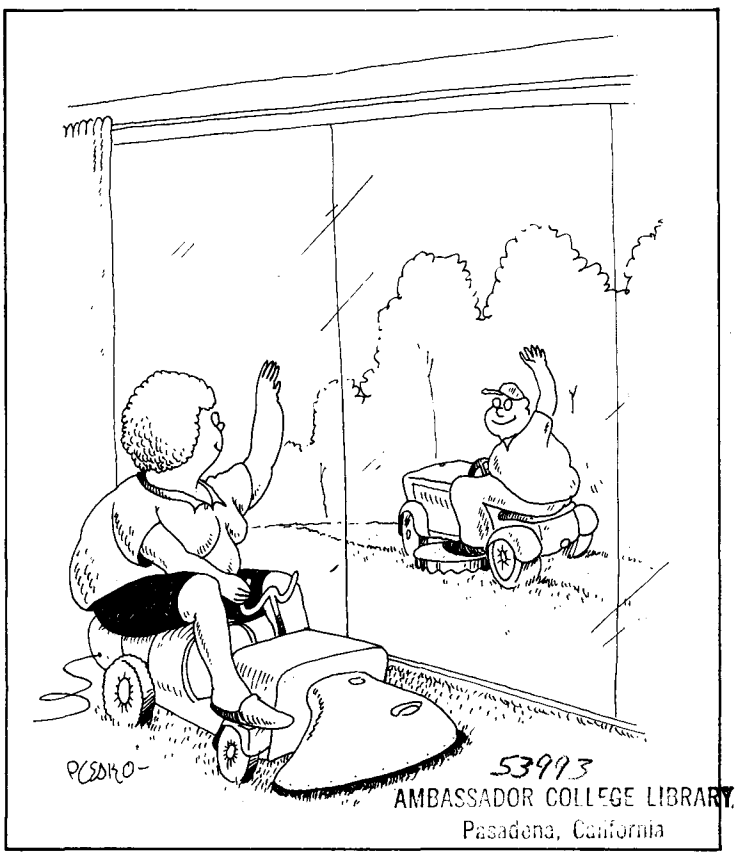
How astonishing, how admirable were her later years! The injured, defiant child of years ago, who had taken as her motto the challenge *Quand même*, had become the injured, aging, but indomitable woman. And when, in May 1909, the actress Adeline Dudlay gave her farewell performance, Sarah made her only reappearance in the rue de Richelieu. She was 64 and she took the part of the young Romantic poet in *La Nuit de mai* by Alfred de Musset. That November, defiant as ever, she took the name part in *Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc*. Twenty years earlier, in her 40s, in a play by Jules Barbier, she had appeared as the Maid of Orleans. Now, at 65, she played Joan of Arc again; and when, in the trial scene, she was asked her age, she turned slowly, very slowly, to face the audience. Gently but firmly she gave the answer: "Nineteen." Every evening, at this point, she was given an ovation. . . .

She was never able to walk again after she lost her leg; she was never able even to stand on an artificial limb. Wherever she went she was carried in a folding chair; she traveled in a specially built car.

In the spring of 1916 she was carried round the front and performed for the Théâtre des Armées. On September 30 she embarked once again, this time with a very small company, for America. She took a new repertory to suit her condition, including the third act of *Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc*, the fifth act of *La Dame aux camélias*, the sixth act of *L'Aiglon*. Early in 1918 she returned to France. As she crossed the Atlantic, the submarines were busy. Sarah was informed of the danger, but she stayed in her cabin, and a visitor found her absorbed in a game of dominoes.

She was brave; but she returned to France weary and discouraged, knowing how disappointed the public must have been by her mediocre repertory, and saddened by the thought of the plays that were now forbidden her. One day in America she had met the magician of magicians, Harry Houdini. "Houdini, you do such wonderful things," she had said to him. "Could you bring back my leg for me?" And, seeing that he was startled, she added: "Yes, but you do the impossible. I never was more serious in my life." . . .

On October 25, 1922, as she prepared in her dressing room for *La Gloire*, she was overcome by the shuddering that announced an attack of uremia. The doctor forbade her to perform that evening; but "when the hour comes, she for whom the Swedes sowed the waves of the Baltic with roses, beneath whose feet the Peruvians spread their cloaks, must, like her comrades, obey the call of the prompter. There lies her salvation."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In December, rehearsing a play by Sacha Guitry, *Un Sujet de roman*, she collapsed. Her first words when she regained consciousness were: "When shall I appear again?" She did not succumb at once. A week later she attended the dress rehearsal of *Le Phénix* by Maurice Rostand, and all Paris filed through her dressing room in homage. But she had presumed too much on her strength; and from that moment she began to fail.

On March 20 the doctors declared that the poison had entered her system and that there was no hope. At first she was in despair. She had wanted to perform in Guitry's new play; she had wanted to finish her film. Then, gradually, she grew resigned, and resignation turned to torpor, and those around her knew that Sarah was going to die.

She knew it too. She knew that the journalists were waiting night and day on the bench in the boulevard Péreire facing her windows. It amused her to keep them waiting. On March 23 Mrs. Patrick Campbell came to dinner and found her wearing a long-sleeved dress of pink Venetian velvet sent by Sacha Guitry. Knowing that she had not long to live, Sarah sat there, white-faced, eating nothing and infinitely gracious. When dinner was over, she was carried upstairs on her chair; turning the bend of the staircase, she kissed one finger and held it out.

"How slow death is in coming," she said on the morning of March 26; and again, "*Je veux des fleurs, beaucoup de fleurs.* It is springtime, let me have a wealth of flowers." She had moments of serenity, moments of lucidity; moments, too, of delirium, when she recalled the great deaths she had played: the death of Marguerite Gautier, the death of l'Aiglon. And wildly, now, in identification, she recited the words.

At half past three that afternoon she received extreme unction; and five past eight, in a deep coma, she died. ☒

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Vocabulary

continued from page 55

their word power and broadening their reading, including the classics, they have an effective means of acquiring the equivalent of a formal education.

There are many sources of words—excellent vocabulary books, flash cards, books of fiction and nonfiction, magazines, newspapers. As he read, my father, Wilfred Funk, the lexicographer, wrote down words he wanted to remember and put them into a notebook. I prefer file cards.

What enthralled my father especially was the origin of a word. In a gathering of people he could scarcely wait to tell about one he'd just come across.

I remember learning that *trivia* was a brief commentary on Roman citizens at ease: *tri* (three) and *via* (road)—gossiping at crossroads. Once he shock-

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ed an *exuberant* woman by suggesting her enthusiasm resembled "overflowing udders." The Latin derivation of the word is from *ex* (out) and *uber* (udder).

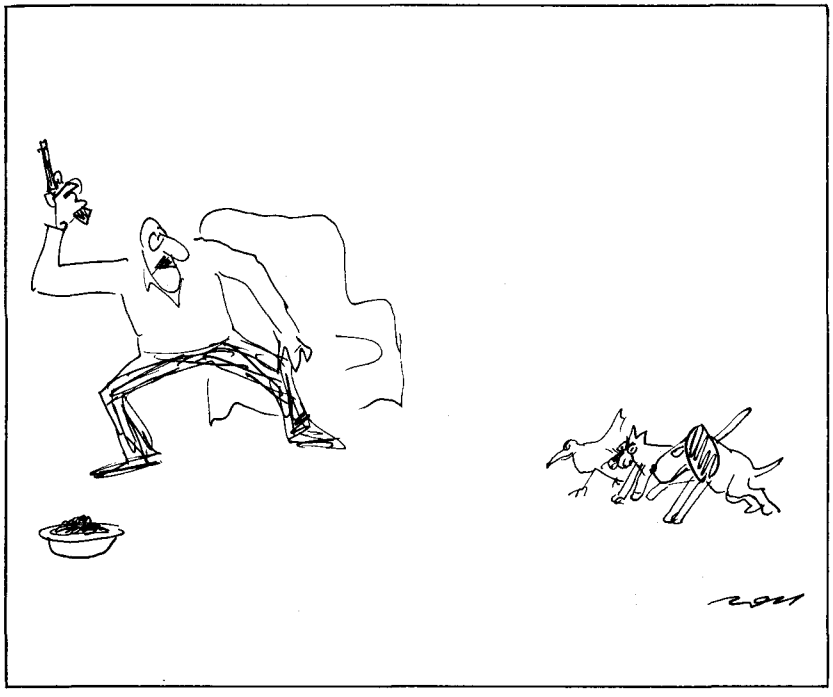
Suddenly, one day, I became aware of mankind's interdependence through the word *symbiosis*—a mutually advantageous relationship between different peoples and groups. The ancestor is the Greek word *symbiosis* (living together). *Hegira* gave me an insight into an important incident in Arabic history, and *aficionado*, into Spanish enthusiasm.

Any parent can help children develop a taste for learning new words. By doing so, you will give them an inheritance they can never run through. In truth, the more it's "spent" the more it grows.

Though the following suggestions are listed more or less in order of ascending age groups for children, in many aspects they apply broadly to adults as well.

Read to your child. "I can always tell when one of my students has been read to as a small child," said Anne Shepherd, a teacher in Princeton, New Jersey. "Invariably he has a larger vocabulary than the others in my class."

Reading to small children is great fun. Never again will you have such an appreciative, responsive audience. There is probably a little of the "ham" in most of us and children thoroughly enjoy your full participation in the story. They love to have a mouse sound squeaky, a bear growly, or to have us whisper when what we are reading is supposed to be scary, or as secret as a deep and hidden cave. This gives them a sense of being part of the story, and the words become more than strange scribbles on a page. Children begin to understand that words have a personality of their own; they can sing, weep, yell, laugh, and, best of all, enchant.



Reading to children encourages them to read, especially when it has been a happy experience. Also, it's an ideal way to become familiar with unfamiliar words—even for parents. Librarians tell us the fastest way to get a survey of a subject is to read a good children's book. I remember reading a book on dinosaurs to a youngster and picking up several useful words. A fourth grader brought home a book on Sweden. Her father, an editor, told me he had come across several words of which he was unsure.

With our older children we sometimes read the same books as they, often ones suggested by them. We have fascinating discussions and find frequently our children's observations give us new insights and perspectives.

Adults in days past used to read to one another. This is a delightful way of sharing a story and of making sure of difficult words over which our eyes tend to slide.

Write down new words. Learning experts tell us that the physical act of writing down the meaning of an unfamiliar word is a physiologically and psychologically splendid memory aid. By using file cards we can compile our own tailor-made dictionary.

Dr. Paul D. Diederich of Educational Testing Service informed me that an eight-year-old child will read more books at that age than at any other time in life. Perhaps this is why between the ages of eight and ten a child acquires about 70 percent of his adult vocabulary. Another 25 percent is added by the time he is in his twenties. The other 5 percent is picked up as odds and ends as he grows older.

Since an eight-year-old is such a voracious reader, and this is the time when he's laying vocabulary foundations, get him good books. He will remember more words from reading than from watching television or listening to the radio. It is when we see a word and write it down that we deposit it more firmly in our word "bank account" and can "draw" on this deposit later.

Explain. I noticed a young mother in a supermarket carefully explaining the difference between *above* and *below* to her small child. She used the shelves as examples. Another mother buys a few of the 29-cent supermarket children's books in place of the more expensive and less nourishing sugar-coated cereal.

In your conversation with a child, occasionally use a "big word" and casually define it. "You must be *famished*. I've never seen you so hungry. You look practically starved." However, keep the definition brief. Don't perform an autopsy on the word.

As you're making a cake, repairing a car, or whatever, engage your child in conversation. Casually point to an object and name it. Or refer to an action. "I've got to *blend* the vegetables for the soup. Will you help me put them into this *blender*?"

Play word games. Most of the games will cost you nothing. For example, play "Billboard" as you travel. Find an *a* word on the first billboard; then hunt for a *b* word, and so on. Make up variations.

While waiting for a pizza, turn over your place mats and play "Hangman." Or take a word and find others in it. Play word categories such as Italian words, cooking terms, restaurant descriptions.

Describe different types of animals in broad groupings so that others can "see" them—birds, dogs, horses, fish. It's a stimulus to creative expression.

Invent words. "What would you call a sandwich made of peanut butter, pickles, and ketchup?" The wilder the question the better. It's vital that children have fun with language. From the early experiences with such word play will grow an interest in etymologies, connotations, synonyms, etc.

Buy and play commercial word games. Do not stick just with Scrabble, but choose from several others. (Check Brentano's in New York City for the favorite ones.)

Watch out for key words. Does your child know the difference between *numerator* and *denominator*? What is a *predicate*? Our son once confused the words *decline* and *conjugate*. The mistake cost him a higher grade.

Each subject we study has its own lexicon. Children who write these key words in the back of their notebooks or textbooks and know their meanings do better. Grades in school are directly related to one's ability to understand

Continued on page 112

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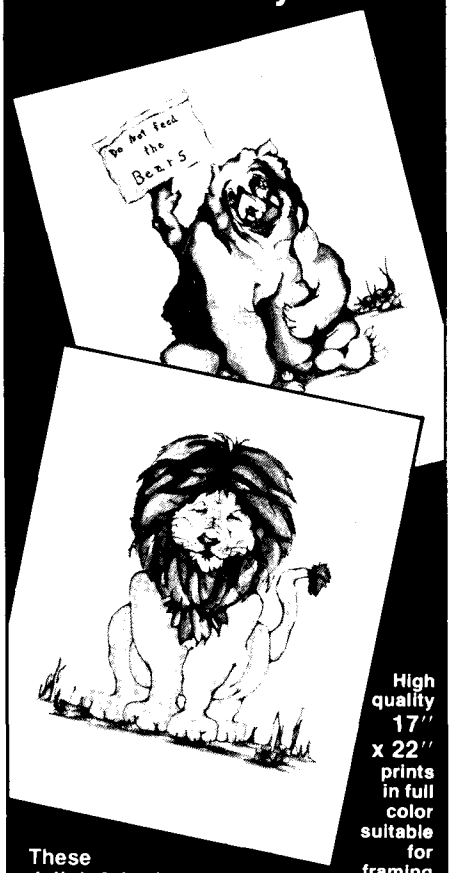

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"Lord help me to remember that nothing is going to happen to me today that you and I together can't handle." Inspirational and lovely words on an 8" x 6" wooden plaque. Full-color English scroll border enhances the quiet serene message. Laminated for permanence, ready to hang on a favorite wall. Cadlyn's, Dept. LSP, Box 35249, Phoenix, AZ 85069.

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Pet canteen

So new it's patented, shows pets you care. Dispenses fresh, clean water automatically, even when you're away or busy. Handsome; leakproof. Pets can't tip it over. Holds 5 quarts of cool, clean water. Easy to fill, to clean, and to carry. Seals instantly for travel. Rugged, super-tough poly. Ideal for use in your home, kennel, campers, trailers, or boats. Money back if not delighted. #2W219 Automatic Pet Canteen $4.99, 2 for $9.00. Fairway House, 45 Alabama Ave., Island Park, NY 11558.

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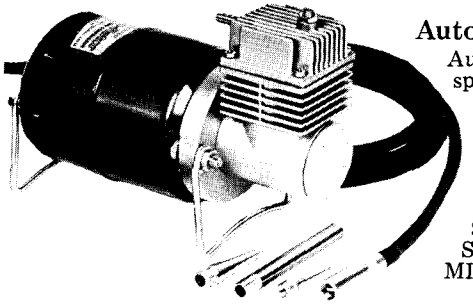

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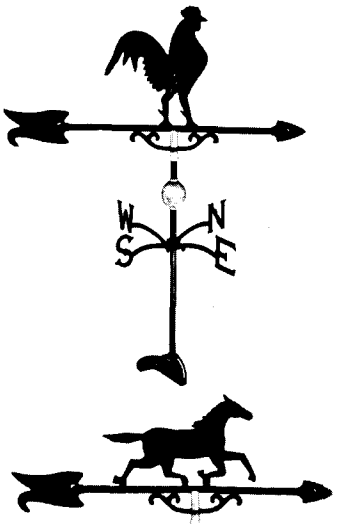
WIND DIRECTION AT A GLANCE



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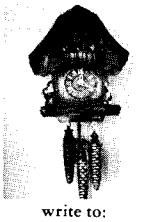

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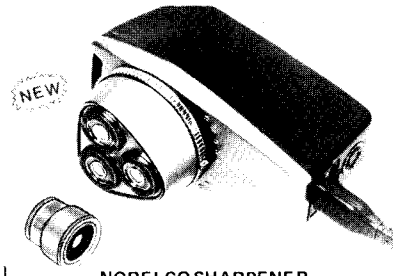

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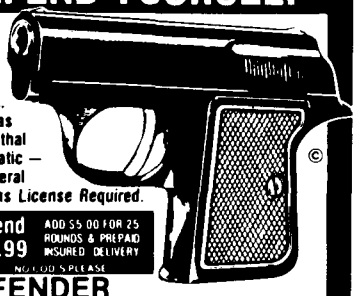

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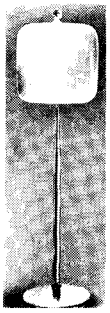

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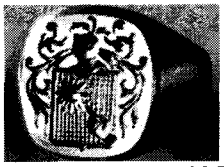

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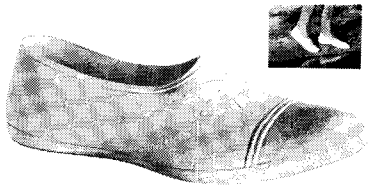

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All rubber bathing and shower shoes. Sure-footed protection on rocks, decks, or shower floors. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sizes for men, women, children. State shoe size and width. Colors: white, yellow, red, blue for women & children. Men, blue & white only. State alternate. $8.48 per pair + $1.50 p&h. Tel. (201) 967-0373. Dorsay, 240 Kinderkamack Rd., Dept. SEP2, Oradell, NJ 07649.

Spinel ring

Five fiery gemstones and a solitaire to match. Fishtail setting (A) accents beauty of five ¼-carat synthetic white Lionite spinels. Each stone prong-set. Sterling silver or 18K yellow-gold-plate setting. $10.95. Matching solitaire (B), $12.95. Add 50¢ p&h. State size. Lions, Dept. SP-5, 665 Middle Neck Rd., Great Neck, NY 11023.

PROTECT YOURSELF! Paralyzer CS Tear Gas Aerosol. Simple * Safe * Fast * Thrifty * Legal most places. (No minors) 8-ft. range: $5.50; 15-ft. range: $7.50. Dey Enterprises, Inc., Box 322SP, Ashland, OR 97520

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DOCTORS AT BOSTON MEDICAL SCHOOL ANNOUNCE:

The Fastest Weight-Loss Method Known to Medical Science!

NOT A DRUG!

Lose as much as 6 pounds after your first 3 glassfuls . . . lose up to 14 pounds after just 7 glassfuls more!

BURNS AWAY MORE FAT EACH 24 HOURS THAN IF YOU RAN 14 MILES A DAY!

Incredible "Crash-Loss" Breakthrough reported in Leading American Magazines! Works so fast you can actually measure the difference in your waistline in just 24 to 48 hours. Yes, LOSE up to 6 POUNDS the first 48 HOURS — LOSE up to 12 POUNDS the first 7 days — LOSE up to 4, 5, even 7 POUNDS MORE the next 7 days — and continue to burn away as much as 7 to 9 pounds more fat every 2 weeks thereafter, (if you still need it) . . . until you've finally lost 50 — 70 — 100 pounds OR MORE . . . **without fasting, without constant willpower, without constant pangs of hunger or a single moment of body-racking exercise!**

Recommended by the U.S. Government's very own doctors to members of Congress who want to lose weight fast . . . Hailed as the weight-loss "breakthrough of the century" by leading medical journals . . . here at last is the most effective NO-DRUG program for FAST — INSTANT — PERMANENT LIFETIME WEIGHT-LOSS ever made available to the public without a prescription!

WORKS SO FAST THE FIRST WEEK ALONE YOU LOSE AS MUCH AS 1½ TO 2 POUNDS OF BOTH FLUID AND FAT EVERY 24 HOURS!

Direct from the pages of medical journals and leading American magazines come reports of an incredible "fat burning" breakthrough by medical researchers at one of Boston's foremost medical schools! Reports of a new "crash-loss" program (featuring a remarkable natural substance) that safely yet surely steps up FAT-BURNING METABOLISM . . . forces your system to ATTACK bulging pockets of fat . . . and starts to shrink and burn that fat in just a matter of hours!

Yes, from one of New England's leading medical centers comes the new SUPER FAT-BURNER way to turn up your "inner furnace" . . . unlock those clinging pockets of fat . . . break them down SO FAST . . . you burn off excess bulge at the unbelievable rate of up to **6 POUNDS of both fluid and fat GONE the very first weekend alone!**

Think of it! You actually burn away more fat each 24 hours than if you ran 12 to 14 miles a day! Lose more inches each week than if you did 300 sit-ups each morning and 300 push-ups each night! Actually LOSE as much as A FULL SIZE THE FIRST 7 DAYS . . . **and from 3 to 5 inches off your waistline the very first month!**

That's right! Weight-loss results and inches-off wonders that absolutely stagger the imagination. Just look:

U.S. ARMY OFFICERS LOSE WEIGHT 3 TIMES FASTER THAN EVER BEFORE!

Case History #1: When medical researchers in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Los Angeles first tested this new hi-amino concept on a scientific weight-loss program . . . they reported astonishing results of as much as 12 POUNDS LOST IN JUST THE FIRST 7 DAYS! — 16 to 18 pounds gone by the end of week number two — and most mind-boggling of all — U.S. Army Officers actually losing weight 3 times faster than ever before! As much as 50 POUNDS GONE, like that!

WAISTLINES SHRINK UP TO 3 INCHES IN 7 DAYS — A FULL 5 INCHES SMALLER IN A SINGLE MONTH!

Case History #2: When first rumors of this medical breakthrough leaked out to professional actors, actresses and celebrities . . . they immediately rushed to the offices of America's leading weight-loss specialists to get their hands on this "magic compound"; and no wonder! Because the first week alone they carved away as much as 2 pounds a day . . . 13 pounds a week . . . were forced to take in their belts 3 notches smaller in just 10 days!

DOCTORS REPORT: AVERAGE LOSS — 57 POUNDS!

Case History #3: But most significant of all . . . when universities, hospitals and medical schools, (such as New York's Leading Medical School and Cleveland's largest hospital) tested this newly discovered "crash-loss" program on patients who all their lives had been hopelessly overweight . . . they reported astonishing losses of as much as 2 pounds a day at the start . . . 20 to 30 pounds a month . . . as much as 70 pounds lost over a single summer season! — by simply stepping up their fat-burning metabolism and **burning, melting, oxidizing** 50, 70, 100 pounds of hard-set **fat** . . . FASTER, SURER than they had ever dreamed possible!

WORKS LIKE "POWDERED HEAT" — MAKES YOUR INNER FURNACE BREAK DOWN BODY FAT!

What is this wondrous new development that helps safely stimulate fat-burning metabolism and shrink your body's fat cells the moment it starts working in your system? It is a totally new concept in the war against fat. An ANTI-FAT WEAPON unlike anything you've ever seen, or tried in your life. A FAT-BURNING aid that helps you convert body fat to body fuel AUTOMATICALLY . . . and EVAPORATE excess pounds and inches starting the very first day!

Think of it! A medically proven formula that is such an effective reducing aid . . . that when combined with the food you eat on this "crash-loss" program . . . **burns off as much fat each 24 hours as if you jogged up to 14 miles a day . . . or played 3 hours of tennis in the most brutal heat!**

The name of this wondrous amino formula is "THERA-SLIM-100" and here is precisely how you use it to win the body and figure of your dreams as you:

LOSE UP TO 4 TO 6 INCHES OFF YOUR WAISTLINE
LOSE UP TO 2 TO 5 INCHES OFF YOUR HIPS
LOSE UP TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR THIGHS
LOSE UP TO 4 INCHES OFF YOUR BUTTOCKS
LOSE UP TO 4 INCHES OFF YOUR STOMACH

and as we've said before, starting not in weeks, but in mere days.

HELPS YOUR BODY CONVERT STORED UP FAT TO BURNED UP ENERGY! At this very moment — having read this far — you are but one short step away from LIFETIME IMMUNITY TO FAT! Now comes your FINAL GIANT STEP into a whole new world of LIFETIME SLIMNESS.

Of course, there is one thing you must keep in mind. With the "THERA-SLIM-100" way to LIFETIME SLIMNESS you cannot gorge yourself on all sorts of fattening foods, candies and desserts. Not that you'd ever want to, because with "THERA-SLIM-100" — due to your new, stepped up metabolism — besides enormous weight-loss you also experience a loss of hunger. Which makes it one of the easiest ways to lose weight fast. Now here's how simple it is:

STEP #1 — YOU EAT

In addition to the wide and tasty selection of food you enjoy morning and night, (all scientifically programmed to help maintain a high-level of FAT BURN-OFF) . . .

STEP #2 — YOU TAKE "THERA-SLIM-100" hi-amino compound.

Once a day, you take "THERA-SLIM-100" in a glass of water, (just like refreshing fruit juice). This hi-amino intake helps keep the fat-burning chain-reaction going ALL 24 HOURS OF THE DAY — NON STOP!

STEP #3 — YOU HAVE AUTOMATICALLY STEPPED UP YOUR FAT-BURNING METABOLISM — SO YOU AUTOMATICALLY BURN OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

In virtually no time at all, you make your inner furnace accelerate fat burn-off. Safely, gently, yet surely you cause a gradual change in your fat-burning metabolism as you "rev-up" that inner furnace.

The result: Your body begins to eliminate stored-up fat and fluid at a rate so incredibly fast, the very first week end alone YOU DRAIN AWAY AS MUCH AS 5 OR 6 POUNDS!

In short, with the "THERA-SLIM-100" weight-loss program, you force your body to automatically convert body fat to body fuel . . . automatically shrink fatty cells . . . drain off excess flab . . . flush it right out of your system ONCE AND FOR ALL!

Never before has medical science offered you a surer, faster, more effective weight-loss method, (short of total fasting) than this super fat-burning breakthrough developed at one of Boston's Leading Medical Schools.

THE FACTS ARE IN! THE RESEARCH IS DONE! THE INCREDIBLE WEIGHT-SLASHING RESULTS HAVE BEEN PROVEN BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT BY MEDICAL SCHOOLS — HOSPITALS — DOCTORS — AND SCORES AND SCORES OF OVERWEIGHT PATIENTS! NOW THE FINAL STEP IS UP TO YOU!

REMEMBER: You must see dramatic results in just 24 hours — results you can measure with your scale and your tape measure . . . you must lose:

up to 6 lbs. the first 48 hours
up to 12 lbs. the first 7 days
up to 7 lbs. more the next 7 days

or it costs you nothing! Simply return within 10 days for full refund (except postage and handling, of course). Act now!

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IF YOU READ NOTHING ELSE — READ THIS!

What you see on this page is the announcement of the latest breakthrough by medical science in the war against fat. Developed at one of Boston's leading medical schools, the incredible weight-loss results this new "crash-burn" program delivers are so astonishing **(average loss 57 lbs)** it has been featured in every leading medical journal . . . given headline coverage in the medical-news columns of many major newspapers. Aside from — ABSOLUTE STARVATION — there is no surer, faster, more effective way to slash away pounds and inches than with this **Boston Medical School discovery.**

However, before starting we advise you to consult with your physician to be sure you are in normal health and your only problem is excess weight. Individuals with gout, heart disease, diabetes or pregnant women should not use it at all. As a matter of fact, we insist that you show this entire program to your family physician . . . have him check you regularly to make sure you're not losing too much, too fast . . . and advise when you've lost enough. See if he doesn't agree that the **"THERA-SLIM-100"** road to Lifetime Slimness, including the recommended progressive daily toneup, isn't by far **the most effective approach to the conquest of excess weight ever developed by medical science.**

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY

PENN BIO, PHARMACALS, Dept. JPDE-142
Caroline Road, Philadelphia, PA 19176

Yes, I want to burn away excess weight fast and permanently with this doctor's "crash-loss" program featuring amazing new high-amino compound "THERA-SLIM-100".

Please rush me the offer I have checked below. If not delighted, I may return it in 10 days for refund (except postage & handling, of course).

CHECK OFFER DESIRED:

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Selections	Price	Shpg & Handlg	Total
Any Single Selection	$ 2.95	75¢	$ 3.70
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(70)

Circle selections:					
	5	6	7	8	16
	20	27	28	31	39
	53	55	56	58	66

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Two or Three Tined Granny Forks. Just like your grandmother used to poke her potatoes, test the chicken, lift roasts, carve & serve home cooked foods. Full length tang makes them exceptionally strong. Polished rosewood handle is secured by rivets. Overall 7¾" long. Two or three tined forks $4.45 each, 2 for $7.95 ppd. YANKEE CRAFT PRODUCTS, Box 224 SE-5, W. Simsbury, Ct. 06092

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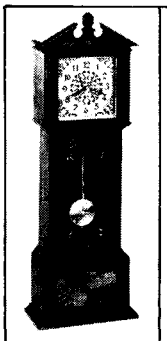

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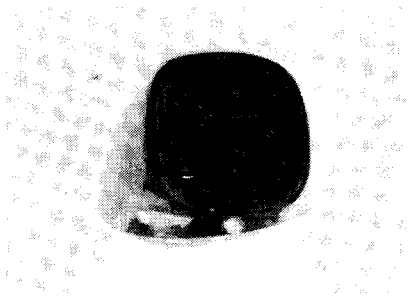

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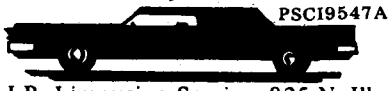
Call for V.I.P. chauffeured, 24 hour, worry-free service.



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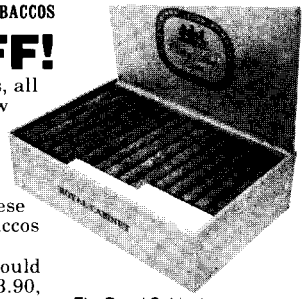

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Backaches can be associated with one of 20 or 30 disorders including gastrointestinal problems: colitis, appendicitis, and ulcers; orthopedic problems: abnormal or exaggerated spinal curvatures, slipped discs, effects of arthritis, ageing of the spine, weak abdominal muscles. Trim-Ez back support belt supports muscles, relieves lower-back pain, strengthens muscles when combined with abdominal and back strengthening exercises performed while wearing the TRIM-EZ belt. TRIM-EZ Waist Trimmer trims inches off waist and abdomen. Wear while working or exercising to induce perspiration around the middle and speed trimming of excess pounds. Made of gum rubber with nickel plated brass snaps. Not weighted—Not inflatable Price $12.95 post paid. Sizes S/25-29, M/30-34, L/34-38, XL/38-42. For more information and what to do about low-back pain, send $1.00 to R. B. Williams Co. Inc. P.O. Box 5-SEP, St. Petersburg, FL 33701. On sale in sporting goods stores and PX stores.

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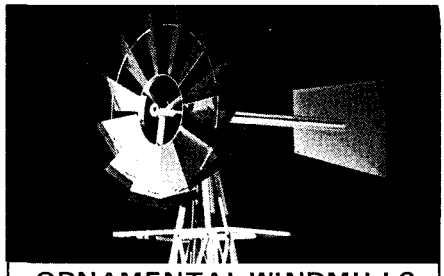

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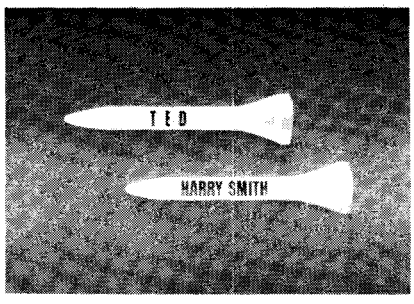

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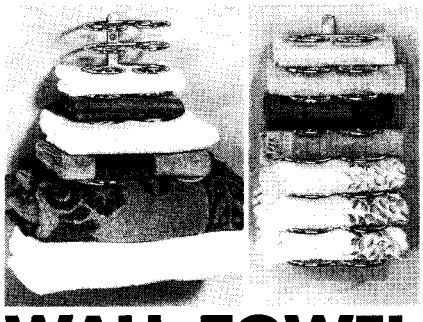

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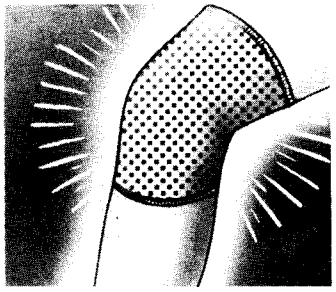

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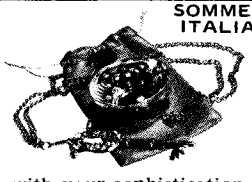

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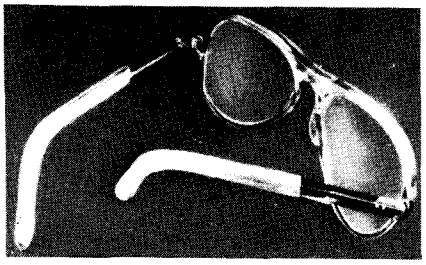

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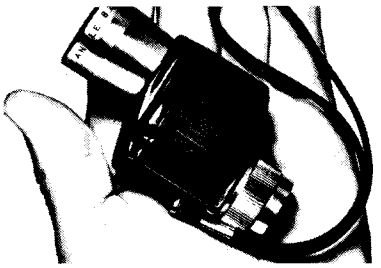

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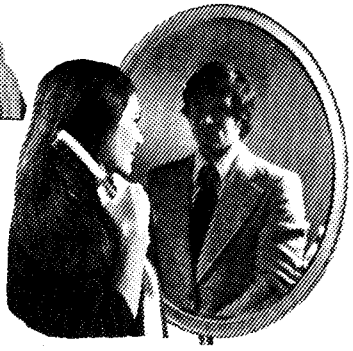
I cried every time I brushed

My hair was so thin and weak and brittle, I was breaking it off in bunches. I tried everything to stop it . . . protein treatments, conditioners . . . but nothing really helped.



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MEN! GREAT FOR YOU, TOO

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easier to manage . . . full of life and bounce. It styles and curls and bends without breaking. And I love brushing it because it's so beautiful!

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Vocabulary

continued from page 101

the important words for a particular subject.

Write. The more one writes the less formidable it seems. Perhaps your younger children will keep a diary. Children seem to like to write down their secret thoughts and a diary is good practice in learning to express oneself. Anais Nin, the author and lecturer, not only learned to write by keeping a diary, but she also "found" herself. Get one with a generous page, not a five-year kind which allows just enough space to comment on the weather.

Writing letters from time to time to grandparents, aunts, uncles, and friends is good practice. The letter should be more than "I am fine. I hope you are fine. Love, Jane."

With the advent of the telephone and the ease of travel, letter writing has fallen into desuetude. Consequently, our ability to be creative verbally has lessened. To write well means to think clearly and logically.

On a rainy day, try folding a few pieces of paper into a booklet for each child. Our children would write a story or a piece about whatever interested them. We did not correct the grammar nor did we suggest improvements, but we did praise effective word choices. Sometimes we would ask how a particular description or action might be rewritten. If it came out to be better, we would mention that we had an even clearer understanding now of what it meant.

Become a dictionary addict. The linguist, George Steiner, commented that "a true reader is a dictionary addict."

Buy a good desk dictionary. You will be using it more than any other kind. There are several excellent ones. Don't be beguiled, however, by the name Webster, since any publishing house can use this name as it is in the public domain.

There are excellent Webster dictionaries. The quality of a reference book, however, depends on the publisher. A librarian or a bookstore can help you select the right one. But stay away from the dime-store special. A good dictionary costs more, but it's worth every penny and will last for many years.

Pronounce clearly and become better spellers. Good pronunciation helps us to visualize a word. Many times we may hesitate to use a word because we are uncertain of how to say it. A dictionary gives us the clue.

The fact that children are mimics puts something of a burden on parents. If we slur or mispronounce our words, our children are apt to do the same. When we read to children, therefore, it is important to pronounce words with care.

Review and use. To a large extent Pam succeeded because she reviewed her words frequently and used them whenever possible.

It's easy to become word-lazy. All of us have pet words and our tendency is to use them instead of others. I heard a bride talking about a party she had given her new husband. In the course of a few moments she must have used the word *little* five or six times. Some possible and more accurate substitutes might have been *small, petite, tiny, slightly, hardly, any, few, somewhat.*

Another prevalent habit is to use fillers such as *see* or *you know* or *well.* By dropping these space-fillers and employing our new and often more expressive words, we not only enrich our own vocabulary but we enrich our listeners' as well.

Reviewing reminds us we have other choices. Referring to new words, my wife tells our children to "use them or lose them." A successful lawyer said to me: "When I add a new word to my vocabulary, I temporarily overuse it so it becomes fixed in my memory."

A young Buddhist staying with us baked bread for our family. As he was kneading the loaf, he told our children: "Do this with loving thoughts: then it will bring peace and love to the eater."

And so in the same spirit may all of us acquire strong, vital vocabularies and then use our words so well that they will bring greater peace, love, and wisdom to a world hungry for those qualities. ☒

Schools

continued from page 42

At the same time, a trained staff of professional counselors, many of them former teachers and school administrators, was employed to investigate all complaints relating to violence and destruction in the schools. During the last two years, they have investigated more than 7,500 complaints, ranging from theft to murder.

"We have reduced lawlessness in our school system by at least 64 percent in the last five years," says Peter D. Blauvelt, chief of security services for Prince Georges schools and national president of the School Safety Association.

Better cooperation among students, parents, and the schools. "In our Springfield, Missouri, system we try always to gain the cooperation of students who want a good education," says Joe E. Kuklenski, superintendent of schools.

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"After all, the student is the victim of any factor that cheats him or her from that goal. We bring the students into all our plans to gain firmer discipline. We impress upon them that the security officer is their friend, the same as the city police or the cop on the beat in their neighborhood."

Mr. Kuklenski relates that their veteran security head, Jim Grammar, usually handles the few cases of violence and other delinquencies among secondary school students. Mr. Grammar makes it a point to know personally all the students he handles and lets them understand he is always ready to help them.

"He attends all the senior high commencements, and often the graduates come up, shake his hand, and say, 'Thanks, Mr. Grammar, for being so kind to me,' " says this superintendent.

In Chicago, the public schools adopted a plan that has proved quite effective in reducing vandalism of school property. When students are apprehended and proved guilty of destruction, the parents are held responsible and must pay for the cost. Here is one way for schools to strike back effectively at the delinquents.

Many school systems have introduced courses of instruction against violence and vandalism, and assigned senior students as guides and protectors of younger pupils. The National Parent-Teacher Association offers valuable assistance in courses on the effects of drugs and alcohol.

Says Senator Birch Bayh, chairman of the Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency: "The birthright of every American child is to secure an education and become a productive citizen. Let's keep it that way!" ☒

California Suite

continued from page 53

Billy Funny how we haven't discussed *your* lifestyle, isn't it?

Hannah I don't have a lifestyle. I have a life.

Billy Would you like to know what Jenny has to say about you?

Hannah She's told me. She thinks I'm an s.o.b. She also thinks I'm a *funny* s.o.b. She loves me but she doesn't like me. She's afraid of me. She's intimidated by me. She respects me but wouldn't want to become like me. We have a normal mother and daughter relationship.

Billy She told me she feels stifled—that the only time she can really breathe freely is when she's out here.

Hannah I have a wonderful nose and throat man on East 84th Street.

Billy How can you be so flippant when it comes to your own daughter's well-being?

Continued on page 122

POST TRAVEL CENTER

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by John R. Bradley

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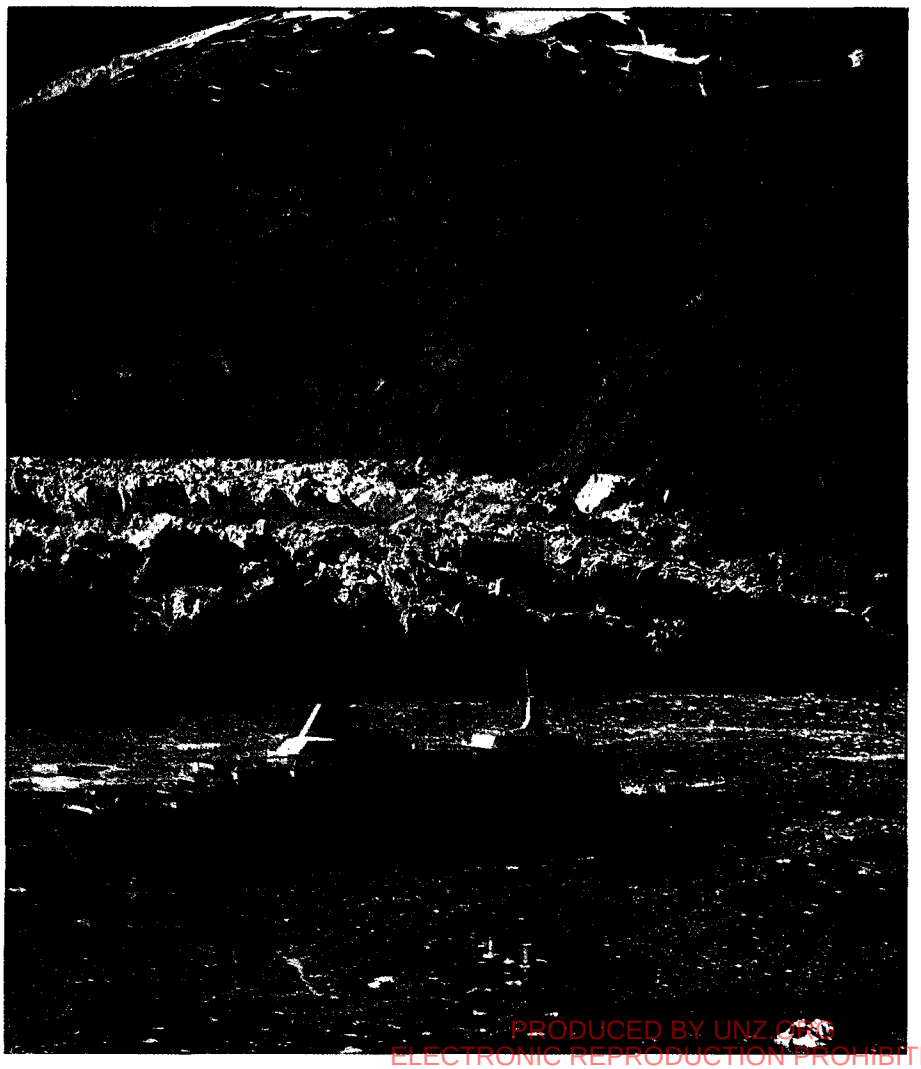
Sea voyages can be colleges, learning experiences where jargon-weary minds can refresh themselves at the feet (actually, the gourmet-delight-laden tables) of world-renowned thinkers and writers. Or cruises can be explorations into parts of the world where accommodations are unavailable.

Examine the map of the ship carefully. The most expensive rooms aren't always the best. If you are an early riser, cabins at the top of the ship where the children are usually put can be a good buy. If you're a late-nighter, a stateroom near an elevator—or a bar—may be more convenient.

Stay outside as much as possible if you're afraid of being seasick. Most ships now have stabilizers which minimize ocean rock and roll. Don't overbooze or -eat the day before sailing no matter how celebratory you feel. And get some rest before embarking. You should try, at first, to create your own stabilizing mechanism. Seasickness is not in your mind. Babies get it—and, sometimes, sea captains.



(Left) The Royal Viking Line's ships explore Alaska this summer.

SPECIALTY AND THEME CRUISES

HOLLAND AMERICA. Celebrity Cruises to Nassau and Bermuda. From $500 for 7 days on the S.S. *Rotterdam*, S.S. *Volendam*, or S.S. *Statendam*. Themes include "That's Entertainment" (April 29, Sept. 30), "Tribute to Gershwin" (May 20), "Jazz Festival at Sea" (May 27, Sept. 16), "Cabaret" (June 3, Sept. 2), "Return of the Big Bands" (Sept. 9), "Country and Western Jubilee" (Sept. 23), and "Tribute to Rodgers and Hammerstein" (Oct. 7).

SITMAR CRUISES. Nostalgia theme: Harry James and his orchestra, plus a costume ball, trivia and dance contests, feature films from the '40s and a soda shop with 1940s hits on the jukebox. Sailing on June 3 from San Francisco for Alaska and Canada. From $1,220.

CARRAS LINE. Cabaret Cruise: Leaving Monte Carlo on Sept. 27 for Palma, Palermo, Malta, Alexandria, Israel, and Athens. 13 days of cruising plus airfare for $1,700-$2,900 and $700 less if you're already in Europe.

Wine Cruises: 13 days of cruising with wine tasting, tours of Europe's vineyards, and lectures. Go to Amsterdam, La Rochelle, Bordeaux, Oporto, Cádiz, Málaga, and Villefranche. Leaves Sept. 14. $1,700-$2,900 with airfare, $1,000-$2,100 without.

COMMODORE LINE. Mayfest Wine Festival: 7-day Caribbean cruises leaving April 29-May 27. Daily wine and cheese tasting parties. Stops at Puerto Plata, St. Thomas, San Juan, and Haiti. $425-$720.

Oktoberfest: Same ports and prices but a different theme. Oom-pah-pah band, yodelers, Alpine hats, souvenir mugs, beer parties, complimentary wine and German dishes at mealtime. Sailings Sept. 23-Oct. 28 at 7-day intervals.

Country and Western: Sept. 10-17, featuring Johnny Paycheck, Diane Jordan, David Wills, and Marty Martel.

Convention Cruises: Book them a year in advance for anywhere from 15

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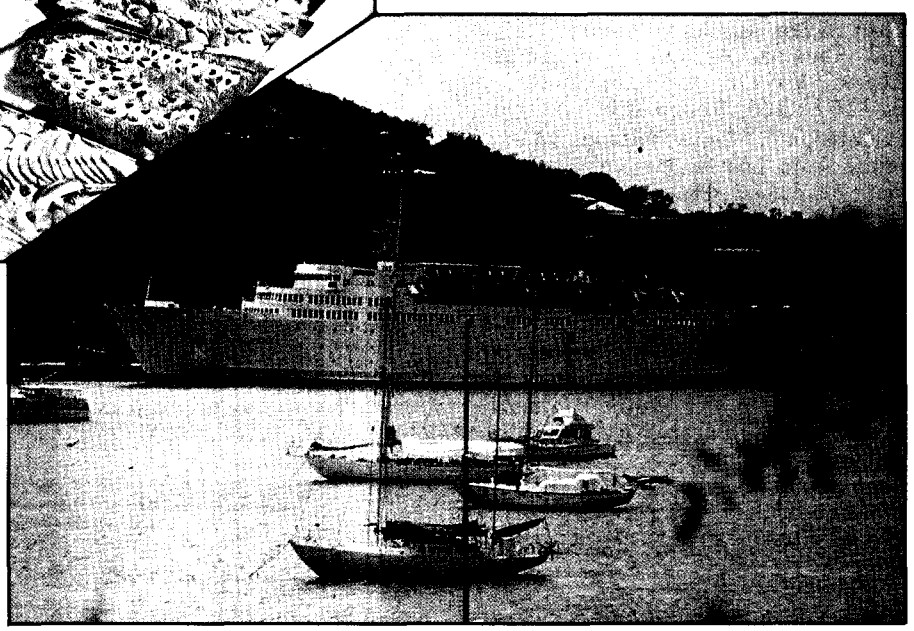

(Left) A cruise ship resolves the struggle between hedonism and puritanism. You can gorge, but a spa surrounds you, as irresistible as the jewel-like pastries. (Below) Commodore Line's Bohème *lightens up the Caribbean.*

to 450 people. Special group rates except for scheduled holiday sailings. Contact 1015 N. America Way, Suite 205, Miami 33132.

ROYAL VIKING LINE. Enrichment Program: A lecture series on the humanities and sciences, usually geared to the cruise's destination. Headed for Russia will be Barnaby Conrad, among others. The July 30 Alaska/Canada cruise features Irving Stone. "Postscripts" writer Richard Armour will be on board for the 55-day Around South America cruise setting sail from California on Oct. 18.

INSTITUTE FOR SHIPBOARD EDUCATION, sponsored by University of Colorado at Boulder. Semesters at Sea: $5,000 entitles you to earn college credits aboard the S.S. *Universe* while on an around-the-world cruise. Tuition included. Sets sail Sept. 9. Accommodations for 500 students, plus faculty and staff. Adult education cruises available during the summer.

ALASKA/CANADA — THE INNER PASSAGE

ROYAL VIKING LINE. 14-day round trip from San Francisco or Los Angeles, leaving all summer long from mid-June to mid-Sept. See Victoria, Vancouver, Prince Rupert, Juneau, Skagway, Glacier Bay, and Sitka. $1,765-$4,000.

SITMAR CRUISES. 14-day round trip from San Francisco, leaving all summer long from early June to early Sept. Stops at Vancouver, Nanaimo, Ketchikan, Juneau, Glacier Bay, Sitka, and Victoria. $1,220-$2,420.

WESTOURS. 7-day round trip from Vancouver to Ketchikan, Juneau, Glacier Bay, and Sitka. Departures May 20-Sept. 23 and prices $590-$1,300, depending on accommodations and date of departure.

PRINCESS CRUISES. Choice of 7 or 8 nights round trip from Vancouver from early June to late Sept., plus 10-night positioning cruise from Los Angeles and Seattle on June 21. 12-night round trip from San Francisco also available. Ports of call include Ketchikan, Prince Rupert, Juneau, Glacier Bay, Skagway, Sitka, and Victoria (8-night cruise only). Priced $830-$2,720.

CARIBBEAN AND TRANS-PANAMA CRUISES

SITMAR CRUISES. Caribbean: Choice of 7-day, 10-day, 11-day, and 14-day cruises. The 14-day includes a partial canal transit. Ports of call are Ft. Lauderdale, Haiti, Puerto Rico, St. Thomas, Nassau, Willemstad, La Guaira, Caracas, Grenada, Martinique, Barbados, Trinidad, and Aruba. (No one cruise hits all of these.) Sailings mid-June to mid-Dec. From $515-$1,800.

Trans-Panama: From California to Puerto Rico or vice versa, with return airfare included in the $1,420-$2,540 price. See Cabo de San Lucas, Acapulco, Willemstad, La Guaira, St. Thomas, and San Juan.

ROYAL CARIBBEAN LINE. Departures every 7 days from March 25-Dec. 2 for the 7-day round trip from Miami to the Dominican Republic, San Juan, and St. Thomas ($315-$885). Departures every 14 days from March 25-Dec. 9 for the 14-day round trip from Miami to Jamaica, Curaçao, Caracas, Barbados, Martinique, St. Thomas, Dominican Republic, and Haiti ($630-$1,675).

NORWEGIAN CARIBBEAN LINE. Choice of itineraries for the 7-day round trip from Miami. Stops at Port Antonio, Ocho Rios, Haiti, Nassau, and Berry Islands; or at Haiti, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, and Dominican Republic; or at Cozumel/Cancun, Grand Cayman Island, Ocho Rios, and Berry Islands. $465-$1,060.

CUNARD LINE. Caribbean: 7 days round trip from San Juan or Ft. Lauderdale. Departures regularly April 22-June 17, plus Sept. 9 and 30 for the cruise from San Juan to Caracas, Grenada, Barbados, St. Lucia, and St. Thomas. Departures June 24-Sept. 2 and Oct. 7-Dec. 16 for the cruise from Ft. Lauderdale to Dominican Republic, San Juan, St. Thomas, and Nassau. $535-$905.

ROYAL VIKING LINE. Caribbean: Choice of 4-day or 7-day cruises round trip from Ft. Lauderdale with stops at Haiti and Jamaica or St. Thomas and St. Maarten. Priced from $450. Sailings Nov. 22 and 26 and Dec. 3.

Westbound Trans-Panama: 17-day cruises stopping at St. Thomas, La Guaira, Aruba, Balboa, Acapulco, Los

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Angeles, and San Francisco. Sailings May 31, Sept. 20, Oct. 11, and Nov. 22. Start at $1,975. 33-day round trip cruises also available.

Eastbound Trans-Panama: 16-day cruises from San Francisco to Los Angeles, Mazatlan, Puerta Vallarta, Cartagena, Willemstad, Montego Bay, and Ft. Lauderdale. Sailings Sept. 24 and Oct. 29. Start at $1,865. Round trips also available.

PRINCESS LINE. Westbound Trans-Panama: 14-day cruise from San Juan to Los Angeles via Caracas, Curaçao, Panama, Acapulco, San Lucas. Leaves May 6 and 13, June 3. $1,415-$3,165. Round trips available.

Eastbound Trans-Panama: 14-day cruise from Los Angeles to San Juan via Acapulco, Panama, Cartagena, Aruba, Martinique, St. Thomas. Leaves May 20. Same price range as above.

INNER EUROPEAN CRUISES

Not the harried 20-countries-in-5-days approach. An opportunity to take your time and see the continent in true luxury. Prices given do not include airfare, but most lines will give you a break on the trip over if you're not already there.

ROYAL VIKING LINE. British Isles/Norwegian Fjords: 10-day round trip cruises from London or Amsterdam for $1,130-$2,630. Sailing May 27 for Flaam, Gudvangen, Bergen, Lerwick, Dunvegan, and Dublin.

Mediterranean: Four 13-day cruises departing round trip from Athens on Aug. 30, Sept. 12 and 25, and Oct. 8. See Varna, Odessa, Yalta, Sochi, Istanbul, Izmir, Patmos, Myconos, Rhodes, and Herakleion. $1,640-$3,770.

Russia/Europe: 14-day cruises round trip from Copenhagen, with an option of returning to London instead. Ports of call include Amsterdam, Hamburg, Tallinn, Leningrad, Helsinki, and Stockholm. Rates start at $1,760. Sailings July 7 and 14 and Aug. 4.

CHANDRIS TOURS. Midnight Sun: 14-day cruises with choice of itinerary. Amsterdam-Bergen-Skarsvag North Cape-Spitzbergen, leaving June 17, July 1 and 15, for $895-$1,820. Or Amsterdam-Faroe Islands-Reykjavík-Skarsvag North Cape-Trondheim-Edinburg-London, leaving May 20, July 29, and Aug. 12, for $765-$1,640.

Baltic Sea/Russia: 14-day cruise to Amsterdam, Stockholm, Helsinki, Leningrad, Gdynia, Copenhagen, Oslo, and London. Sailings June 3, Aug. 26, and Sept. 9. Same rates as above.

Fortunate Isles: 14-day cruise from Amsterdam to Genoa via Lisbon, Ponta Delgada, Madeira, Las Palmas, Casablanca, Gibraltar, and Alicante. Leaves Sept. 23. $705-$1,435.

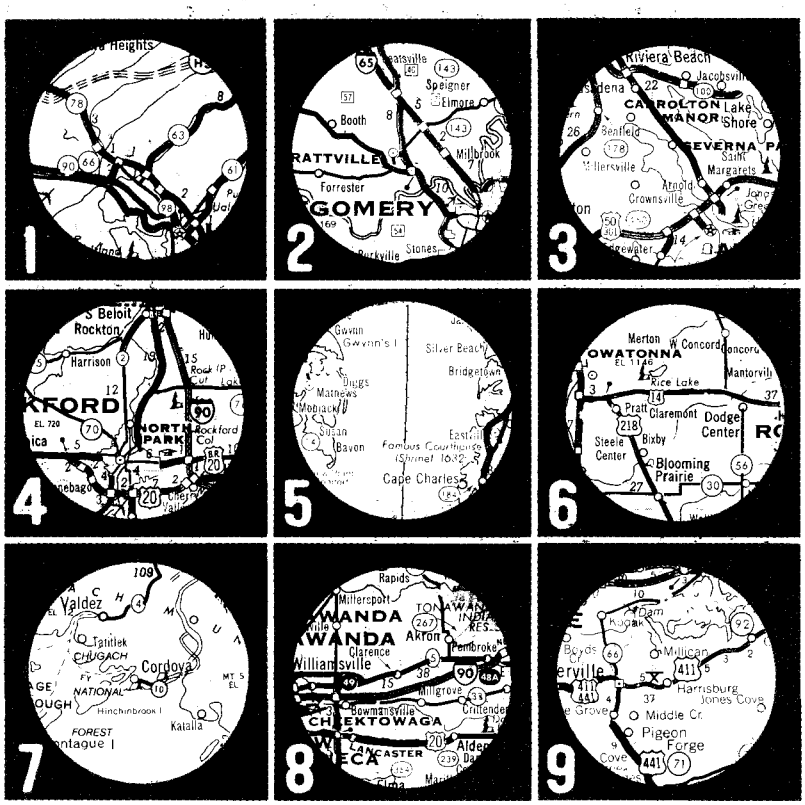
PRINCESS TOURS. As many as 17 different cruises from mid-May to mid-Oct., among them trips to the Riviera, Aegean, Black Sea, Ionian, or various parts of the Mediterranean. Also to the Canary Islands and Azores, the Norwegian fjords or the North Sea. From $375 to $725, depending on length of cruise and destination.

CARRAS CRUISES. Scandinavia/Russia: 13-day cruise round trip from Amsterdam to Bergen, Hardangerfjord, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Helsinki, Leningrad, Visby, and the Kiel Canal. Departures June 28, July 11 and 24, Aug. 6 and 19, and Sept. 1. $900-$2,100.

Moorish Europe and Africa: 14-day cruise from Athens to Herakleion, Taormina, Palma, Gibraltar, Tangier, Casablanca, Funchal, and Lisbon. Departure Nov. 26. $1,000-$2,200.

Byzantium/Holy Land: 14-day cruise round trip from Athens to Alexandria, Israel, Ephesus, Samos, Yalta, Odessa, Constanta, Istanbul, and Myconos. Departures Oct. 10 and 24. $1,000-$2,200. Also on Nov. 26 is a 13-day Egypt/Holy Land cruise to Alexandria, Israel, Ephesus, U.S.S.R., Constanta, Istanbul, and Myconos.

GERMAN RHINE LINE. 4-, 3-, or 2-country cruises from Holland to Switzerland or Switzerland to Holland. For the 5-day, 4-country cruise, departures are every other Tuesday or Sunday from Amsterdam and every other Friday from Basel. Stops at Düsseldorf, Koblenz, Mannheim, Speyer, Rüdesheim, and Strasbourg. Ports of call and price vary with the kind of cruise. $130-$500 one way. ☒



Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 134)

Canning Tomatoes

continued from page 67

Then for a while I wanted him all the time.

While I wasn't earning, Richard carried the financial burden. He had just stopped working for Rafferty and gone out on his own. It was hard not to blame each other. Once when the kettle boiled dry and burned we found ourselves screaming. We fought, I because he could always leave, and did, every day to go to work and other people—then I would be alone at home to cope as best or worst I could; he because Robbie hurt his pride—there was such pain and love in his voice when he talked to him as he fed or changed him. He called him "son."

The fighting exposed our self-pity and made us let it go. I had fantasized about running away, of going to California to see you. And Richard told me that once he even thought . . . it crossed his mind to smother Robbie. I hated him. I was horrified.

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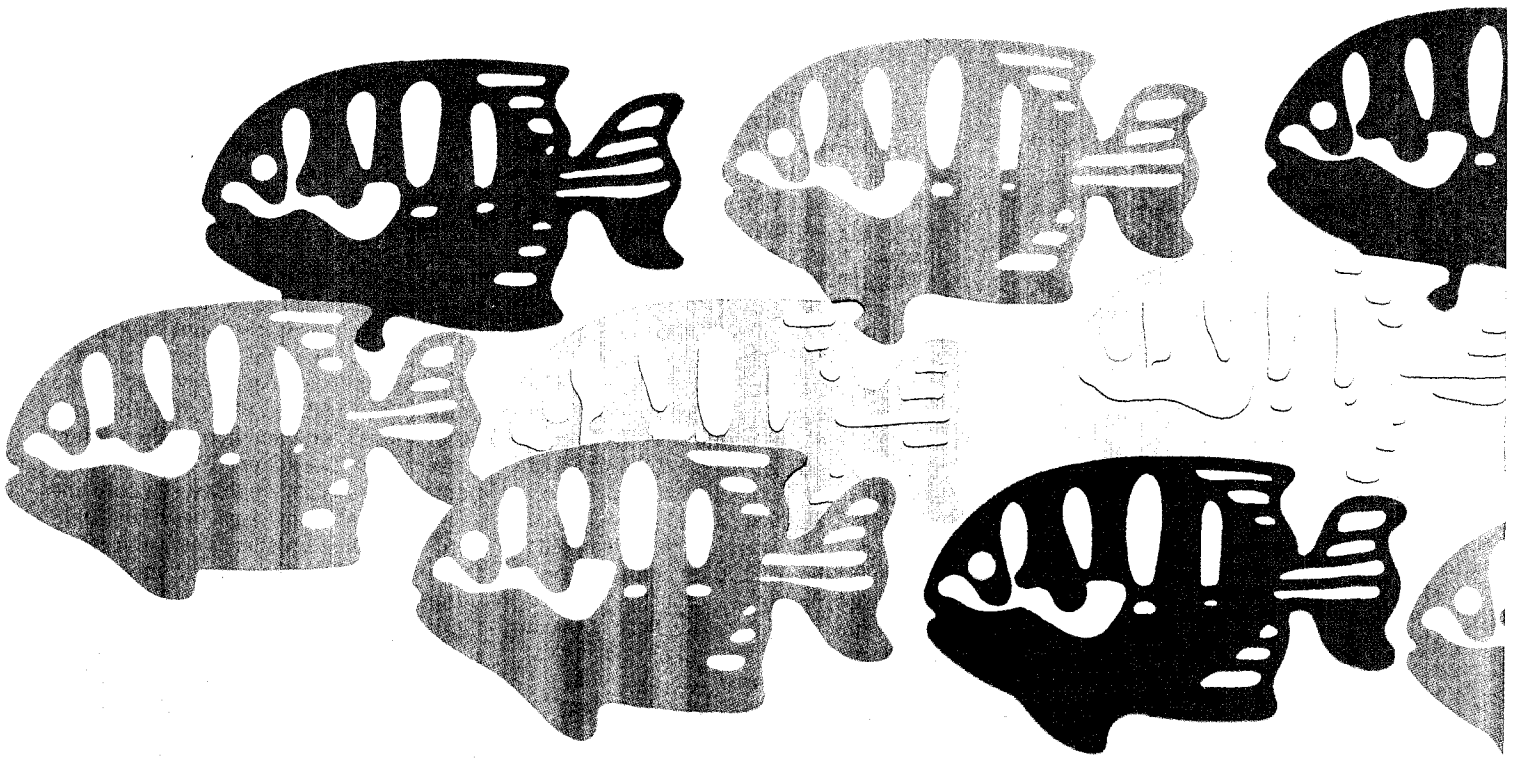

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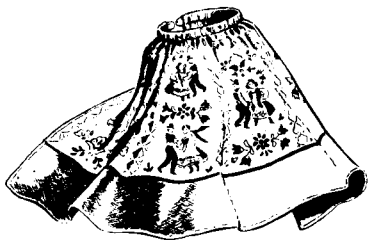

APRON HOOP

Here's the easy way to make an APRON for the great way to hang around your kitchen. Just stitch two hems in a straight piece of cloth and slip on the hoop. The plastic APRON CURVET comes in three sizes: small, 20-28" waist; medium, 28-34" waist; large, 34-44" waist. The pattern is included. APRON CURVET and pattern $1.00 each postpaid. Great fund-raising item for churches, clubs, etc. One dozen, $4.80 plus 75¢ postage and handling.

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Then one night I dreamed of a deer a hunter had wounded but not killed. I took Richard's rifle off the wall, loaded it with shells and fired them all, one after the other without stopping. I woke up sobbing and shaking and Richard was there.

Robbie was blind, the neurosurgeon said, after he measured the thickness of his brain with a bubble of air and said it was less than a centimeter. He tried time after time to make the shunt work so it would drain off the heavy fluid collecting on his brain. Down the side of his neck Robbie had rows of stitch marks like the border on a sampler. He never shut his eyes, even to sleep. They were a light, clear blue like a marble or a lake in spring, steady and unwavering. At first he used to blink them if I put him near the sun and they cried tears and shut at night; but later they stared like eyes that see nothing in this world because they're looking somewhere else.

I held him a lot. One time last March (I remember there was snow in the air), I was holding him. He was fretful when I shifted his heavy head; it was large and tender and swollen. At last I laid him back in the crib and told him over and over that I understood and that it was all right to die. I sat watching him and crying.

But of course you don't want to hear all this; it makes people sad and scared when I talk about it, so I don't much. The parents group, really the mothers, was a great relief, to be able to talk to people who knew what it was like. Still there is the compulsion to recount every detail like some sort of Ancient Mariner who irritates people and knows it but can't stop. Sometimes I pretend I'm on a bus talking to a stranger who wants to hear and isn't bored or frightened, who doesn't think I'm morbid or obsessed and who wants to hear it all. Or I write letters like this to you in my head.

Do you remember how we would compare notes after weekends and your rule was we had to tell everything? It's a good rule. It was April 17, just before Easter—a bright, fine, windy day. I went to check on him in the morning. We had been expecting it; he had refused to eat on and off for six weeks, even fruit juice, even yogurt which used to be his favorite. Sometimes he would take a little watered milk but eventually he would not swallow even that. The doctors said they would not intervene. He grew so thin his socks slid off his feet, so flaccid that his arms and legs could be lifted like pieces of rope. He sounded like a kitten mewing weakly when he cried.

There is an earwig caught inside one of the transparent towel racks in the bathroom. It has been in there for a month and its feelers still move when you tap the plastic.

My parents flew down for the service from Burlington in a thunderstorm and my mother stayed for a week. It's hard for us to spend time together. It was a failure for us both. It wasn't long before she had the sewing machine out and was lining the curtains I had started but never finished. Richard's mother came over for a little while almost every day or we marketed together. She's like Richard; she doesn't say much but she's there when you need her. While we were doing the dishes one day she told me she'd had a miscarriage between Richard and his brother Pete and then when she didn't have any more children she always imagined it had been a girl. That's all she said.

You must write again soon and tell me everything, about the school where you're counseling, the friend you mentioned who has the motorcycle, what it's like to live in San Francisco. We get to Hanover for the library or a movie sometimes in good weather but not after the snow begins, and you know how soon that is. Richard's special books on furniture come from the Hanover library and I take out a big stack. I used to read to Robbie—he seemed to be soothed by the sound of my voice—*Aesop's Fables*, *Alice in Wonderland*, a collection of American short stories. There was one in there that had an epitaph for Robbie, though we put only the dates on the headstone; in the story a man says that it doesn't take many words to sum up human experience, that you can do it in eight: he was born, he suffered, and he died.

We have lots of pictures so I'll send you one taken a year ago when Robbie seemed to be doing well and we were full of hope. What shall I say to you? It's over. In a few months the snow will start, covering the cellar windows where the jars will be lined up in rows like soldiers, the way they were when I was a child and would be frightened when I was sent down into the dark to fetch one up for supper. Would the furnace explode? Would something nameless and terrible reach out to destroy me from the shadowed alcove where the rakes were kept? Silly though it was, I sometimes feel a pinch of fear even now and hurry up the stairs. But in the cellar I also keep a burlap bag of earth for starting seeds—lettuce, cabbages, peppers, tomatoes. I set them out in flats in the south kitchen windows where the sun is flooding in right now. By the time the canned tomatoes are gone, new plants are up and green, putting out second and third pairs of leaves, waving and growing tall in the moist, cool air. ☒

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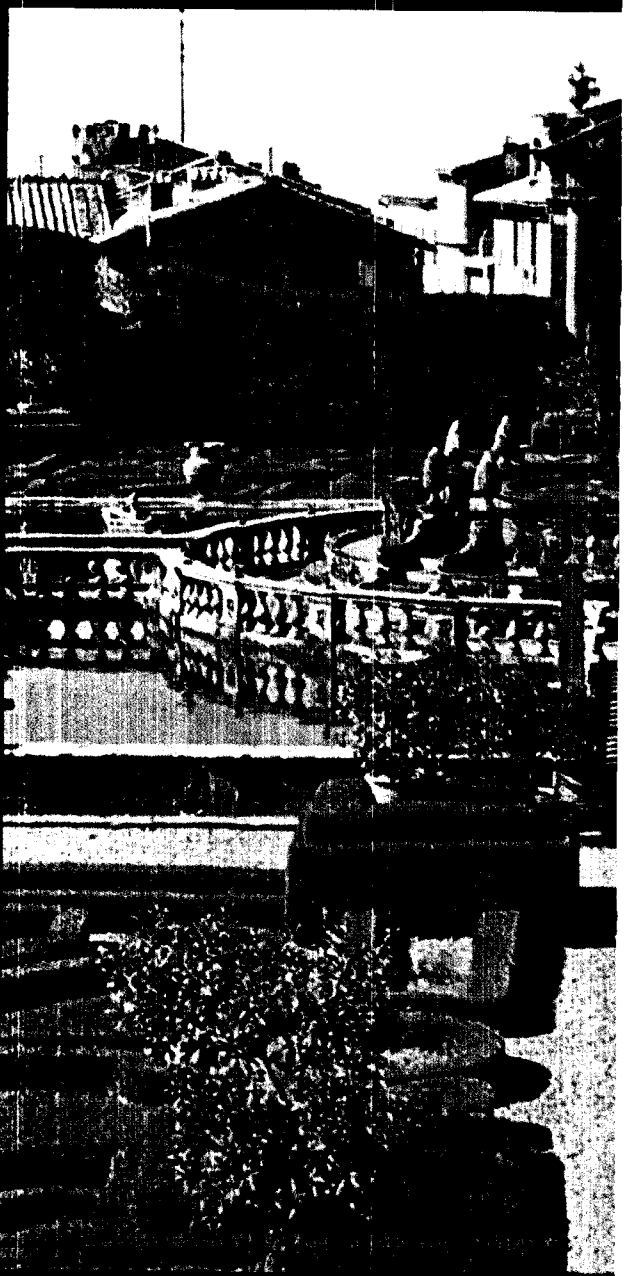
ONCE THE EARTH WAS A GARDEN

The first vision of paradise was a garden. Peace, beauty, and pleasure await the world-weary. Water, shade, and music metamorphose dust, heat, and stain into a flower.

by F. X. O'Connor



In England the sense and security of the cottage garden pervade even grand palaces. Here, in the Elizabethan knot garden of Hampton Court Palace, the huge house Cardinal Wolsey built for himself only to have Henry VIII find it more suitable as a royal residence, low boxwood borders give shape and design to the garden even in winter.

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Go into a house; turn on television, lights, radio, tapes, toilets, blenders, choppers, water, washer, dryer, the disposal. Go outside, in another kind of room. The turn-on is music, too. Wings quivering, petals crashing to the ground, butterflies stamping their feet, buds opening to the clash with over-achieving bees. Perhaps it is only the volume that makes one a prison and the other an escape.

A garden symbolizes man's activity removed from man's competitiveness. He is feeding himself, recreating himself, and he is harming no one.

Eden was a garden. Which we lost. The world, with its soft and gentle skin, a garden too, can be lost.

While man shrinks with age, almost as though he were turning inward, trees never stop growing. Statuary, softened by the years, faces the ages at Hadrian's Villa (A.D. 124) built by the emperor who unified Rome's vast empire while spreading the glories of Greek civilization as far north as Britain.

Man handles nature, turns it into a room, urging it with clippers and rakes to conform to his own limits. Even then, the results may be beautiful, for nature smiles on man's efforts. Colors and shapes of flowers and trees do not clash; the garden is the living golden rule. This is the Villa Lante in Bagnaia, Italy. Lemon trees in pots add scent and color, spend the winter indoors.

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Darwin

continued from page 48

prospect that man was descended from other primates. "Light will be thrown on the origin of man and his history," Darwin said (a masterpiece of understatement) at the conclusion of *The Origin*. At an Oxford debate of the British Association in 1860, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, briefed by a scientific enemy of Darwin, Sir Richard Owen, asked Huxley whether it was through his grandfather or his grandmother that he claimed descent from a monkey. Huxley muttered under his breath, "The Lord hath delivered him into mine hands," rose, and after carefully refuting the Bishop's main thesis, quietly and deliberately said, "If I had to choose between a poor ape for an ancestor and a man highly endowed by nature and of great influence, who used those gifts to introduce ridicule into a scientific discussion and to discredit humble seekers after truth, I would affirm my preference for the ape." One lady fainted in the aisle, the effect was so great. The Bishop, knowing he was beaten, did not reply.

Darwin was not a trained scientist. He, like his grandfather Erasmus Darwin, an eccentric physician who had suggested a theory of evolution as early as 1794, had a mania for theorizing. "I love fools' experiments," Charles Darwin said; "I am always making them." Some of his conclusions are based on what he observed around his house: the facial expressions of his children; the postures of his dog, Bob; the worms in the garden. He accepted information and observations from everybody: gardeners, cousins, anonymous letters. But his methods and organization were sound. He spent eight years studying barnacles. There were so many in tanks around the Darwin house that his children thought they were as natural as sofas and chairs, and one son, visiting a friend's home, asked the little boy where his father kept his barnacles.

Many of Darwin's theories, such as his conclusions about the formation of coral reefs, have stood the test of time. He wrote 13 books. His record of the *Beagle*'s trip is one of the most delightful travel books ever written. He was unfailingly kind to his seven surviving children, and they loved him so much they would try to bribe him away from his study with their precious sixpences to play with them.

The Wedgwoods and Darwins had many eccentricities, and some of them were inherited by the Darwin brood. All of them suffered from hypochondria, and few of them worried about social niceties. When Darwin was buried in Westminster Abbey, William, the eldest son, felt a draft on his bald head and balanced his black gloves on the top of his skull for the duration of the service.

One of Darwin's great postulates was that, given enough time, small and gradual causes can produce large and radical effects, whether in worms or in men. He wrote at the conclusion to *The Descent of Man* (1871): "Man may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, though not through his own exertions, to the very summit of the organic scale; and the fact of his having thus risen, instead of having been aboriginally placed there, may give him hope for a still higher destiny in the distant future. But," he added cautiously, "we are not concerned with hopes or fears, only with the truth as far as our reason permits us to deliver it." ⁂

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8D

California Suite

continued from page 113

Hannah And how can you be so *pompous* not to recognize a very healthy rebellious attitude in an adolescent? If she *didn't* complain, I would probably send her to an expensive shrink. Since she's with *me* 10 months of the year, it's only natural *you're* the one she's going to miss . . . . I think by and large she and I have managed quite well, but it's obvious she needs a father image. I don't mind. If it's only July and August, it might as well be you.

Billy This is Thanksgiving and she came out *without* your permission.

Hannah She never had a very good head for dates.

Billy What would you do if I just kept her here with me?

Hannah Don't be ridiculous.

Billy But what would you do?

Hannah I would find the very best lawyer I could in California . . . and have him beat the tar out of you.

Billy Would you drag it through the courts if I said I'm keeping her for six months?

Hannah I will call my friend, the Attorney General of the United States, if she is not on that three o'clock plane.

Billy How much time do you spend with her? Do you ever have breakfast with her? How many nights does she eat dinner alone? Do you think she's really happy with that $20 bill you give her every time you go off to Washington for the weekend? The girl is growing up lonely, Hannah, and if you tell me she's got a cat and a canary, I'll belt you right in the choppers.

Hannah She has two dogs, a Dominican cook, and twelve different girls who sleep over every time I'm away. Despite her Gothic reports, she is not living the life of Jane Eyre.

Billy The truth, Hannah . . . . You know if we leave it up to Jenny, you don't stand a chance of getting her on that plane. Right?

Hannah Are you going to help me?

Billy By sending Jenny home? She'd be back in two weeks.

Hannah Not if I put heavy weights on her feet. . . . Offer me a suggestion, blast it, for old times' sake.

Billy You know my suggestion.

Hannah Do you like your mother?

Billy For a neurotic woman, she wasn't too bad.

Hannah I don't like mine much. Can you imagine being a pain in the neck for 78 years? I felt something was wrong even when I was in the womb. I never felt comfortable. I think I was hanging too low . . . . We shouldn't have had Jenny. People like you and me are too selfish . . . . I don't want her to grow up hating me and I don't want her growing up here, because I'm liable to hate her . . . . Maybe you and I should have stayed together and we could have let *Jenny* go. What do you think?

Billy I think I like you again.

Hannah He's not going to live very long, you know.

Billy Who isn't?

Hannah My Washington *Post* friend. He had open heart surgery that was a total waste of time.

Billy I'm sorry to hear that.

Hannah Me, too . . . . The man

Continued on page 142

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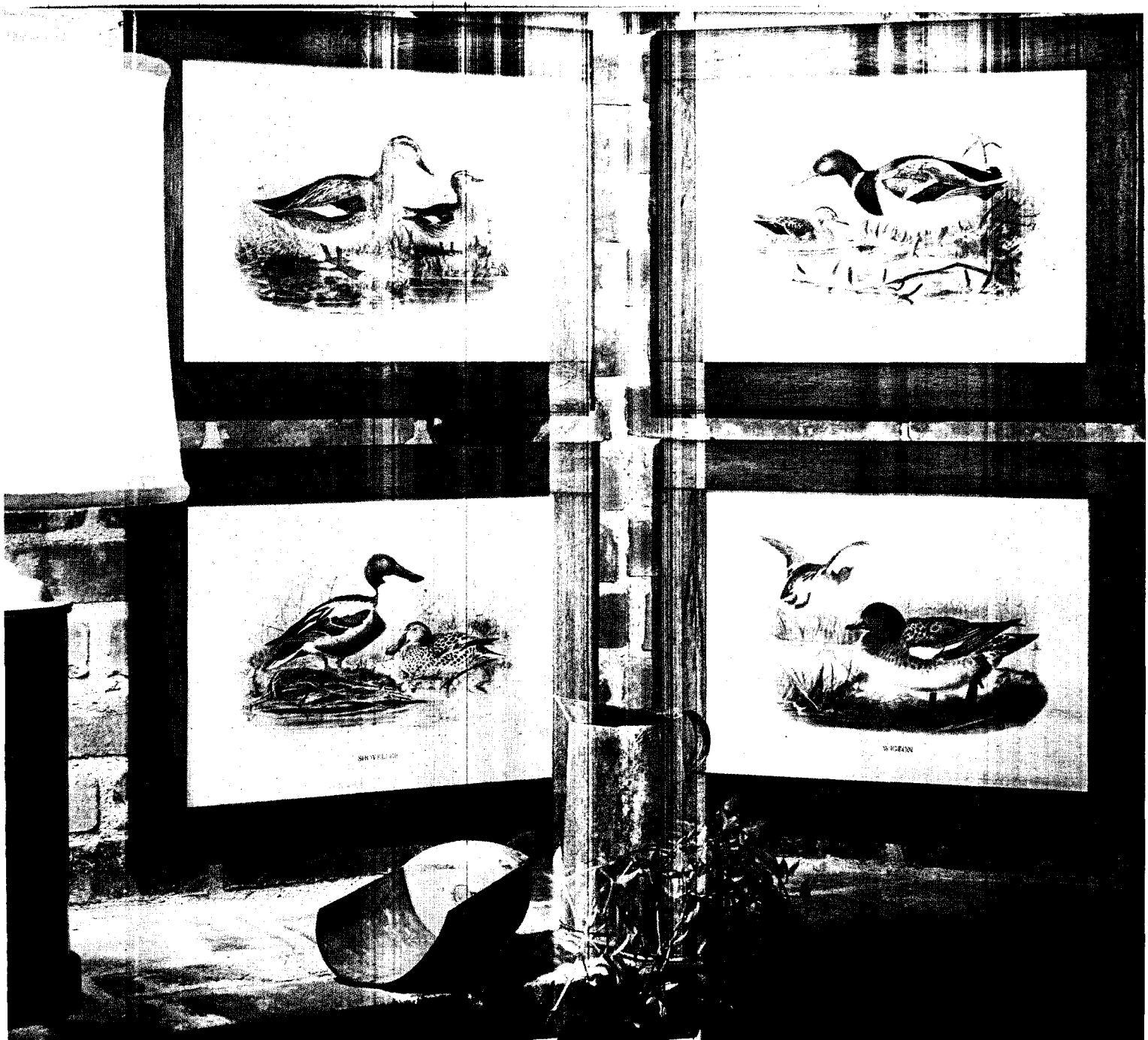

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FOOD

SUMMER STOCK

Vichyssoise, quiche, whole wheat bread, fresh fruit, wine: a cold feast for a warm night. Prepare it ahead, then enjoy it in your own backyard.

by Kathleen Hill

The windows are open. The curtains are blowing in the wind. You are outside. The table is spread. You don't want to work at food but you want to eat—something creamy, cold, piquant; a soup that distills the essence of summer; a mousse redolent of the flashy salmon or trout whose taste is the happy memory of sport, whose scent is reminiscent of pines and clear water.

Chicken broth freezes well, keeps, and makes a perfect base for any sort of pureed vegetable—spinach, carrots, broccoli, fresh English peas, beets, tomatoes, squash, potatoes. It scarcely needs a recipe. Just add cream, the broth, and the vegetable; chill; serve. A splash of white wine or sherry.

You don't have to have expensive outdoor barbecue equipment to eat outside. These soups, with a crusty wheat bread, make good times.

Cucumber Soup

4 large cucumbers
1 tablespoon finely chopped onion
1 tablespoon butter
3 cups chicken broth
1 cup light cream
2 beaten egg yolks
White pepper

Reserve *half* a cucumber for garnish; peel, seed, and finely chop remaining cucumbers to make 3½ cups. Cook onion in butter till tender. Add chopped cucumber and chicken broth. Simmer, covered, till cucumber is tender and transparent, about 10 minutes. Press mixture through sieve or food mill. Heat through. Mix cream and egg yolks. Stir a moderate amount of hot mixture into egg mixture; return to hot mixture. Cook and stir till slightly thickened. Season to taste with white pepper and ¾ teaspoon salt. Serve hot or chilled, garnished with slices of reserved cucumber. Makes 6 cups.

Vichyssoise à la Santé

1 large onion
1½ bunches scallions (green onions)
3-4 medium-size new potatoes
1 small bunch fresh parsley
2 tablespoons vegetable oil
3 cups vegetable broth
¼ teaspoon mace
1/8 teaspoon kelp powder
1 teaspoon tamari
5 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
1 potato, boiled and diced
½ cup chopped chives

Peel the onion and slice very thin.

Wash the green onions and cut into 1-inch lengths, both green and white parts.

Peel the potatoes and slice thin.

Chop the parsley.

Heat the oil in a deep skillet and sauté the onions until soft. Add the potatoes, parsley, 2 cups of the vegetable broth, mace, and kelp powder. Cook until the potatoes are just tender and remove from the heat.

Add the remaining vegetable broth and pour the mixture into a blender.

Add the tamari and spin until smooth.

Refrigerate until very cold. The soup thickens as it chills.

Add the milk and salt and mix well.

Serve in a soup tureen garnished with the cold boiled, diced potato and chopped chives. Serves 8.

Broccoli Quiche

All the component parts of this delicious dish can be made in advance. Just before guests arrive the oven can be heated and the quiche assembled for 40 minutes of cooking—just time for a pre-dinner or -lunch drink. It is a perfect dish for entertaining.

9-inch pastry shell
2 pounds broccoli
4 slices lean bacon
1 medium-size onion
1½ cups all-purpose cream
3 eggs
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
Dash of nutmeg
1 cup shredded Gruyère or medium sharp Cheddar cheese

Prepare your favorite unsweetened pastry shell. Roll it out to a circle 11 inches in diameter and line a deep pie plate. Prick well with a fork and bake 8 minutes at 450 degrees F. Let cool. If this seems too much trouble, find an unbaked pie shell in the freezing section of your local market.

Meanwhile, trim the broccoli of leaves and all but the tenderest of stems and divide into small bunches. Soak the broccoli in salted water for 10 minutes. Drain and steam or boil in salted water for 12 minutes or just until tender. If using frozen broccoli cook according to directions on the package, taking care to undercook rather than to overcook. Drain and dry on paper toweling.

Cook the bacon in a small skillet over moderate heat, turning the slices once or twice. Remove the strips to a piece of paper toweling to drain and, using the bacon fat, cook the onion, sliced thin, until tender. Pour off and discard the fat.

Beat the cream and eggs together until well blended and season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. This should be at room temperature when used.

To assemble: Preheat the oven to 350 degrees F. Spread the onion in the bottom of the pastry shell. Arrange the broccoli on top of the onions and sprinkle with the bacon crumbled into small bits. Sprinkle with the cheese and pour the cream mixture over it all. Bake 40 to 45 minutes or until the custard has set and the surface is golden brown. Serves 6.

Salmon Mousse

2 egg yolks
¼ cup butter
¼ cup all-purpose flour
¾ teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon white pepper
1½ cups light cream
1 16-ounce can salmon, drained and finely flaked
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated onion
4 stiffly beaten egg whites
1 small onion, thinly sliced
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons all-purpose flour
1 bay leaf

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1 whole clove
1 cup milk
3 chopped hard-cooked eggs
2 teaspoons capers
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash white pepper

Beat egg yolks slightly with a fork. Melt ¼ cup butter in saucepan; blend in ¼ cup flour, ¾ teaspoon salt, and 1/8 teaspoon white pepper. Add cream all at once. Cook and stir till thickened and bubbly. Remove from heat. Stir a moderate amount of hot mixture into egg yolks. Return to hot mixture. Cook and stir 2 minutes more. Stir in salmon, lemon juice, and grated onion. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into an ungreased 1½-quart soufflé dish. Bake at 325 degrees for 50 to 55 minutes. Serve immediately.

Meanwhile, in saucepan cook sliced onion in 2 tablespoons butter till tender; stir in 2 tablespoons flour. Add bay leaf and clove. Stir in milk all at once. Cook and stir till thickened and bubbly. Remove from heat; strain into saucepan. Add chopped eggs, capers, ¼ teaspoon salt, and dash pepper; heat through. Serve warm sauce over mousse. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Hollow out a big squash, fill with soup garnished with watercress, splash with sherry, and lean back into summer.

Whole Wheat Bread

2 cups milk
3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon salt
3 tablespoons honey
2 tablespoons yeast
1/3 cup lukewarm water
½ cup wheat germ
4½ to 5½ cups whole wheat flour
1 cup rolled oats

Heat the milk to the scalding point and add to it the butter, salt, and honey. Put it all in a large mixing bowl and let cool to lukewarm.

Dissolve the yeast in the lukewarm water and, after a few minutes, add it to the lukewarm mixture in the bowl. Add the wheat germ, about 2 cups of flour, and the cup of rolled oats; stir vigorously with a wooden spoon until the batter is smooth. Add more flour and keep stirring until the dough is too stiff to stir with the spoon. Turn it out on a floured board and knead—adding more flour as necessary to keep it from sticking—until it is very smooth and elastic.

Turn it into a buttered bowl, flip it over, and cover the bowl with a towel. Leave it in a warm place to rise until double in bulk—about 1 hour. Punch it down, cover, and let it rise again.

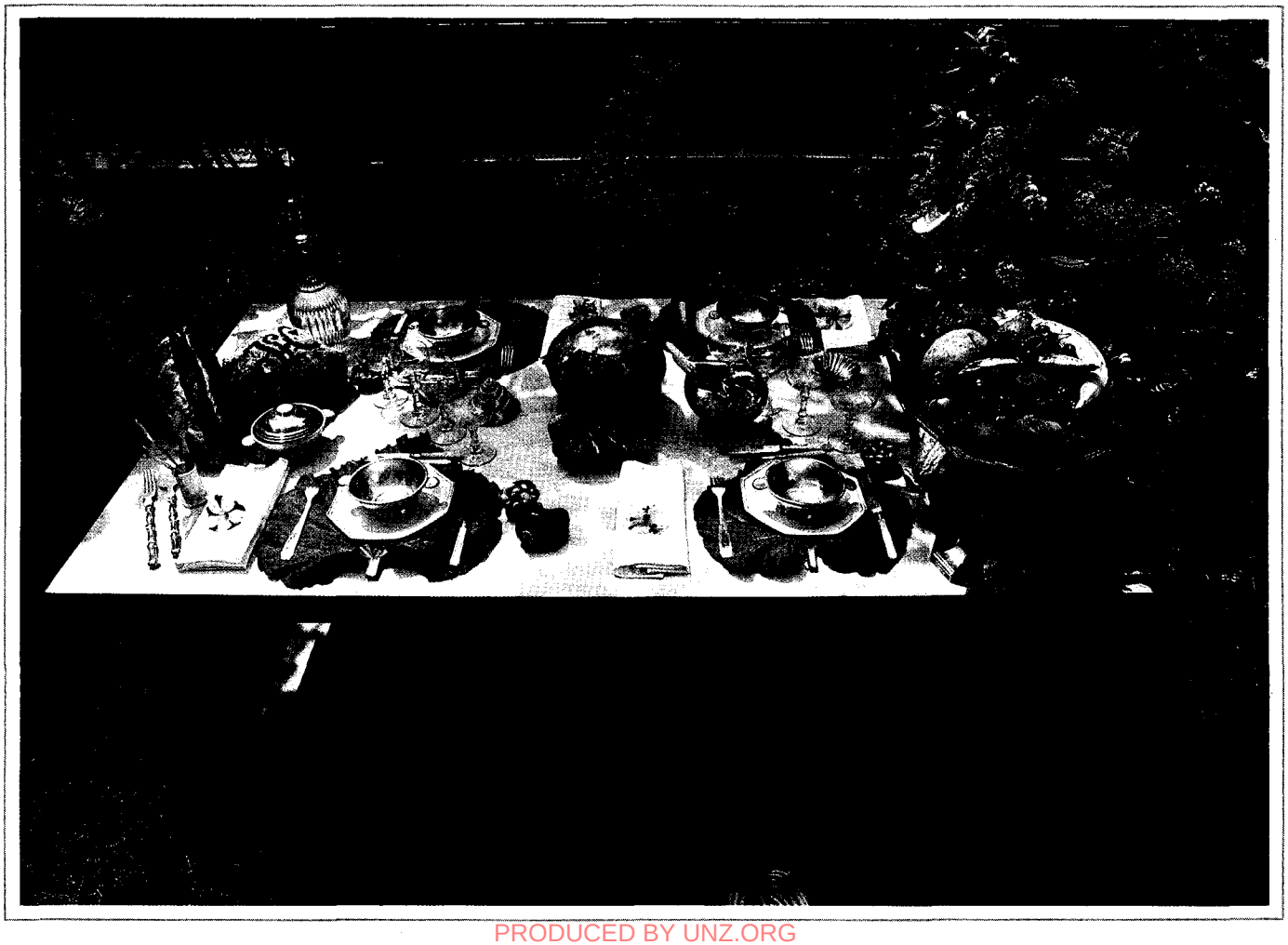
Knead a few times again and shape the dough into 2 loaves. Place them in buttered or oiled baking pans, cover, and leave to rise until almost double—about 45 minutes at the most. Bake for 45 minutes at 375 degrees. The loaves should be golden brown.

There are two interesting variations of this recipe. For the first, knead in 1 onion, cut and sliced in ½-inch slivers, after the first rising. Or, if you love sweet things—some people don't?—you can prepare a concoction of goodies to insert just before baking. We suggest equal parts raisins, honey, and walnuts, ½ cup each; but if you prefer pecans, dried apricots, dates, or figs, who's to argue? In any case, simply roll out your loaves into flat rectangles, smooth your preparation on top, roll back up into loaves, and bake.

Korozott Cheese

On picnics Hungarians take this mixture (Korozott) in a pepper or cucumber casing. Mix the ingredients until you get a light, uniform paste. Serve fresh.

½ pound cottage cheese
1 cup strong, hot mustard
Dash anchovy crushed in dash of oil
1 onion, finely chopped
Pinch of paprika
Pinch of cumin
Salt
White pepper



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Housewives

continued from page 56

forms my husband never demanded. He would have accepted as perfectly natural my claiming for myself the right to work at anything that pleased me. However, I was bent on a marriage that would signify my becoming as much like my mother as possible. I would be the "good" woman, raising a family, encouraging my husband in his work. How could a writer and the good woman exist in one body?

Entering the world of marriage, I left behind my family's world, where writing had, after all, been the keystone of existence. The new world of my husband, whose career in best '50s tradition was to be *ours*, was the world of science. He was the priest of a very male magic: theoretical physics. In Cambridge, England, where we spent the first two years of our marriage, science was the subject of interest; everything else was reserved for polite conversation—along with the weather. Finishing his doctorate on fellowships, my husband was taken very seriously. I pretended halfheartedly to write fiction, but in fact I was spending most of my energy coping with the system I had set up as I spun myself into the cocoon of marriage.

After three years of marriage, children; I had three in five years just as my mother had. For the next seven years I knew both the joy of their growth and the inadmissible tensions of total motherhood. Today I might remember that time as a whisper—*You were utterly happy*—but my journals are shards that record other truths. Who was it who wrote that after six years of marriage she couldn't make a move without consulting her husband; that her love for her first child had become a way of extinguishing everything else? Who wrote that only by trying to write again could she save a part of herself that was withering from neglect? And was it the same person who wrote, that same year, at 27, "I am reading Wallace Stevens with great pleasure. It has been such a long time since I read poetry. Perhaps I will write again but I am afraid. I think only some dreadful tragedy could make that happen." How convinced I was that self-expression for me could only be bought at the price of destruction to those I loved. Wasn't that why, over coffee with my best friend, also a would-be writer, we told each other so often that, really, it was much more creative to have babies than to write?

Ten years of marriage. Our youngest was a year and a half when the first in a series of wonderful *au pair* girls arrived. With my degree of domestic incompetence, the nonstop entertaining we did, and the children, all preschoolers, always coming down with colds, it seemed to take all the two of us could do to keep things running smoothly. In addition to the responsibility of the children, my husband's career had moments of indecision and doubt, leaving me a worried and helpless spectator. The children were growing, but my husband was too busy to give them anything but distant affection. Yet this life seemed acceptable because it was so much a repetition of my parents' household; in fact, I began to think of having a fourth child.

"Hey! Come back here!—I said your money or your LIFE*!"*

Then there were revelations. Although I think I believed that I could not be separated physically from my children and continue to exist—my mother had never left us as children—a summer came when I went to a conference in Italy with my husband. Going over on the plane, I felt as though I were being torn apart; later, at the conference, conversation with other wives and observation of older children made me realize that inevitably, no matter how many children one has, the day comes when they grow up.

It was the summer of 1964; I read Betty Friedan's just-published *The Feminine Mystique*, and for the first time thought about the similarity between myself and other women my age whom she described as discontented and frustrated. I began to think of getting a job. Then, as abruptly as it had stopped, poetry returned to my life, perhaps because I was beginning to let myself listen to what I had been feeling. I can remember standing at a window, holding a child in my arms, the lines coming in my head, like a piece of music overheard.

The crazy, chaotic household with its ministering Swedish angel had stabilized just enough so that for two hours a week I managed to get out to write. I was sick more often than I was well in those years; most of my poetry was written while I was recovering from the colds I caught from the children. I used to apologize to friends for being sick so often; now I recognize that being sick was my way of "mothering" myself, of trying to replenish psychic and physical energies that I gave to everyone but myself.

But I was very far from being able to mother myself in more profound ways. As long as I was exclusively a wife and mother I knew I had my mother's full approval; to deviate from that path would threaten me with the loss of her love. I can remember my feeling of frustration as I told her over the phone about a poem I'd been working on, only to hear her say quickly, "That's good . . . but how are the *children*?" I felt betrayed again as I had when a child, as though her love was bestowed only when I took care of others; I couldn't understand then her terrible lack of self-confidence projected onto me, her daughter.

To give myself permission and approval to do what I was doing took a long time; in the beginning I couldn't do that by myself. Happily, there was an approving mother for me—my mother's sister, who had been writing poetry for years and who understood as my mother couldn't what poetry meant to me. At the beginning, poetry was my secret; I showed my poems only to my aunt and in the years which followed she gave the loving support that nourished me. Without her encouragement I would never have dared, that first year, to send poems out and find that editors would actually comment on my work.

I submitted my work to Robert Lowell for his class at Harvard. To my amazement I was permitted to attend. I would have tried to diminish that

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Tom Brokaw

continued from page 80

You all look a little exposed and vulnerable sitting in those swivel chairs with no desk to lean on."

"That's true, but we think this gives the show a more informal, easygoing air."

(Floyd Kalber, who delivers the daily news, sits behind a desk. I recall that he claimed this was the result of concentrated pouting. Weather and sports newsman Lew Wood stands alone in front of the camera delivering his segment with good-natured ease.)

"Do you take an active part in planning and shaping the show?" I ask.

"We all do. It's the kind of show that one person could not possibly program. When you do two hours of live TV every day, you consume ideas at an alarming rate. I compare it to the black hole in space. You throw in ideas and they never re-emerge. They just keep getting sucked up.

"My interests are generally political. I coordinate carefully with our Washington office. I get newsletters, newspapers, wire services. I travel a fair amount, make speeches, and when I do that I'm always going out to listen to people more than to talk to them."

"Off the record," I ask, "what do you think about Roone Arledge, President of ABC Sports, taking over the News Division at ABC as well?"

"I'll answer that on the record. I'm concerned about it. Arledge is a very clever man with a string of successes. He revolutionized a whole industry's approach to sports, made it so much more appealing as a TV art form.

"But if ABC, in its attempt to get ratings on the news programs, goes to a very entertainment-oriented format that weights the program far more toward entertainment than news coverage—and that formula becomes successful—there will be enormous pressure for us to copy them.

"I think we have to cover the news in more interesting ways. Newspapers change format. Even the staid old *New York Times* dropped a couple of columns on the front page, put in pictures, sports news. We all have to move with the times. But I hope we have our own style and don't play follow the leader."

I'm a news buff. I fell in love with Eric Sevareid when I was nine years old—and I have remained faithful to him, but there's a warm spot in my heart for NBC anchorman John Chancellor. When ABC and CBS broke the Sadat/Begin summit story, there was criticism of Chancellor for being slow on the uptake. I don't remember that kind of publicity about news people before, and I questioned Brokaw about it.

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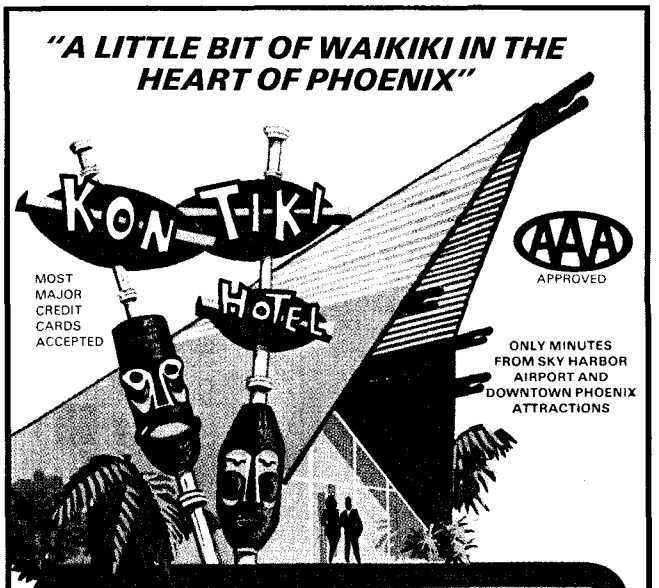
"A LITTLE BIT OF WAIKIKI IN THE HEART OF PHOENIX"



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"That's part of the price we pay for the higher visibility we have these days. Stakes have gotten much higher. TV news is now an international phenomenon. Sadat says 'Walter, John, Barbara.' He knows how important TV news coverage is to his cause. In John's case all that flack was vastly exaggerated. Barbara Walters had worked hard to get her interview. And Walter Cronkite had sort of arranged the summit in the first place by going about the normal business of getting interviews—by saying, 'What would it take to get you to go to Israel?' 'An invitation,' Sadat said. Naturally any reporter would call Begin and say Sadat would come if he had an invitation. And that's how it came about. But the newspapers really blew the whole thing out of proportion."

Newsmen are becoming part of the story they're covering. I wondered if that isn't a bit dangerous.

"Right. And I worry about future journalists getting into it for the wrong reasons. Celebrity appeal, big salaries. They ought to be curious about what is going on in the world and have a kind of need to explain things to people. It's almost a calling.

"There are too many who are willing to be anything you want them to be. That worries me. We can lose sight of our day-to-day responsibility, which is documenting history."

Was it curiosity that brought him into journalism?

"Well, one of the advantages of a South Dakota childhood is that there is so little around you intellectually that you reach out for broader sources of material. You have wider intellectual horizons. I was always aware of what was going on in New York, or other power centers. I had an early interest in politics.

"I was aware of Truman's squeak through victory in 1948 when I was eight years old. I remember vividly a specific tale of Alben Barkley's grandchild (Barkley was Truman's running mate) waking him up saying, 'Grandad, we made it.' I remember that quote.

"I was known as the town talker. I was always involved in whatever arguments were going, agitating things constantly, always had an opinion on everything.

"Then I went to the University of South Dakota and they had a first-rate political science department headed by a wonderful man, W. O. Farber, who retired recently. He kept a lot of us stirred up all the time. Ken Bode, political editor of *The Republic*, was my classmate. My closest friend, Dr. Robert Legvold, is now running the Russian Institute at Columbia University. He's a brilliant Russian scholar and has taken over this really distinguished academic position. He was in these classes. There are any number of others, all politically oriented, activist minded.

"I've stayed in touch with Dr. Farber and we've established a scholarship in his name for a deserving student to take a semester to travel and see other parts of the world."

Brokaw is at once at ease and challenged by his job as host of the "Today" show. He's enjoying prestige, affluence, and life at the hub of America's cultural and communications center.

"But we think of California as home," Brokaw says. "I anchored the evening news in Los Angeles for five years and worked as a reporter for two years before that. We have many friends there. We'll probably go back some day.

"Right now I'm working on a course that I'll be teaching at Yale next year on television news in America.

"I love what I'm doing but I'm really a reporter. It's what I do best and what I'm happiest doing. I'd like to think that I could give up the status and the money and go back to being a day-to-day working reporter if I choose to do so."

As a working reporter, Brokaw has covered the major traumas of the last 15 years—the civil rights struggle, the agony of the Vietnam protests, the counterculture/drug scene, and finally the White House at its most dramatic crisis in this century. It is understandable that a man who feels a "calling to document history" might long to return to the thick of the action, but there must be millions like me who have come to depend on the solid, Midwestern accents of Tom Brokaw to launch our day and reassure us that everything is going to be just fine. ☒

Ailanthus

Porched, how many tired evenings, I
Watched ailanthus swaying leaves on sky...
Why, I ask still, will the tree of cities
Thrive where roses die.
Cinder sprung, smoke-transpiring—
Yet strangely palmlike in the spring,
With simple symmetry, haloed high,
The long-green psalms upon the twilight
Seas of paradise...
Touched, how many tired evenings, men
Snatch wonder from the tree of Brooklyn.

—*Smith*

Crossword Puzzle
(answers from page 55)

1 N	2 I	3 M	4 B	5 U	6 S	■	7 C	8 A	9 L	10 F	■	11 B	12 A	13 T	14 H	■	15 P	16 A	17 H	18 I
19 O	R	I	E	N	T	■	20 O	H	I	O	■	21 A	I	R	E	■	22 A	T	E	N
23 G	I	N	G	E	R	24 B	R	E	A	D	■	25 B	R	A	W	■	26 P	A	L	L
27 O	S	E	■	28 D	I	A	N	A	S	■	29 V	A	I	N	■	30 M	I	L	L	A
■	■	■	31 T	I	C	K	E	D	■	32 B	A	R	N	S	33 W	A	L	L	O	W
34 S	35 P	36 R	O	C	K	E	T	■	37 L	I	L	■	38 G	O	R	A	L	■	■	■
39 P	I	E	B	A	L	D	■	40 R	E	R	E	41 E	■	42 M	I	M	O	43 S	44 A	45 S
46 I	N	C	I	T	E	■	47 P	I	N	D	R	O	48 P	■	49 T	A	T	T	L	E
50 T	O	U	T	E	■	51 L	E	O	V	■	52 A	M	A	53 N	■	54 A	E	I	O	U
■	■	■	55 E	D	56 G	E	R	T	O	57 N	■	■	58 S	O	59 P	■	60 S	C	H	S
61 B	62 U	63 L	■	■	■	64 A	P	O	S	I	O	65 P	66 E	S	I	S	■	■	67 H	A	S
68 A	N	E	69 W	■	■	70 T	U	X	■	■	71 T	A	X	I	C	A	72 B	73 S	■	■	■
74 C	A	R	I	75 B	■	76 S	I	V	77 A	78 ■	79 R	O	V	E	■	80 E	L	81 I	82 D	83 E
84 K	R	O	N	O	85 R	■	86 D	E	T	87 R	U	D	E	■	88 P	R	U	N	U	S
89 S	M	I	D	G	E	90 N	■	91 S	H	I	R	E	■	92 P	L	E	D	G	E	S
■	■	■	93 O	I	L	E	94 D	■	95 E	D	E	■	96 M	A	I	N	G	A	T	E
97 T	98 H	99 E	W	E	S	T	W	100 I	N	D	■	101 G	A	R	A	G	E	■	■	■
102 R	A	M	P	S	■	103 S	E	D	A	■	104 S	E	R	E	N	A	■	105 J	106 O	107 B
108 A	I	D	A	■	109 C	U	L	E	■	110 B	O	N	N	E	T	R	111 O	U	G	E
112 S	T	E	N	■	113 O	K	L	A	■	114 O	H	R	E	■	115 L	I	O	N	E	T
116 S	I	N	E	■	117 B	E	S	S	■	118 B	O	O	R	■	119 Y	A	N	K	E	E

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"Knowledge is power, knowledge is safety, knowledge is happiness."... Thomas Jefferson

Dear Editor:

Your interesting article in the Medical Mailbox in The Saturday Evening Post *of March 1978 about the importance of distinguishing between high density lipoprotein (HDL) and low density lipoprotein (LDL) mentioned the use of some drugs to increase the HDL level.*

I would like to draw your attention to a drug which quite probably will interest some of your readers: alcohol.

Let me give you a number of quotations from The Lancet, *July 23, 1977 (the article "Alcohol and Blood Lipids," by Castelli, W. P., et al.):*

> *"The observations . . . suggest that moderate amounts of alcohol may shift the lipoprotein balance in man so that there is less blood-LDL and more blood-HDL."*
>
> *". . . a non-drinker who began drinking 5 ounces alcohol/wk. would accomplish as large a reduction of LDL cholesterol as he could by usually suggested lipid lowering diets."*

So for those who are not particularly attracted by running or any other kind of exercise, there seems to be an alternative, though it might be too early to start stimulating the consumption of beer and wine by government measures, as is the case with, for instance, milk.

Jacques van der Gaag
Assistant Professor
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

A surgeon friend told me of an autopsy he performed on an old Irish alcoholic who had died from a bleeding ulcer. "When I began to slice sections of the heart as we do in autopsies, I expected the heart vessels to be coarse and gritty, filled with cholesterol which had calcified like gravel. Instead, his heart cut like baby beef liver, smooth and without a trace of the cholesterol or calcifications one might expect in a man of his advanced age.

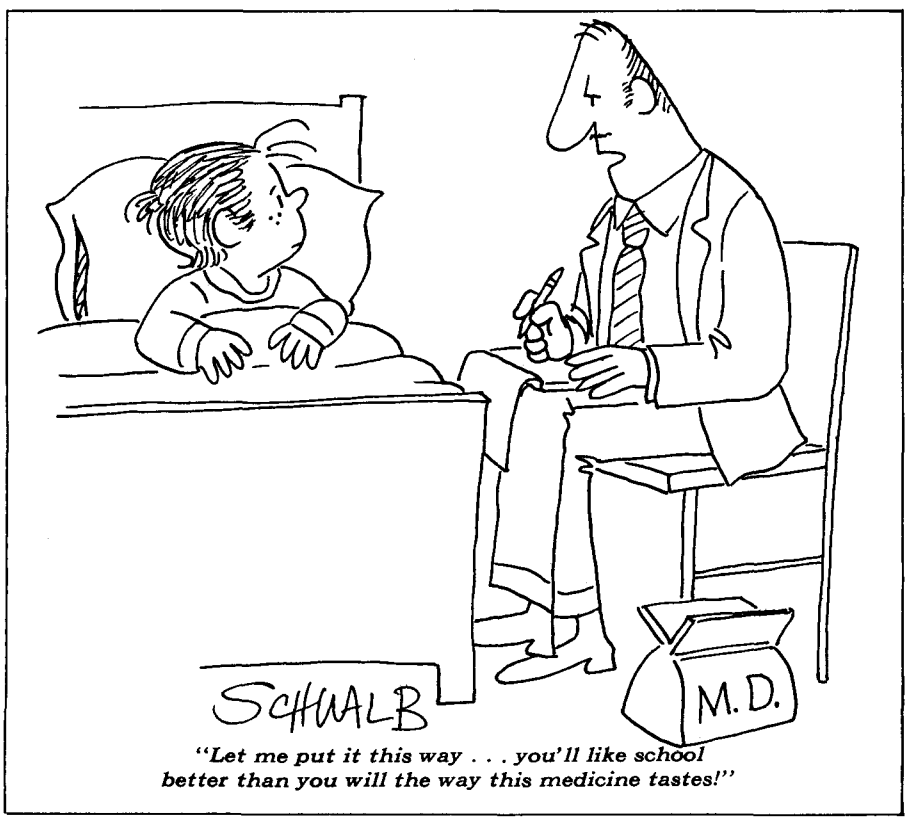
"This has been my only experience with an alcoholic at autopsy, but since hospitals have many deaths of alcoholics with well-established drinking histories, it would not seem too difficult to obtain autopsy permission to study their vessels," said my friend as he quaffed another light beer.

We'll investigate the medical literature to discover what research has been done on the relationship of alcohol consumption to the condition of the blood vessels at autopsy. Readers and physicians who have firsthand knowledge of this subject, please write to us about it.

I recall a medical school pathology professor who told us of his observation that alcoholics are known to have aortas that are clean as whistles with none of the customary yellow plaques—fatty livers, yes, but no clogged vessels.

We plan to visit the wine countries of Spain and France soon and will try to bring back some evidence from these countries where wine has long been considered an important source of vitamins—even for growing children who are served table wines with their meals. We will talk to pathologists there to discover whether a lifetime of alcohol intake seems to offer any protection from coronary vascular problems.

While alcoholics might be spared some artherosclerosis, certainly they are known to suffer other kinds of heart problems, to say nothing of their liver and brain degeneration. It's well known that moderation in alcohol consumption is essential.



"Let me put it this way . . . you'll like school better than you will the way this medicine tastes!"

Diabetes: Good News and Bad

The Medical Tribune reports first the good news: Fewer offspring of two diabetic parents can expect to develop overt diabetes than was formerly believed.

The bad news is that whatever the inheritable factor is for diabetes, it is strongest for maturity-onset diabetes. It is afflicting more and more persons in the population, since the incidence of diabetes has been increasing at rates up to 50% over the past eight years.

The good news was reported by Harvard's Dr. J. Stuart Soeldner on the basis of a study he initiated in 1965 when it was generally believed that all offspring of two diabetics eventually developed diabetes in one form or another. Dr. Soeldner studied some 700 offspring of documented diabetic parents. By the time all offspring are 85 years old, said the Boston investigator, only one-third have "overt diabetes," which, in the majority of cases, is of the mild maturity-onset type. "The risk is better than average, but not by any means absolute. This is good news."

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FDA Warning on Alcohol

Responding to the growing evidence pointing out the dangers of alcohol consumption for pregnant women (as reported in Medical Mailbox, November, 1977) the FDA is considering a proposal that would require the placement of warning labels on liquor bottles. The label would warn of the possibilities of birth defects in the offspring of pregnant drinkers, and would be similar to the warnings required on cigarette packs.

Preventive Medicine: Know Your HDL Level

If you are past 40 and care to improve your chances of avoiding heart attacks and strokes, one of the most important tests you can have which would help predict your vulnerability is the HDL (high density lipoprotein) cholesterol test.

A high HDL level means you have a better chance of avoiding coronary vascular problems. Ask your doctor about this test and read Medical Mailbox in the March SatEvePost, where the things *you* can do to keep your HDL level high were explained.

Vitamin C and the Immune System

The body's immune system is a medical marvel still not fully understood by man. But we know that when it operates properly, it keeps us well. Now, research done by four South African doctors has revealed some important new data on the beneficial effect of vitamin C on certain parts of the immune system. The research showed that vitamin C supplementation raised the concentration in the blood of IgA (Ig is an abbreviation for immunoglobulin), IgM, and the C3 complement component—three key members of the immune system

To understand the importance of these results, some background in the functions of the immune system may be useful. This system is the body's self-defense force. It patrols the body like a mobile army, protecting against foreign invaders such as bacteria and viruses. It will either attack these invaders directly or utilize "mercenary troops" to aid in their disposal.

There are several parts to the immune system, each with a different function. Three of the most important immunoglobulins are IgA, IgM, and IgG. IgA antibodies are found mainly at the surfaces of the openings of the body. Moist surfaces, such as the mouth, are covered with IgA antibodies ready to attack invading bacteria or viruses and prevent them from entering our system through these openings.

IgM antibodies are the first to respond to the intrusion of antigens (the enemy cells which trigger the antibody response) and serve as the means of activating additional parts of the immune system to join in the fight.

IgG antibodies make up the largest percentage of antibodies in the blood, about 70%, and they are very effective in protecting the body from viral infections. IgG is the most important class of antibodies that crosses the placenta from an immunized mother to her fetus and thus provides early antibody protection for the newborn infant until the baby can produce his own antibodies.

The complement system, with nine components labeled C1 through C9, is activated by the presence of other immunoglobulins and is very important in the destruction of antigens. C3 is one of the most important of the complement components.

The experiment in South Africa was conducted to determine if quantitative evidence could be found to support the theories of Linus Pauling and others about the benefits of vitamin C in preventing colds. Since the nature and severity of colds is so subjective, it was felt that stronger and more valid evidence would come from the measurement of certain parts of the body's immune system, which could be done objectively.

The study was conducted with 45 volunteers, all of whom were healthy nonvegetarians who had not previously been exposed to extraordinary doses of vitamin C. They were divided into two sections, 20 in the control group and 25 in the experimental group (five extra experimental subjects were chosen in anticipation of dropouts which did not occur). The test period extended over 11 weeks, during which time all subjects adhered to their regular diet and the members of the experimental group ingested 1,000 milligrams of vitamin C daily. Blood samples were taken from all participants before the study began and again at the end of the test period.

The blood samples were given a blind coding to avoid any influence of investigator bias, and the serum levels of the various antibodies were determined. The positive results of the study were as follows:

The experimental group showed an increase of 20% in serum IgM levels relative to the control group. In the case of C3, the experimental group levels increased 15% as opposed to a slight decline in those of the control group. Those receiving vitamin C supplementation had a rise in their IgG levels, but the degree of increase was not statistically significant. The vitamin C group showed no change in their serum IgA levels, but the control group showed a decline of 15% in theirs. This result was unexpected and hard for the researchers to explain, but they thought possibly that the IgA levels of the experimental group would have declined like those of the control group, had they not received vitamin C.

Continued on following page

"D---! I suppose this means another malpractice suit!"

D. Fradon © 1975 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

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It is important to note that the study began on July 2 (early winter in the southern hemisphere) and, since IgA is the principal immunoglobulin in mucous secretions, the secretory drain of IgA may be subject to seasonal variation. It is implicit in this reasoning that vitamin C acts in some way to counteract a potential net decrease in serum levels in the winter.

The decline in IgA levels in the control group during the period from early winter to early spring points out that you may be wise to increase the amount of vitamin C in your diet during these months to combat this potential decline (as discussed in the article that follows). The lowering of IgA levels may also explain why there are so many more viral infections during the winter and spring.

In summary, the study found that vitamin C supplementation had a beneficial impact on the serum levels of IgA, IgM, and C3—in effect, strengthening some important parts of the body's immunological system.

More Vitamin C in Winter and Spring

Some authorities on the subject believe that it is a good idea to take more vitamin C supplement in the winter and spring. Why? Because many of the natural foods you eat take longer to get to the table from the field in these months, and this reduces their vitamin C content. Potatoes, for example, lose one-quarter of their vitamin C after one month of storage, one-half after three months, and three-quarters after nine months. The growing seasons in Maine and Idaho, the sources of most of our potatoes, are summer seasonal and so the potatoes we buy in the winter and spring have most likely been stored for lengthy periods. The vitamin C content of apples can vary from 4 milligrams per 100 milligrams to 40 milligrams per 100 milligrams.

Some researchers feel that this generally lower intake of vitamin C in the winter and spring may be the explanation for the higher mortality rates from coronary vascular disease during these months. It is documented that upper respiratory diseases, flu, colds, and a number of other viral ailments are also much more prevalent during the winter and spring. Yet, if weather alone were responsible, why wouldn't such health problems be as prevalent in the spring? During the summer and fall, much fresh produce is consumed; and it could be theorized that, on the whole, vitamin C serum levels and immunoglobulin (antibody) protection are at their highest during these months. ☒

Mel Brooks

continued from page 63

through occurs by tracing his fear to a specific trauma when he was but a babe in a *high* chair (actor Brooks, smartly outfitted as a precariously perched infant).

Brooks off screen maintains that one's childhood does not necessarily have to be Dickensian to affect you in later life. Sometimes, too much early love can keep a person on a perpetual quest as an adult, just trying to replace that former feeling of security.

Born Melvin Kaminsky on June 28, 1926, in Brooklyn, the youngest son of Russian-Jewish immigrants, he was adored, fussed over and constantly cuddled. His father died when he was two and a half, and his mother worked around the clock to support and raise her four boys. The two eldest were earning money to help out by the time they were 12. "I was the baby of the family," says Brooks, "and I was given a lot of love and a lot of attention. So when I grew up and became an adult, nobody was throwing me up in the air and kissing me all the time anymore. I got very upset about this, so I decided I would make people smile again and laugh again—and they would throw me up in the air and kiss me again. Film comedy would be a wonderful way of recapturing all that love, of getting all that attention again."

The road toward it began when little Melvin Kaminsky found he could still be the center of the universe in school by clowning around and keeping all the other kids in stitches. He could even get the big boys to let him pal around with them. He was short—the last one to be picked for anyone's team. When you're short, you need power; getting laughs was getting power. And being poor, Jewish, fatherless, crazy about movies and growing up on marathon Saturday matinees, he found it easy to question a world with the likes of an Andy Hardy presented as the typical American boy. Andy Hardy with his innocent Protestant problems that were always so solvable by an available, ever wise dad. Getting laughs was an *identity*.

When he was 14, Brooks started working summers as a pool boy—"a *tummeler*," he says—at Jewish resorts up in the Catskill Mountains. While he was renting out rowboats and cleaning up the tennis courts, he was always trying to be funny, to *tummel* up laughs among the clientele. After serving in the Army in World War II ("I missed being in the Battle of the Bulge by 10 days!"), he returned to the mountains as a singer/drummer and changed his name to

You be the Judge

By J. K. Newton

Will Bendling, a salesman for Grand Insurance Company, had been told by his boss to mix freely with other insurance salespeople at his company's annual convention. On the second evening of the convention, after the scheduled business and social events were over, Bendling drove to the Brass Bucket Bar to look for some colleagues. Finding none, he drove back toward the convention center. On this trip, his car skidded across the highway and struck Bob Bremer's car. Bremer sued both Bendling and Grand Insurance for the injuries to his legs, which had been crushed by the impact.

At the trial, Bendling said, "I was just doing my job when the accident happened. If I hadn't been told to 'mix freely,' I never would have gone to the Brass Bucket in the first place." Bendling's attorney argued that since Bendling was carrying out his employer's instructions when the accident occurred, Grand Insurance should be liable for Bremer's injuries.

Grand Insurance's counsel answered that Bendling had not been acting within the course and scope of his employment. "If the company had specifically sent him to the Brass Bucket as part of his job, he would have been acting within the scope of his employment and Grand would be liable. But," he continued, "Bendling went there after the day's events were over and Grand no longer had any control over his activities."

If you were the judge, would you make Grand pay for Bremer's leg injuries, despite lack of fault on its part?

The court decided that Bendling had been acting within the scope of his employment and held Grand Insurance liable for the injuries. It found that Bendling had gone to the bar to meet with other insurance salespeople—as he had been instructed by his employer—and, having discovered they weren't there, he left. Had he been engaged in his own pleasure, the court said, he probably would have stayed there.

(Based on 1972 Supreme Court of Alaska case).

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Brooks "because Kaminsky didn't fit as well on the drum."

Once, when a comic on the same bill got sick, Brooks filled in for him, but refused to perform the usual, tired old Borscht Belt jokes. He just talked to the audience about what was going on around the hotel that day. He made fun, he satirized the familiar, he did what he had done at school and at camp. And he got laughs.

He carried on for seven two-hour shows a week, wanting desperately to be good, to be accepted. He had even written himself a theme song. When I heard Brooks sing it for me, it seemed to serve as a pithier metaphor of all he was and all he has become than anything anyone has ever said about him. This is it:

"Here I am, I'm Melvin Brooks!
I've come to stop the show.
Just a ham who's minus looks,
But in your hearts I'll grow!
I'll tell you gags, I'll sing you songs
(Just happy little snappy songs
that roll along).
Out of my mind. Won't you be kind?
And please love Melvin Brooks!"

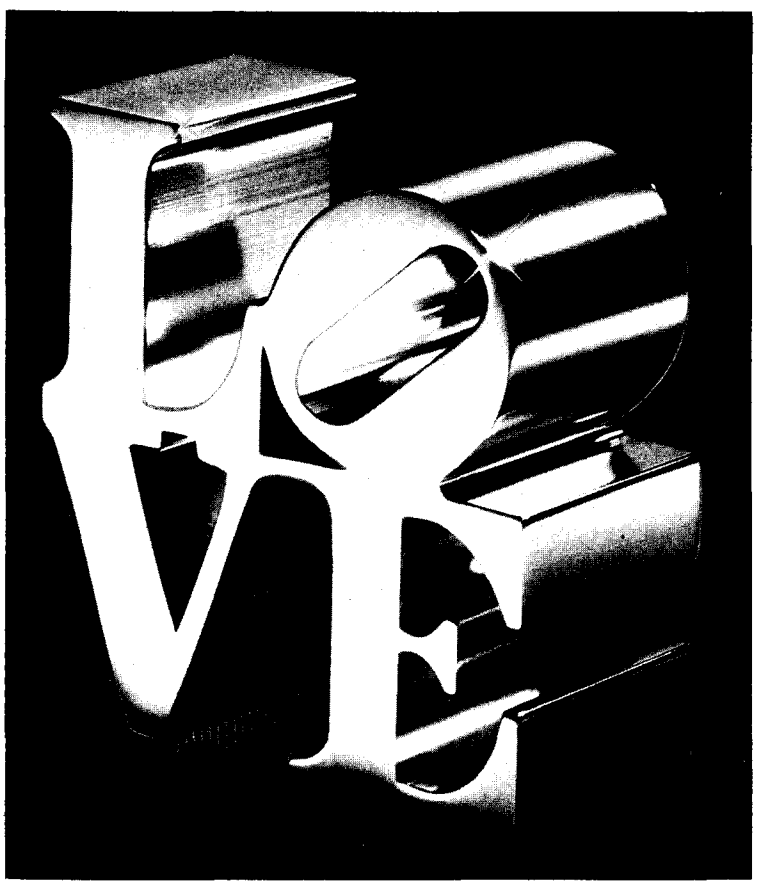
When comedian Sid Caesar debuted in the early, golden days of television, he hired the young Brooks, whom he had first met in the Catskills before the War, to write material for him. In New York, from "The Admiral Broadway Review" to "Your Show of Shows" to "Caesar's Hour," Brooks learned from and contributed to the unique humor of those innovative programs, broadcast live for 90 minutes every week. Brooks honed his skills and grew as he and his brilliant cohorts—Caesar, Carl Reiner, Howard Morris—and the rest of a stunning writing team sparked and spurred each other on and on, can-you-top-this-ing back and forth, with the fury of a deciding match at Wimbledon. Among the other writers were Neil Simon and Woody Allen, who, along with Brooks, form the triumvirate recognized as the foremost bestowers of dramatic comedic gifts today.

Years later, when the Caesar shows were eventually canceled, Brooks, who had earned as much as $5,000 a week, said, "The roof fell in. . . . I couldn't get a job anywhere. Comedy shows went out of style and for the next five years, I averaged $85 a week." He had been married to a former dancer named Florence Baum and was the father of three children. He had saved no money and was in debt. When the marriage ended in divorce, he moved into a fourth-floor walk-up apartment that he was too poor to furnish. "My alimony and child support were too high. I got fruit boxes."

He met Anne Bancroft in February of 1961. They went together steadily, going to places Brooks could get into for free, eating in "Chinatown for a buck twenty-five . . . and she would cook a lot to save money." Here and there, work finally started to trickle in. He wrote some TV specials, did The 2,000-Year-Old Man record—and two follow-up albums—that "saved" him. Then he and Buck Henry created the popular television series "Get Smart," and that made it possible for him to marry Anne Bancroft in 1964.

Long enamored of movies, very much influenced by the foreign films of the 1950s, Brooks wanted to cross that bridge from little to big screen. In 1967, he made *The Producers*, his own first movie, from his own first screenplay which he wrote with his secretary, Betty Olsen. He knew he had to be the one to direct it, "to protect the writing," but he was turned down by all the studios. "Then I met Joseph E. Levine, who said 'yes.'" The film starred Zero Mostel and Gene Wilder and won Brooks an Academy Award for the best screenplay of 1968, but *The Producers* did not make money.

While filming his second movie of love, another "special little picture," called *The Twelve Chairs*, Brooks, then 42, was living on $8,000 a year. He was getting a loyal kind of "cult" following, but *The Twelve Chairs*, too,



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failed at the box office.

But then he made *Blazing Saddles*, not just a "special little picture," not only "a message of love"—although it, too, was both of those things—but its appeal extended far beyond the college kids or the "New York intellectuals of Russian-Ukrainian-Jewish heritage types" that symbolized his first audiences. Yes, *Blazing Saddles* had a cult following, but it was financially successful enough to change Brooks' life, make him famous (he also appeared in the film) and was responsible for landing him the three-picture deal at 20th Century-Fox which brought forth the further successes of *Young Frankenstein* and *Silent Movie*, and enabled him to make *High Anxiety*, over which, he says, "I am hysterically happy. I am *EC*-static!"

"The greatest thing about success," Brooks has said more than once, "is that they'll let you do another movie." "They"—the studio heads who utter those yeas and nays of business—are pleased that today's audiences clamor for the Brooksian brand of comedy, often described as "wacky" and "off the wall." They are equally pleased that Brooks produces his movies on or under schedule and always well within the budget. For contrary to the zany, madcap image he formerly projected on the talk shows he once "had to do," Brooks is a wise, disciplined professional, as knowledgeable about the rules of lucrative film production as he is about the artistic nuances befitting a sensitive *auteur*. "I miss very little. . . . I'm a good businessman."

The hard-won clout he has earned today gets reinvested into the luxury of being able to surround himself with the precise casts and crews of his unquestioned choice. "I hire people who are not only talented, but who have good dispositions; who are buoyant, positive, helpful people. I don't hire grouches and cranks, no matter how talented they might be. I don't want them around. I don't like complainers."

By controlling his sets as a cross between a tough patriarchal taskmaster and benevolent Jewish mother, Brooks exacts an extraordinary degree of dedication from those who work for him, from the prop man to the stars.

Actor Ron Carey, who also appeared in *Silent Movie*, and who plays Brophy, Thorndyke's "driver and sidekick" in *High Anxiety*, says, "You always try so hard for him because there's nothing greater than knowing you're working with the best. Mel's standard of excellence is so high that you have to strive to come up to that level. There's no in-between with him. He believes so much in what he does; he believes so much in the people he hires. And his concern and compassion for everyone is unbelievable."

Madeline Kahn, who has the part of Victoria Brisbane—*Anxiety's* typical Hitchcockian blonde heroine—says of Brooks (for whom she has made three pictures), "You can be your most creative because Mel makes you feel free, uninhibited, appreciated and wanted in every way. . . . In his films, I represent female sexuality. I'm the vehicle for that part of his humor. Mel makes me feel like a beautiful woman but also very accepted for my clownishness and buffoonery too, so I just feel I'm really known on all levels."

Howard Morris, once Brooks' roommate in Greenwich Village some decades ago, reflects on his old buddy's current position of being "a hit." "He's really doing it all. Everything he ever dreamed of as a kid, he's doing theatrically. And one sees now, when he's in command and in control, what a dear, wonderful, warm, marvelously, amazingly bright, intelligent, concerned human being he is."

The love and respect Morris and Brooks so obviously share glows from the screen in the scenes between them as Thorndyke and Lillolman. Although they had worked together for so many years on "Show of Shows," it was the first time the friends had performed together as actors. "I look into Howie's eyes and I see my life there!" says Brooks. "We hug each other and laugh and cry a lot. . . . He's as funny as you want him to be and yet he's very moving and warm. I have that in Ron Carey, too."

In nearly all of Brooks' films, there is this sense of an ineffably tender bond between two male characters. "This goes back to my being so strongly influenced by Laurel and Hardy. They made me aware of the frontiers of laughter. How very much laughter a human being is capable of. I loved Buster Keaton, too, but I think Woody Allen comes closer to that kind of image. You know, a single white-faced mime against the world."

As for today's comic actors? "In Gene Wilder's face, there is the face of all humanity. . . . There are some people who I think are touched by God, like Dom De Luise. And I have been very lucky, because I found that new little beauty, Ron Carey. I mean, that's an *angel*—a heavenly comic angel."

Clearly, Brooks loves being in a position to help the talent he believes in and cares mightily about their careers and well-being. This kind of involvement may often be the closest he comes to an active social life. Brooks says, "I never go to parties. It's work and my family and that's *it*!"

He and Anne Bancroft live very quietly in Beverly Hills, although lately Brooks has been a frequent commuter to New York because of Bancroft's Broadway play, *Golda*. He is very close to his children (three with his first wife and one with Anne) and spends as much time with them as he possibly can.

Watching him driving around 20th in his Chevrolet station wagon or his little Honda Accord ("I'm not being snobbish in reverse by driving a Honda. The Accord is Honda's *expensive* model"), one may observe a man who, for the first time in his life, is starting to believe he is secure at last. For the first time, he can pull into his reserved studio parking spaces with his name painted on the tarmac in bold white letters, or sit in his spacious offices in the executives' building, plan his next movie—and suspect that things will still be O.K. tomorrow, too.

For the very first time, maybe he feels what all of this means. All the power or money or media coverage. All the rages for Mel Brooks posters and sweat shirts and autographs; the awards, the film festivals; the maniacal fans lined up at box offices, filling theaters with laughter that doesn't stop. Maybe now he realizes that all of the above is finally the response for which he's been waiting. The one he was pleading for back on the stages of those resorts up in the Catskills in that theme song of his.

"*Just a ham who's minus looks, but in your hearts I'll grow,*" he promised.

"*Out of my mind. Won't you be kind? And please love Melvin Brooks!*" he asked.

One hopes that Melvin Brooks may be so secure today that sometimes he'll even feel exactly like little Melvin Kaminsky, the baby of the family again, the apple of the eye, the kid of kids—thrown in the air, all cuddled, kissed and adored. ☒

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Where Do You Think You Are?

continued from page 116

1. Hawaii
2. Alabama
3. Maryland
4. Illinois
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9. Tennessee

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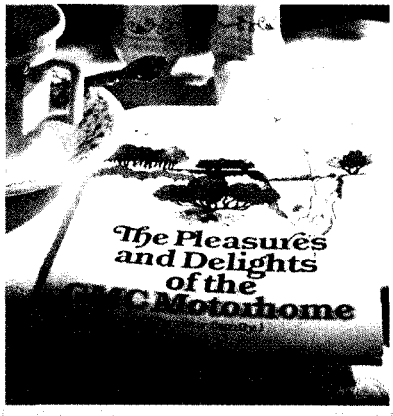

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The Saturday Evening Post Announces

THE WINNERS

of the Fifth Annual Cover Contest

From the many impressive works of art submitted for this year's annual cover contest, the *Post* is pleased to announce the following winners whose works excel not only in artistic achievement but in capturing and expressing the essence of the American mind and heart.

This year's highest honor goes to Mike Taylor of Signal Mountain, Tennessee, for his painting *Duck Hunters*. As first place winner, Mike will receive a new Jenn-Aire range in addition to national recognition in the *Post*.

Second place goes to Scott B. Mills of Highland, California, for *To Finish a Dream*. For his excellence in the contest, he will be awarded a set of acrylics with carrying case.

Schoolboy by Richard D. Roy takes this year's third place award. A resident of Windsor, Connecticut, Richard will also receive a set of acrylics.

Two additional paintings were deemed worthy of honorable mention in this year's contest. Mrs. Clarice M. Haynes of Hendersonville, North Carolina, wins fourth place recognition for her painting entitled *Pennsylvania Dutch. Albuquerque, '77*, commemorating the Albuquerque balloon festival as interpreted by Beaty Thomas of Worthington, Ohio, takes fifth place.

To all the winners we extend our congratulations and thanks for helping us at the *Post* keep up the great American painting traditions of Rockwell, Leyendecker, and Wyeth.

FIRST PLACE
Mike Taylor, *Signal Mountain, Tennessee*

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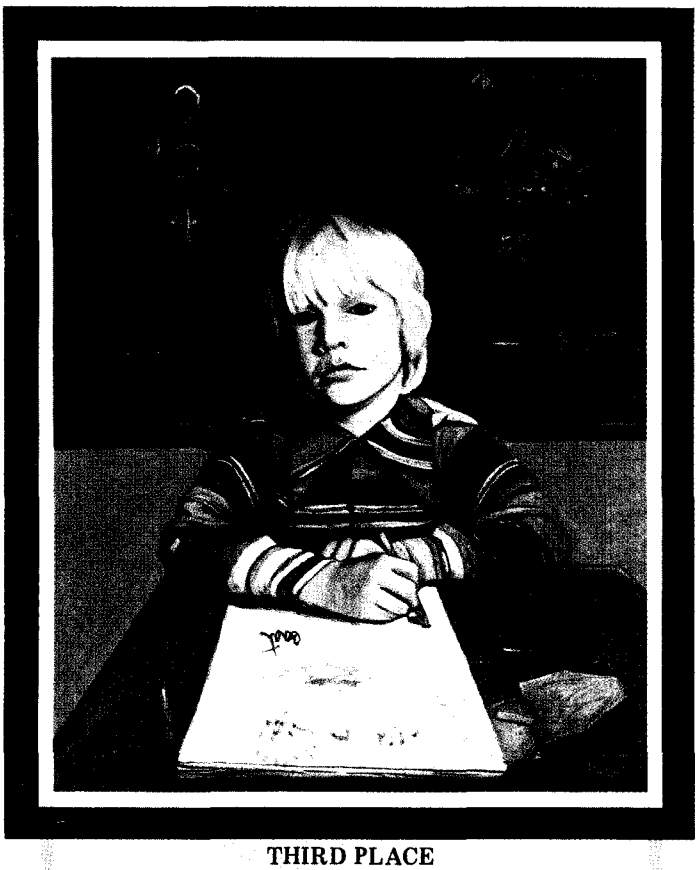
SECOND PLACE
Scott B. Mills, *Highland, California*

Honorable Mention

Clarice M. Haynes
Hendersonville, North Carolina



THIRD PLACE
Richard D. Roy, *Windsor, Connecticut*

Beaty Thomas
Worthington, Ohio

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Housewives

continued from page 126

pleasure by saying that the class was, after all, only for undergraduates, except that graduate students and junior faculty too vied for places as auditors. At 34 I began to move out, self-conscious about my age and my ignorance.

Of course, much of what I brought from my other life was a handicap. I was unused to viewing my actions as important. Raising a family and running a house is work accorded a perfunctory approval. Again and again in workshops I would question my legitimacy, my right to be there, to benefit, to take up room, to speak out. There was my age, sign of past inadequacies and omen of failure each time I met women poets my own age or younger with families *and* books of poetry. There was my double set of standards: a sense of inferiority masquerading as modesty. What I accomplished I made light of; what others did was "real." Dovetailing with my hesitancies there were always the exigencies of the family.

Lowell's class was a first step away from the house, my first view of a world I had not dared to approach. Lit by Lowell's presence, it was a very exciting place. His reputation, already secure in the literary world, was beginning to reach the general public as well. To hear him read one's own words in his deep voice, inimitably blending Eastern aristocrat and Southern drawl, words intoned through a mask at times weary, puckish, or mad, was a bit of instant Olympus. His comments, with their sting of truth, were always tactfully sugarcoated.

If Lowell viewed us with benevolent disinterest, the ambitious graduate students and already published poets who attended his open office hours afforded a different perspective. Those Tuesday mornings from nine to twelve gave me a first glimpse of the competition and cabals of the literary world. The atmosphere, as heavy with intrigue and animosity as a Jacobean drama, was frightening for me and the undergraduates who ventured in. "But I don't even know how to *talk* about a poem," I wailed to my husband. "They learned," he said. "You'll learn." Everyone vied for Lowell's approval; no one ever publicly questioned his judgment. Such were the scars those sessions left that the first time I read before an audience I calmed my stage fright by reminding myself that, after all, it was in no way as hostile as the poet pack of the office hours. I learned that I could survive; that I could read a poem, take the criticism, and return; that disapproval was not disaster.

But what about Lowell's comment, repeated to me by a friend, that it was odd how almost all *good* women poets were either divorced or lesbian? A remark that so confirmed my fears both of failing and of succeeding as a poet left me unable to reflect that undoubtedly the same might be said of male poets. I thrust it from me. *I* was not a woman poet, I was only a woman writing poetry.

The daughter in me was still proving to her mother that she was a good wife and mother before all else. In my poetry the feeling of being without control over my own life translated itself into themes of passivity and dependency, into images of a captive and paralyzed self. Yet slowly I was making progress. At the close of another Harvard workshop, with Robert Fitzgerald, he encouraged me by suggesting that I was ready to publish. Three poems were accepted by magazines. Despite my uneasiness, time was showing me that writing—the demand of a long-neglected need to grow—was natural and imperative.

But then I couldn't write at all for two years. The illness and loss of a child left us devastated. My husband took a year's leave and we went abroad to try to reknit our family. When we returned and I started to write again, work was more important than ever. Old attitudes about being a wife and a mother had changed. My extended protected childhood with its simple faith in my husband as a powerful parent was over. Death had broken the old covenant by which I had lived, practicing the magic of my mother and generations of women before her: belief that a single-minded preoccupation would be recompensed by the survival of my children, the barter of a life for a life, renouncing mine for theirs. I saw that one reason I had so feared to work was that work affirmed the separateness that *good* mothers are taught to deny; to value my work meant valuing myself as a person.

How does one slough off the invisibility that cloaks the woman with only a domestic existence? Poetry was a private pursuit; writing at home, unheard and unacknowledged, did not appear to be work to my family; for me, too, a sense of writing as work could only come from a public experience. The answer in my case—to go back to school as a formal student—was one I wouldn't have thought of on my own, one which in fact frightened me. However, I realized that I had outgrown the Harvard classes; there I was too much of a non-person, grateful, like a charity case, for any crumb of attention. A friend informed me that Boston University gave an M.A. in Creative Writing. "They'll take you seriously if you enroll in the program" she said, when I, fearful of a commitment, thought of attending as a special student. Her argument told; I wanted desperately to be taken seriously.

The two years I spent at B.U. were my first work experience. At 38 I was a graduate student, judged only on the basis of my work. I was forced to survive the pressures of exams, term papers, deadlines, classes, and my anxieties about running the house and taking care of the family. But what I really wanted I had; I was forced to take responsibility for myself. There was no time now for all the things that had become burdensome since our return from abroad: the domestic rituals of a decade, the elaborate dinner parties that took endless hours of preparation, the unnecessary, unreal mothering that turns mothers into nags and drudges for lack of something else to do. The

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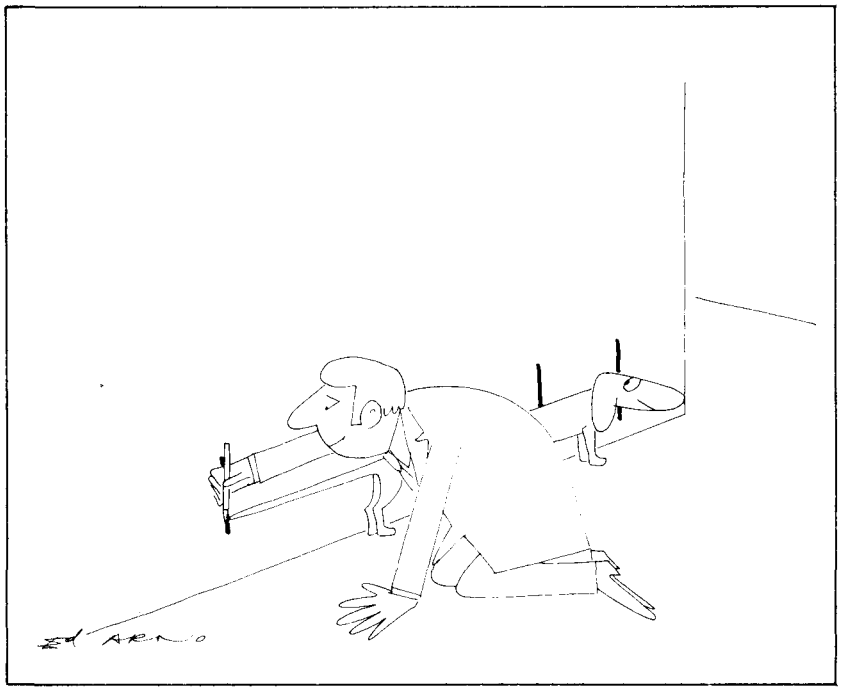
children, 11 and 13, learned to help take care of themselves and the house. My husband and I struggled over the new demands I was making, demands that seemed irrational to him, such as my refusal to make his breakfast unless he got up when I was making it for myself. For years he had gotten up hours later than I, and I had always stopped what I was doing to attend to him. He couldn't understand the overwhelming anxiety I had to fight off before I could even *think* about writing. Now that I had decided to try to write in the mornings, when I was least distracted by household pressures, the knowledge that I would have to break my concentration and fix his breakfast in the middle of the morning blocked my impulse to work. This made no sense to him. I was fighting for the first time to give my work precedence over family duties, to have my work needs considered as important as his. He felt love was being withheld from him; I felt love was being equated with service. To him, as a non-writer, writing was something that could be done anytime. To him, as a man with only the vaguest notion of how the household was run, I had all the time in the world. It was much easier to effect changes between us in the new situation that school imposed, a situation he understood and respected.

What people who work take for granted was a constant delight to me those years. I had a place to be other than my house. I had friends of my own, with a common bond of poetry. They were mostly younger than I, and at first I felt strange, closer in age to their mothers than to them; but this wore off and I ceased to judge myself as I had a few years before. What mattered was the poem, not the age of the poet. Too, in many ways I felt myself younger than they—I who had never lived on my own, or supported myself. All the while, the enforced discipline and dailiness of school was like a patterning system that helped me to live out a stage of development I had skipped.

Although I had been blocked in the past by the decrees of a gender-crazed culture, it would have been disastrous for me to disavow that I was a woman; to deny that source of my poetry would have been to repeat earlier denials of other parts of myself. I was very lucky that the time was 1971 and that at B.U. I had Anne Sexton as a teacher.

For a woman like myself, trying to write out of years of an exclusively domestic life, Anne was a source of support and encouragement. She, too, had been "just a housewife." She, too, had found her way to poetry late, through the modest door of an adult education class. While she lived, poetry was the gift she had to share, and her astonishing productivity, her unflagging enthusiasm for "the poem," made poetry a reality for her students. For me it was crucial to have as a teacher someone who understood the experiences from which I, as a woman, was writing.

During those years from 1971 to 1973, the women's movement was seeding consciousness-raising groups everywhere, and many women were beginning to talk openly about things they had felt and experienced but always repressed. I can't imagine what it would have been like to begin to grow in my poetry before Sexton and Plath and the women's movement.



My two months' stay at MacDowell in 1974 established a public, professional sense of myself which was one more natural outcome of the years at B.U. Applicants to MacDowell must submit samples of their work and have three recommendations from people in their field, a routine procedure for graduate students. Yet it came as a surprise to me, nonetheless, that by being at B.U. I had provided myself with people who knew my work and me. It was a giant step to have come that far. When I was accepted in the fall of '73 for the following spring, I had months to get myself and my family used to the idea that I would be away for two months. The children were casual and reassuring; it was my husband who was more shaken. And yet I knew I had his approval to do what was necessary for my work.

At MacDowell I found what I had needed—not the solitude, but the separateness I had craved but never been able to name. How could I have named what I had never had: a sense of myself unrelated to the needs of others? Even a house from which the family is absent all day is charged with its presence and, for me, with my old anxieties about work. When I returned I knew that it was essential for me to have a room of my own, out of the house, a space that would be only mine. I now rent a tiny room in a rooming house not far from our home; a miraculous sense of wholeness never fails to come when I unlock the door and walk in.

What is the nature of the conflict for women like me? Looking back, I see how many values I accepted unquestioningly without daring to assert my deepest sense of my own needs. I took responsibility for others and feared to take it for myself. To some extent I still do. I felt that I had to choose between self and others, between home and work. Women will continue to be caught in this crossfire until attitudes and social conditions undergo a dramatic change in our society. Women will continue to put themselves into marriage and motherhood, as I did, without understanding why, or what it will be like for them as they grow older to discover that they are unprepared to live as independent beings. I had to do my growing within the context of a marriage, but I believe it is better for women to try to establish their independence before marriage. Women's issues are kept alive not so much by the women's movement as by the growing number of divorced women who have found marriage neither an answer nor a refuge.

For me, there had been a taboo on work as powerful as the proscription against incest. To give myself to my work—to admit that I loved it as much as husband and children, needed it as much, perhaps more, was the most terrifying admission I could make. Only after many years have I come to realize that the challenge of work is in daring to use my whole self in the

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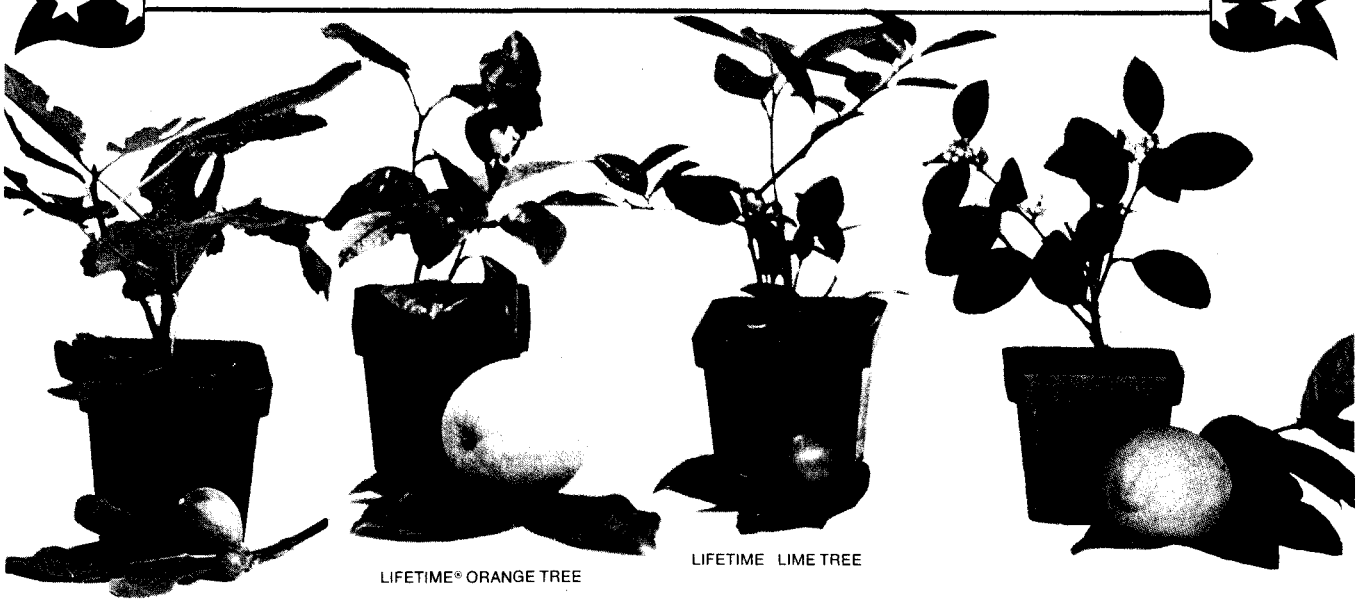

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continued from page 122

could really make me laugh.

Billy Sounds like it was good.

Hannah Oh, well, you win some, you lose some.

Billy (with admiration) Talk about resiliency. . . .

Hannah For a smart lady in a man's world, I'm not doing too bad.

Billy No, you're not . . . . Would it comfort you any to meet my friend? Just to know that Jenny hasn't fallen into wicked hands?

Hannah I'm shaky enough right now—I don't have to meet someone with smoother skin than me . . . . I don't like the way this meeting is going. I think I'm losing ground. Why don't we go to New York and finish it?

Billy You can have it both ways.

Hannah What does that mean?

Billy Take your summer vacation this winter. Come out here, I'll find you a nice place at the beach. This way we can both see Jenny.

Hannah Two months? Out *here*? . . . I would get constipation of the mind.

Billy You're afraid.

Hannah Of what?

Billy That you might like it. You're afraid you might like *anything*. Happiness is so banal, isn't it?

Hannah No. Just that statement . . . . Let's keep things the way they are, Billy. God only meant us to have nine years together. He knew what He was doing.

Billy Well, then we haven't settled anything.

Hannah Well, we've settled that I'm not coming out here for two months. It was worth coming out here just to settle that. That only leaves Jenny to deal with.

Billy Shall I get her up here? She's downstairs with her bags packed . . . . She's willing to abide by any decision we both make.

Hannah Oh, what a cunning so-and-so you are. If we say she goes back to New York, she'll think I coerced you. And if we say stay here, she'll think I didn't even put up a fight for her.

Billy Do you think she has that devious a mind?

Hannah Certainly. *She's my* daughter . . . . I don't suppose *you'd* consider spending two months back East?

Billy Only if everyone there leaves . . . . You want me to make it easy for you, Hannah? I'll throw in my vote. Whatever you say goes. And I'll tell Jenny we *both* made the decision.

Hannah (really perplexed) Lord, no wonder there are so many used car salesmen out here. How much time do I have? I'm not very good with deadlines.

Billy As much time as you want.

Hannah (goes over to the window and looks out, trying to see if she can see his car) Which is your car? They're *all* Mercedes. *(She turns; he is staring at her.)* What are you looking at me like that for?

Billy It's not often I've seen you looking so vulnerable.

Hannah Well, take a picture of it. You won't see it again . . . . Keep her.

Billy What?

Hannah I said, keep her—six months, not a year. And *I* pick the school. And whoever I pick, they have to send me three references . . . Lord, what am I doing?

Billy Stay the weekend, Hannah. Talk it over with Jenny. You don't have to decide because you've got a plane ticket back to New York.

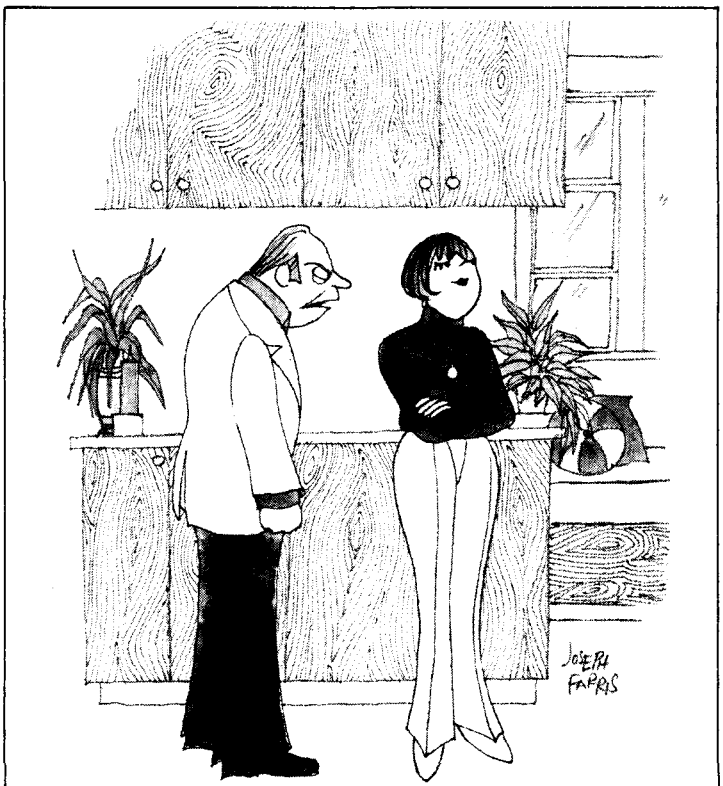
Hannah No! If I have to give her up to get her back, then let's do it.

Billy You mean it? You'll let her stay?

Hannah You think you're in for a picnic? Wait'll you try shopping for clothes with her.

Billy Well, guess who's nonplussed now?

Hannah Good Lord, you never thought I would say yes, did you? You know, I don't think you're prepared to take on your own daughter. Watching her swim for eight weeks at the beach is not the same as being a parent . . . . Don't look now, Billy, but you just lost your sun tan.



"Give me some straight talk and cut out this Neil Simon dialogue!"

Billy If you think I'm scared, you're right.

Hannah I love it. Wait'll you see how she eats in the winter. You'll be dead broke by Christmas.

Billy I think you're doing a terrific thing, Hannah.

Hannah So do I.

Billy And if for any reason I feel things aren't working out, I'll send her back to you.

Hannah That's what you think. You're a father now, Billy.

Billy I suppose you want to see her before you leave.

Hannah Well, you suppose wrong. I've seen her. I'll call her when I get to New York.

Billy What should I tell her?

Hannah Tell her I hope she'll be very happy and that I'm selling her record collection.

Billy (He starts towards the door.) We couldn't have been too bad together, Hannah. We produced a hell of a girl.

Hannah You got that a little wrong . . . . I think the two of you produced a hell of a mother.

Billy Maybe you're right . . . . Can we shake hands now? I'm about to leave.

Hannah Sure. Why not? What more can I lose? *(They shake hands. He holds on to hers.)* Serve her plenty of broccoli and lima beans.

Billy She likes them?

Hannah Hates them. But from now on, what do I care?

Billy Good-bye, Hannah . . . . It was good seeing you again.

Hannah (on the point of tears) I suddenly feel like an artist selling a painting he doesn't want to part with.

Billy (gently) I'll frame it and keep it in a good light.

Hannah Do that . . . . And take care of Jenny, too.

(Billy looks at her, puts his hands on her shoulders, and kisses her on the cheek. He wants to say something else, then changes his mind, opens the door quickly, and leaves. She stands there a moment, then moves back to the window and looks down. Then she goes to the phone and picks up the receiver. Into the phone. About to break down) Operator . . . Get me room service . . . I never got my damn drinks.

(The lights dim)

Blackout

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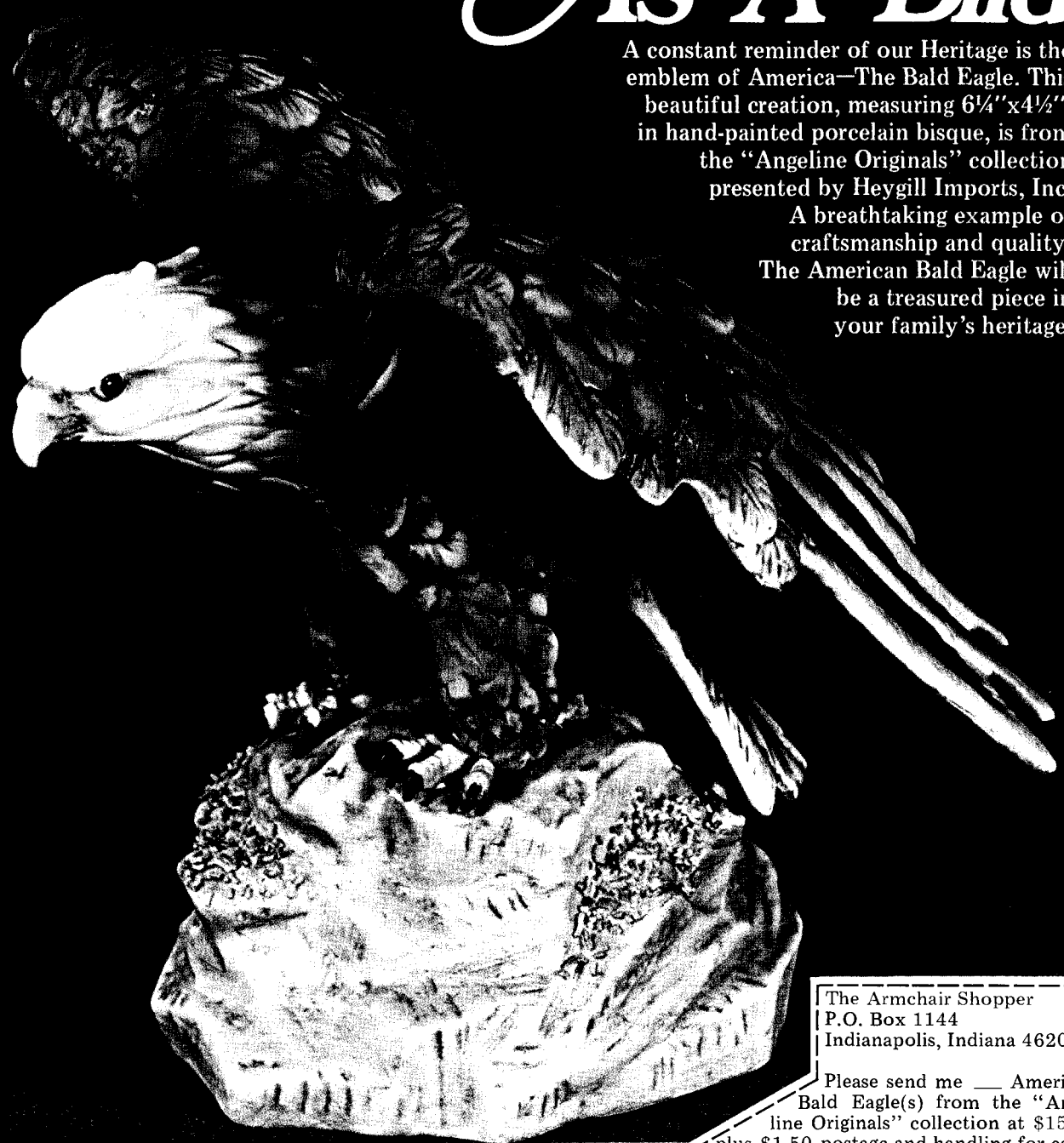

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continued from page 140

struggle for growth. Without growth, I would be living an "unlived life."

The myth of Prometheus is well known. We should have a feminist version of that myth. Women, defying their fear of punishment, wrest from men that jealously guarded fire, the sacred right to a work. No longer will we agree to protect the hearth at the price of extinguishing the fire within ourselves.

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Worthwhile Cause

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conscience was telling them that this was the right thing to do. People who knew nothing about the diplomacy which is debasing us, people who did not calculate the risks because for them there still was something higher than the standard of living and their individual survival.

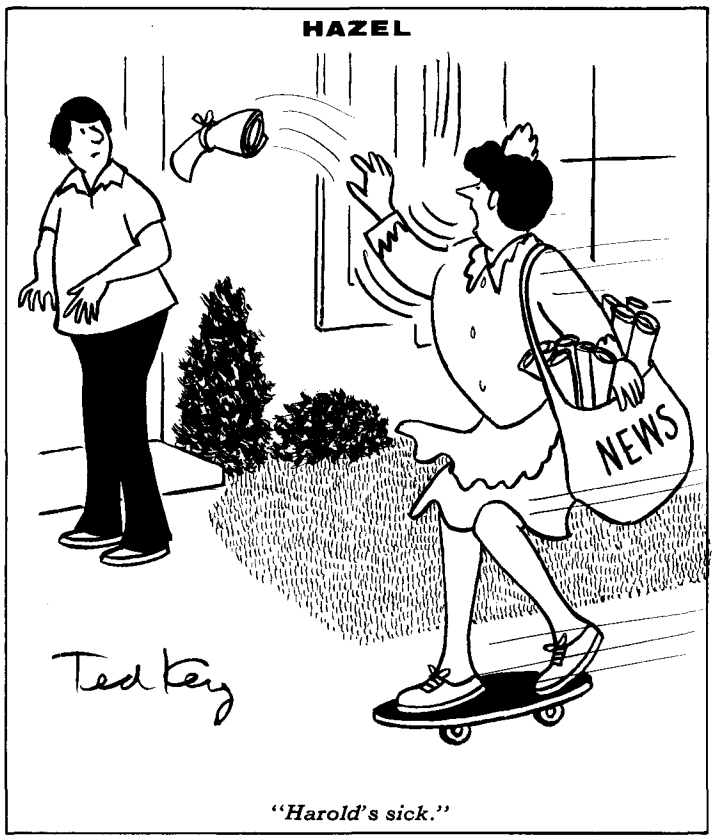
And then there are the real blacks—not the U.N.-pampered freedom fighters, racked by hate, greed, and inferiority complexes, indoctrinated with the cold and sterile Marxism so alien to the generous soil of Africa. Here we find Rhodesians or Zimbabweans—people like Jeremiah Chirau, N'Diweni, Musikawana, or the late Induna Gambo—facing the Russian machine guns because "a Matabele chief does not run away." All of them are great gentlemen, proud of their black skin and their nation and ready to work as equals with the whites because it is in the interest of their people—people they do not want to see starving and massacred by foreign mercenaries, as they are on the other side of the border in Mozambique or farther west in Angola.

It has been said that our Christian civilization was built by three archetypes: the saints, the soldiers, and the peasants. In Rhodesia we find them, just as they were in the great days of Europe and in the ranks of the Founding Fathers of America. A nation, black and white, faithful to God and in a robust way following His commands. Soldiers, four-fifths of them black, who know what they are fighting and dying for. And farmers, close to nature and the God-given soil which they have wrested from the jungle and are determined to defend—and where, when the father is off to war, the wife and children carry on, regardless of perils and threats. This then is Rhodesia, which my sister loved and left to me on her deathbed.

Of course, there are the realists who say: "What's the use? There is the U.N., the powerful Soviet Union, the White House and Downing Street, the Solodovnikovs, the Brezhnevs, the Andrew Youngs. They have all decided that Rhodesia must die. What can a little landlocked handful of peasants and tribesmen do against the mighty of this earth?"

True, all this sounds quite reasonable. But is it the last reality, with history showing us time and again the miracle of those who dare?

And even if it were not so, there are still the higher values—honesty, courage, the sense of honor, and dedication to what is clean and beautiful. Dreams? Perhaps—but dreams that never die, since they are the better part of ourselves.



"Harold's sick."

I knew, many years ago, a young Spaniard—wealthy, fun-loving, given to all the current slogans, a cynic. Then came the war, and I ran into him on the front line near San Sebastian, a noncommissioned officer, an *alférez*, in a volunteer unit. They told me that there was no one better than he. So I asked him why he had joined. His companions were all sitting it out in France; he was anything but committed to one side. He just replied: "*Son razones de estética*" (there are reasons of aesthetics). Three days later he fell, leading his platoon up the steep slopes of Mount Jaizkibel.

Razones de estética—they are still worth living and dying for, certainly more so than wealth or power.

Rhodesia

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firm leadership in the removal of sanctions against us.

I hope that Britain and America are carefully considering the facts of our situation with regard to all of our people who live and have their livelihood here. In our endeavors to reach a peaceful solution we have formed a transitional government with a majority of black ministers which will take the country through to majority rule. All four of us on the executive council—the three black leaders who signed the agreement and myself—have made it quite clear that anyone who is outside the country, and that, of course, includes the external political leaders, is free to return in peace and take part in the process.

In the light of our remarkable achievement, surely I and my colleagues, the leaders of the black nationalist political parties, were entitled to expect a measure of praise and support for our efforts to bring peace to our people and remove the cause of the fighting. So far all we have had from the American and British governments has been a grudging acknowledgment that their own disbelief in our ability to reach an agreement was unfounded. The two governments seem mesmerised by the externally formed patriotic front in spite of its firm adherence to the doctrine of Karl Marx. They are still according the right of veto to the men who want to seize power through the barrels of guns.

We have to accept once again, I suppose, that we shall in the short term get little help in our endeavors.

This is not new to us. We are used to going it alone. We shall, however, continue our efforts to convince your leaders of the necessity to change their attitudes and face the facts of a realistic assessment of the situation in my country and the evil forces at play. Our agreement represents the wishes of the vast majority of the Rhodesian people. It is in accord with what the American and British governments have consistently demanded from us. What more would you have us do?

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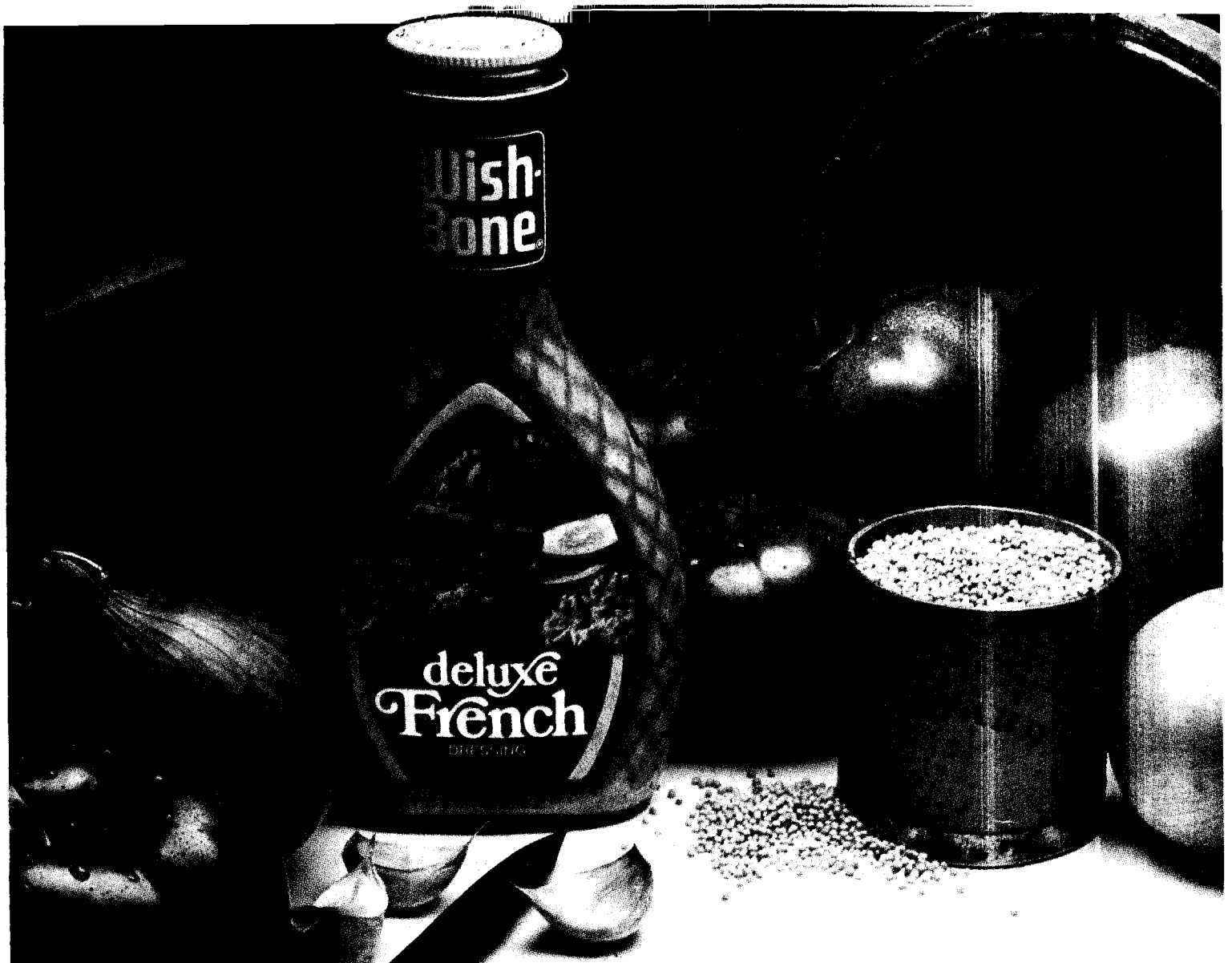

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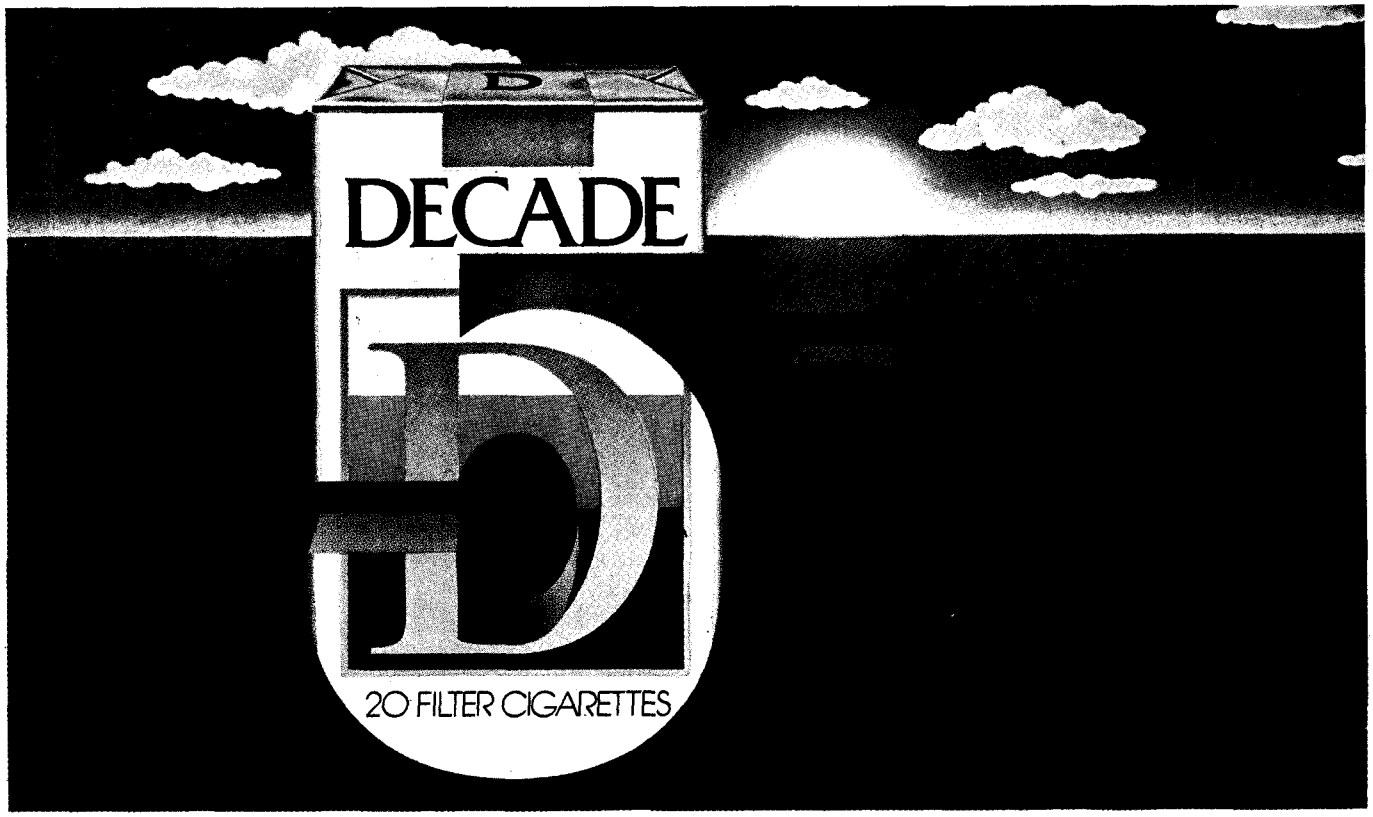

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